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*"Old Man's
Curtain"*

Brilliant
Short Story By

VICKI BAUM

GIRL WHO Loved MUSSOLINI!

* SHE feeds the hens, goes shopping in the back streets, shuns lime-light, loves her kitchen and her fire-side, and provides the comforts of a simple home for a dictator.

She is "Donna" Rachele Mussolini, wife of Il Duce.



DONNA RACHELE MUSSOLINI... her husband lives in the limelight, she is rarely seen. At left: Early picture of Mussolini, wife and family.

Let's Talk Of
Interesting
People



—MEMPHIS.
Doctor of Philosophy

DR. ENID ROBERTSON, of Adelaide, has been advised to prepare for publication the thesis she wrote to obtain her Doctor of Philosophy degree. Her subject was "The Study of the Psychological Attitude of Listening to Music," and she obtained the degree recently at the University of Durham, England. Her robes are considered perhaps the most beautiful in Adelaide, being of heavy scarlet cloth finished with the palatinate purple of Durham University.

.... How Italy's Strong Man Won Hand of Peasant Maid

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

This is the story of Europe's most elusive, self-effacing woman... a peasant maid who loved and married a modern Caesar, lauded and condemned in turn for his activity and spectacular poses in world affairs.

She is "Donna" Rachele Mussolini, thus titled because her husband wears the Golden Collar of the Annunziata Order; and she (as well as Il Duce) can therefore style herself "Cousin of the King."

HERE is a well-schooled woman of sense, now installed in the princely Villa Torlonia outside Rome.

The mansion itself is little used—Mussolini and his Rachele think the place too "grand," and prefer to live in the modest entrance-lodge.

Here the great man himself sleeps every night, while his wife keeps house with self-effacing efficiency.

A peasant born, yet lifted by a freak of fate to the highest station, she has in no way changed from the simple girl who once scrubbed the stone floor of Alessandro Mussolini's little wine shop on the outskirts of Forlì.

When Rachele was twenty and her Benito 27, the two fell in love—

she with his bright eyes, impassioned speech, and songs to his own violin; he to the mute homage of a humble maid.

To-day's "unknown" Rachele is 47, the mother of five children, of whom the eldest, Edda, married Count Ciano, Italy's Foreign Minister.

Never has Mussolini's wife sought the limelight or taken any interest in politics; she is content to minister to the master's comfort and give him counsel. Unrecognised, Donna Rachele will pass through the back streets of Rome to shop in the shrewdest markets, like any suburban mother of them all!

Yet every aristocratic door would be open to her if she wished to shine in society. But Rachele goes "nowhere," and never entertains—except a few old cronies whom she has never forgotten.

Of course, Il Duce must give lavish official banquets in the big hotels or restaurants. To such functions his wife never goes.

THIS is not to say that Mussolini's wife does not dress suitably when out of doors.

She takes the air in the Villa Torlonia's fine park, but never walks out unless soberly clad—even with manicured hands and her fair hair discreetly arranged by an expert coiffeur.

More than that, she is now on a special diet (as her husband is) with a view to keeping down the usual Italian tendency to fullness of figure.

Whether Donna Rachele has long been "trained" by the Duce, no one knows. Certainly she has adapted herself to life in Rome with an instinct which does her credit.

For instance, she has given time and labor to educate herself, seeing that she was only eight years old when she left an elementary school in Predappio.

Her mother, Anna Guidi, was the wife of a farm laborer, who died early, leaving the girl to get a maid-of-all-work's job in old Blacksmith Mussolini's little "pull-up for carmen," which was called L'Agnello, or "The Lamb."

For ten troubled years Rachele and Benito lived in Milan. But after the famous "March on Rome" she moved into a bigger house in the northern capital, running this with only one servant and tending her children to and from school every day, as well as doing the usual household chores.

Not until 1925 was Rachele "invited" down to Rome, there to cater for a husband who was then living in two rooms in the old Palazzo Tittoni.

Has Few Guests

MUCH has happened since then, but in State affairs Donna Rachele takes no part. She is happy to welcome her husband every night when his strenuous day's work is over at the Palazzo Venezia and other Government offices.

In the little house near the villa's gates she provides a haven of peace in which politics are never mentioned.

There is music on Mussolini's own violin, and the homework of young Romano and Anna Maria to inspect. Their mother speaks no foreign tongue, and still converses with her husband in the rough dialect of their native Romagna—which no Roman can understand!

Her only "intimate" is Edvige Mussolini, who is the Duce's widowed sister.

Of course, Countess Ciano is a frequent visitor to her mother's home; so also is the eldest son, Vittorio. The father nearly always spends his

evenings at home. Dinner at 8.30 is the simplest of Italian fare and fruit, prepared by the mother herself.

Always keeping "in the shadows," as though dwelling in a different world, she still follows the old Italian slogan, *Comanda, e fai da te, sei servito come un re*, "Give your orders—but do it yourself: then you'll be served like a king!"

The splendors of public life swirl to and fro around this stolid woman like the sea around a submerged rock. All Rome has grown to "accept" Rachele as an "institution" kept in the background, to be esteemed for her unpretentious life.

Rarely Seen

THE habit of hard work has been ingrained in her since childhood, when she washed the glasses and dishes in Alessandro Mussolini's village bar.

She feels that a woman's place is by the fireside and in the kitchen; her joys are tranquil and elementary, centring round husband and family in the approved Italian style.

To be "presented at Court" or sit at table with Queen Elena never enters Rachele's head; nor yet to use her position to advance her own interests or those of her friends.

Daughter Edda and her smart little husband, Count Ciano, often dine with Rachele—whose housekeeping, I may say, is marked by true peasant economy, a trait bred into her by the extreme poverty in which her youth and much of her wedded life were spent.

After feeding the chickens in the early morning, Rachele slips a basket on her plump left arm and plods off to the markets, where she is reputed by the stallholders to be an experienced bargainer.

With no "purse" to speak of, she has her own pet charities of which no one hears; and people who are in distress seek her out instinctively, even in cases where no money is involved.

This is the woman whose company Mussolini seeks after the day's stress and with whom he finds repose. Tourists in Rome, dazzled by Il Duce's spectacular poses, often crave a sight of that obscure "Cousin of the King" who is Signora Mussolini. For this reason inquisitive British and American visitors try to peer into the dictator's backyard from the upper windows of houses near the Villa Torlonia.

Sometimes they are rewarded for getting up early. For then a very methodical Donna Rachele will emerge at eight o'clock to strew handfuls of corn for her fowls, as though she loved this first job in her housewifely day!

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Prize Stamp Designer

THIS smiling young woman is Miss Elaine Rawlinson, of New York, whose triumph in the National Stamp Competition, sponsored by the United States Treasury Department, was a tribute to her artistry. Miss Rawlinson's design for a one-cent stamp in the new presidential series was awarded the first prize of 500 dollars. More than 1000 artists throughout U.S.A. competed.



Radio Mechanic

MISS EBBA WILCOX, of Maryborough, Queensland, claimed to be the only woman radio mechanic in that State. She is employed in her father's firm doing radio service work. Three years ago she took up a radio engineering course with a correspondence school, then went to Brisbane and gained further knowledge working with a radio firm by day and attending classes at the Technical College and Polytechnic at night. As a result she gained certificates for radio preparatory and radio communication in stages 1 and 2.

TWO RICHEST GIRLS in the WORLD

Strange Story of Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES

Special from Our Representative in New York

Has fabulous wealth brought happiness or unhappiness to the world's two richest girls — Doris Duke and Countess Barbara Hutton Reventlow?

Born within a week of each other 25 years ago, their lives offer a series of amazing parallels and contrasts.

Last week, Doris, as a gorgeous 25th birthday present, inherited another £2,500,000 of her father's fortune, earned from tobacco. Because of her quiet manner of living, she is not so world famous as the Woolworth heiress, although she is reputed to be the richer of the two.

THE parallel started when these two girls, both heiresses to mighty fortunes, were born in November, 1912.

But it ends with their domestic lives, as Doris, now Mrs. Cromwell, lives as quietly and democratically as her prominence will allow, and Barbara lives the life of a European aristocrat, holding court in the searchlight of publicity.

Their names have been coupled almost from the day of their birth. They both made their debuts in the same year—1930. In 1933 they became 21 and attained the control of vast fortunes.

In all, Doris' fortune is estimated at £10,000,000, and Barbara's at £6,000,000. Doris' father, James B. Duke, made his millions from tobacco. Barbara's money came from the famous Woolworth five and ten-cent stores.

Barbara and Doris seemed as alike as gold-dust twins. It has taken seven years and a lot of living to demonstrate that they are really poles apart in their ideas of life, men, marriage, and money.

Tastes Differ

TO appreciate these differences fully you have to continue to view their respective lives in terms of the parallel that fate began and legend built.

Only then do you enjoy the contrasts: Barbara and her aristocratic and spectacular tastes; Doris and her simple and democratic leanings.

Barbara has arranged her life along lines of leisure, luxury, and whatever glamor foreign titles, palaces, and travel can lend.

Doris has preferred the simple, unostentatious way, made up of serious pursuits and a minimum of idleness.

Barbara found American men dull, boring, and too wrapped up in their business affairs—and said so out loud.

Doris abhorred titles, foreign fortune-hunters, and American idlers, and avoided them even to the extent of employing armed guards and private investigators to deal with all men who sought her acquaintance socially.

Where Barbara shows a fondness for lavish wardrobes of expensive clothes and is rated as one of the prize customers of the world's most exclusive jewel merchants, Doris goes in for simple clothes—preferably by American designers—and has little or no interest in jewellery at all.

Happiness Quest

BARBARA has forsaken America and expects to find happiness abroad. Her first marriage to a titled foreigner, Prince Alexis Mdivani, ended unhappily; and now she lives in luxurious exile with her aristocratic second husband and their child.

Doris stood firm in her preference for American men, and her distaste for idlers, even to the extent of waiting for years for the one man she really loved to transform himself from a playboy into a serious student of economic affairs. He did.

The childhood of both girls was quite normal and free from the intense limelight that was to be their lot in later years.

But whereas the obscurity of Barbara's early years was attributable to

the fact that her family had not yet attained social prominence, Doris' sheltered childhood was the deliberate handiwork of strict and conservative parents.

On the thousand-acre Duke estate in New Jersey, Doris was known to her playmates as "the good little Duke girl."

Lavish Parties

BARBARA'S mother, Edna Woolworth Hutton, died when Barbara was five. During the nine years her father remained a widower, Barbara lived mostly with her aunts.

She, too, remained almost unknown until her debut, the lavishness of which made social history.

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel was practically taken over for the evening, the ballroom completely transformed, and £12,000 spent on decorations alone.

A whole carload of real silver birch trees was transported from the Southern States. Another railway truck brought fresh poinsettias.

The thousand guests met a short, plump, blue-eyed girl, who obviously had a will of her own and pretty definite ideas about her own future.

She took rather an indulgent view of the local white-tied lads and showed a greater interest in the few sleek, suave foreigners in the crowd.

During the next few years Barbara was to lead rather a foot-loose existence travelling about the world. It was during this time she visited Australia.

EXCLUSIVE:

INTIMATE pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children at home. See page 17.

trials. She was restless, uncertain, hard to please.

But she was amused and thrilled by Prince Alexis Mdivani, who trailed her around the world from port to port. He was then still married to Louise Astor Van Allen.

In 1932 his wife had divorced him. In less than a year he was married to Barbara. At last she had her title and her prince, and she placed the Mdivani crest on all her personal belongings, bought Alexis a string of polo ponies and a palace.

That same autumn Barbara and Alexis hurried back to America to celebrate her twenty-first birthday when she came into control of her fortune.

On November 14, 1933, they threw a dazzling birthday-party at the Central Park Casino for several hundred guests.

Among them was Doris Duke, who within another week was to come into her fortune.

Quiet Life

ON her birthday Doris slipped quietly away to her mother's estate in New Jersey. She thought the party idea "too much hubbub."

She held a deep dislike for publicity and display. Her debut was made at a large but conventional ball at her family's Newport estate. After that she tried to avoid publicity as much as possible, dressed simply, bought carefully.

Among her close friends she was considered an amusing and witty girl who had a pas-



Top Left: COUNTESS BARBARA HUTTON REVENTLOW and her husband. Top Right: Doris Duke Cromwell and her husband. Circle: Countess Barbara and her son.

sion for spaghetti and playing the accordion.

But for a girl who was rated as the world's prize matrimonial catch, Doris' name was seldom linked with men.

Until her debut in 1930 she had not been allowed to go out with boys at all; and even after it she exercised the greatest care in the choice of her male companions.

Fell in Love

WHEN Doris was sixteen years old she fell in love with Jimmy Cromwell. He had already separated from his first wife and had the reputation of being quite a playboy.

Doris' mother disapproved of him, and Doris saw little of him for the next few years. Then, after he was divorced, Jimmy was seen occasionally with Doris at Palm Beach and in New York.

But nothing seemed to come of it. Jimmy was just a playboy, and Doris did not want an idler for a husband.

They parted good friends, and then followed the great transformation in Jimmy which still has his friends talking.

After dabbling heavily in Florida real estate he settled down to become a serious student of economics. He published his first book on the American outlook, "The Voice of America," became one of the founders of the Sound Money League, and a great friend and disciple of the radio priest, Father Coughlin.

In February, 1935, Doris' marriage to Jimmy came as a complete surprise. It was done with the utmost secrecy.

On their honeymoon trip around the world they visited Honolulu. They were so entranced by the island's beauty that they have built a home there. Part of their time they spend, too, in New York and at Palm Beach.

In Honolulu, Doris drives around in an old car. She never wears stockings there, and goes shoeless at home. She loves Honolulu because the people treat her like an average citizen and never remind her that she is the richest girl in the world.

Barbara's Son

BUT while Doris managed to reform her playboy and find real happiness in her marriage, Barbara's first marriage went on the rocks. She divorced Alexis Mdivani shortly after Doris married Jimmy Cromwell. Alexis died not long afterwards in a motor accident in Spain.

Immediately after her divorce she married Count Haugwitz Reventlow, a wealthy Dane.

Barbara's son, Lance, was born in London on February 25, 1936, and

since that time she has completely surrendered herself to a life abroad. She and her husband have a mansion in London.

Met the Windsors

THEY have travelled extensively in Egypt and on the Continent, courting the company of top-line European aristocracy wherever possible. Recently they were with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the Lido beach in Venice.

Doris, in the meantime, has been content to trail along with her husband in his serious search for economic problems in Europe, the United States, and the East. Her name appears rarely in the news, and generally only tagged on to that of her

husband, or as a parallel to Barbara.

While Barbara is sojourning with the Windsors or competing with the Duchess of Kent for the largest and most expensive wardrobe in London, Doris would rather be rattling through Honolulu in her old car or running barefoot around her simple waterfront home.

So you can see that, despite the nearness of their ages, and the vastness of their personal fortunes, the world's two richest girls have very little in common.

Though they were born to life and wealth almost simultaneously, the living of their own lives has taken them along roads diverging miles apart.



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MAN WHO *Believes* IN FAIRIES . . .



MR. GEOFFREY HODSON

Clairvoyant on Tour of Australia Discusses His Experiments and Occult Investigations

Most of us lost our belief in fairies when we emerged from early childhood, but there is in Australia a man who firmly believes in the "Little People"—or, as he refers to them, "Nature Spirits."

He is Mr. Geoffrey Hodson, international lecturer on Oriental philosophy, who is conducting a series of lectures and study classes and broadcasting in all States.

MR. HODSON is on the very best of terms with the fairies. Some of his many books are "Fairies at Work and at Play" and "The Kingdom of Faerie." These contain the records of his investigations into fairydom.

"When quite a child," Mr. Hodson told The Australian Women's Weekly, "I was living on a farm in Lincolnshire and used to see the tiny forms and strange faces of various types of nature's spirits and sometimes was greatly frightened by seeing them."

"Shortly after the war I heard that two country girls near Bradford had from childhood been accustomed to seeing and playing with fairies, and had taken photographs of them."

"The publication of these photographs showed me that the little forms were exactly the same as I had been seeing and describing."

"My descriptions were sent to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who arranged for me to spend a month with the girls in further research."

"The girls and their parents lived in a secluded glen. I found the whole family without any desire to gain notoriety, and the parents were with-



LITTLE GIRL AND FAIRIES.—This is a reproduction of one of the photographs of fairies referred to by Mr. Hodson in the accompanying article.

out any knowledge of the fairy forms which the girls declared they had seen and played with in childhood."

"During the month I spent my days in the glen and wood, studying fairy life. The books I subsequently wrote contained records of these investigations."

"I also wrote a chapter in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book, 'The Coming of the Fairies,' using the pen-name of 'Mr. Sergeant.'"

Occult Research

"THOUGH I was trained for a business career and had a successful furnishing business in which I specialised in antiques and Oriental furniture, I relinquished business to devote the whole of my time to occult research."

"As a result, my clairvoyant powers became more highly developed."

"I wish to make a clear distinction between this faculty, used always under the control of the will and in full physical awareness, and the negative psychicism which popularly passes under the name of clairvoyance."

"The former is the result of many years of self-discipline and self-training along highly specialised lines. Its findings are always susceptible of scientific test, and it can be developed to as great a degree of accuracy as the senses of hearing or of sight."

"The latter appears to demand little or no self-discipline or mental training; it is not under the control of the will and consequently cannot be directed at will into any chosen field of research. It is hardly suitable, therefore, as an instrument of scientific research."

"After the publication of my first writings, which were descriptive of some of the hidden forces of nature and of normally invisible beings associated with them, such as nature spirits and angels, I was invited by various people with scientific attainments to co-operate with them in laboratory research."

"ON one occasion a party of archaeologists took me to the house-site ruins excavated in Hummel Park, Nebraska, under the leadership of Dr. Robert F. Gilder, the world-famous

archaeologist and discoverer of the Nebraska 'Culture man.'

"Dr. Gilder himself was among those present and so were newspaper representatives. I was asked to make a clairvoyant investigation of the remains. My wife took down a verbatim record of my findings."

"These were published. All the archaeologists present were deeply interested in the matter."

"Newspapers which published the report quoted Dr. Gilder as saying: 'I was much impressed with what Mr. Hodson had to say. Many of his utterances tally with my findings and theories. I cannot take exception to anything he says. I have found earlier implements such as he describes. . . I am glad I came in this expedition, it was decidedly interesting.'"

"In Java I was permitted access to many of the now famous skulls of primitive man, particularly that known as Homo Soloensis."

"In this case I was able correctly to describe the appearance of the people, to pick male from female skulls and to describe the manner of death of one of the owners, such description fitting in with theories from the study of injuries to the skull by the scientists present with me."

Diagnosed Diseases

"MEDICAL men in Europe and America have frequently brought patients to me for clairvoyant diagnosis and a general study of the cause and cure of disease."

"Perhaps the most interesting and of the greatest practical value of all my experiences has been the study of child psychology."

"By means of clairvoyance it has been possible to discover in a child both the natural gifts and the deficiencies and difficulties likely to show themselves in after life."

"Naturally, this is of considerable assistance to teachers and parents in the choice of educational curriculum and vocational training."

"Latent health difficulties can sometimes be discerned even before birth by clairvoyance and preventive and remedial measures taken early in life to mitigate or remove them."

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MARCHESA Marconi's Visit To AUSTRALIA

When Marchesa Marconi, on her visit to Sydney next year, switches on a world broadcast, she will bridge 36 years of radio history.

She will transmit the letter "S," which is the letter her husband first transmitted across the Atlantic on December 12, 1901. Represented in Morse by three dots, the letter "S" is the easiest to transmit by radio.

INVITED here to participate in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, the Marchesa will open the convention of the Wireless Institute of Australia.

The lovely Marchesa Marconi is golden haired with blue eyes. She is an accomplished pianist, tremendously interested in music and art, and famous for her beauty and social graces.

She speaks French as easily as her mother tongue, and her English is equally good, though spoken with a slightly broken accent, which is charming.

She is noted as an ideal hostess, not only to her own personal friends,

but for the manner in which she fulfilled those many social duties which her position as the wife of a great man demanded.

The Marchesa is a countess in her own right, and is now only thirty-three years of age. She was married to Marchese Marconi on June 15, 1927, and her daughter, Elettra, was born on July 20, 1930.

Elettra, who has inherited her mother's good looks, is wildly enthusiastic about her proposed visit to Australia.

She also inherits her father's love of the sea and is quite as much at home on a yacht as on land.

She enjoys doing quite difficult puzzles, and does not like to be interrupted when she is busy with them.

The Ambassador's Wife

Gay Vienna is the setting of this delightful story about an ambitious young diplomat who sacrificed romance for his career



IT was the morning he reported for duty in Vienna. A bell rang, and he was conducted to the minister's room. "My dear Stratton-Forbes," his chief said after they had chatted cordially for half an hour, "let me say again how perfectly delighted I am that you have been assigned here. But, my dear fellow, Lady Gripstead and myself are heartily disappointed that you are a bachelor. It is such a bore at dinner parties—an odd man, you know, and this charming city is full of entrancing young ladies of good family. I hope, I do hope..."

"Sir, I am very anxious to marry," said Richard.

"Eh, why don't you then?"

"Sir, several girls whom I liked very much..."

"Oh, nonsense, my lad. Nobody will turn you down. Not if you handle 'em right."

Richard, leaving the broad sunlit room, was aware that he had deliberately allowed his chief, the minister, to draw an incorrect conclusion from his remarks. He had not precisely misled Sir Andrew Portfield Gripstead, K.C.M.G., his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Vienna, but the girl he had mentioned had not turned him down. No, indeed. Richard had turned them down.

Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes was not, at first sight, what one would call a romantic character. True, he was a young man of private means, a bachelor, healthy, not bad-looking, and of an excellent if not spectacular family. He was interested, so he thought, in very little except his career. He was intensely ambitious, and he had plotted with almost mathematical precision the inevitable steps of his advancement. Ambition and romance do not often go hand in hand.

HE had passed his examinations for the diplomatic service comfortably high. He had forthwith been assigned to the Embassy in Pekin. Three years later came the transfer to Vienna. He knew exactly what was before him. He was at present a second secretary; after all, he was only twenty-eight. At about thirty he would go to London for service in the Foreign Office. A few years in the news department, or the treaty department, and he would go abroad again: perhaps to Bern, perhaps Stockholm, perhaps Buenos Aires. At about thirty-five he would become a first secretary. Five to seven years of this. In Teheran, perhaps, or Washington, or Istanbul. Then, of course, service in Paris or Berlin. At forty-two or forty-three he would be councillor of embassy. That meant he would be charge d'affaires when the ambassador or minister was absent. Perhaps renewed service in the Foreign Office then. At fifty he would get his C.M.G. and a legation. A small legation to begin with, doubtless... Montevideo or The Hague. Then, at fifty-five, or perhaps fifty-seven, his embassy and the K.C.M.G. Sir Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in... Brussels... Madrid... Paris... Thinking thus, Richard realised something was missing in this perfect scheme for a perfect life. He lacked something, a cardinal necessity and asset. He lacked a wife.

And now his new chief had brought up the matter in their first interview.



He helped her out of the cab and walked with her to the door. "Good night," she said, giving him her hand to kiss.

One day he had tea alone with the wife of his chief, Lady Gripstead. She was an alert and tidy little woman, with small talent for intimacy. She did her job with thorough competence, and it never seemed to bore or tire her. This drowsy day in spring—the Pohn was blowing off the distant Alps—she said, "Richard, you are one of the most attractive young men I have ever met; why don't you settle down and marry?" He sought to explain. It wasn't a question of not wanting to settle down. He was living a most regular and abstemious life. He wanted to marry. He looked at every girl he met with anticipatory appraisal. But one and all they failed his standards when he asked himself, soberly, dispassionately, "Is she fit to be an Ambassador's wife?"

LADY GRIPSTEAD

STEAD rose rather sharply.

"My dear boy," she murmured, "quite... quite... but is that the only criterion?" He looked shocked; she said quickly that she didn't, of course, expect him to marry a charwoman, but, really, he mustn't be so frightfully particular. Almost anybody, with proper training, might turn out to be quite a good ambassador's wife. When he left the Legation he wondered fleetingly what she had been like when she married Gripstead years before.

At this time Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes was a very pleasant-looking person to meet. He was tall and almost too thin; he wore his clothes with distinction. His eyes, however, were both cold and timid, and they were partially concealed by

A Complete Short Story

By...

JOHN GUNTHER

Operngasse, Everybody... Except himself.

"Bitteson, Herri!" He had forgotten his stick; the old lady at the cloakroom had overtaken him with it.

He gave her a schilling. "Danke, vielmals."

This tiny incident changed his mood. He had established some sort of community with the evening, if only in the person of that grotesque old woman. He gripped the stick slightly and increased his pace. Half an hour later, wandering down the Karntnerstrasse, he found himself in front of a night-club, which he had often heard of but never visited, the Bazar. He took a deep breath, left his hat and coat, and walked down the broad, glittering stairs. The blast of music at the entrance almost knocked him over. He chose an inconspicuous table and ordered a whisky and soda.

Richard was all alone in his lodge, which was big enough for three or four people, while the others, which surrounded the dance floor, were fairly crowded. At the lower end of the room the orchestra, after a pause, began playing again. In a balcony above the orchestra were three upper loges, crowded with girls leaning over. They stayed there until they found company or until a party from outside ousted them. Along the bar, festooned brightly, were other girls.

RICHARD felt enveloping him the powerful warm wind of romance. His eyes clung to the bar. Quite without volition, so unobtrusively to his inner self that he hardly knew what he was doing, he rose and walked across to it. He found himself sitting next to the girl he had been watching. Had she smiled at him? He was not sure. She wore a white satin skirt, tight across her hips, and a jacket of dead black, the blackest black he had ever seen. But her hair was a live black. She wore it close at the top of the head, and fluffed out stiffly behind; in profile her hair looked like a black robin.

"May I have a cigarette?" she asked.

"Sorry, I don't smoke." The amiable barman extended a package, and he opened it and gave the girl one.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My mother called me Luisa. Here I'm named Pauline."

"Will you have a drink?"

"If I may, yes."

Richard had heard from various friends of the girls in places like the Bazar. Some were respectable; some were not. The German name for them was peculiar: Animmerdamen. Ladies who amuse you. They did not get much money; but they had their supper free, plenty of drinks, and a commission on the drinks they persuaded their friends to buy. All they had to do was to be in pretty clothes by 10 p.m. and then sit and dance till the last guest went home.

Some were extraordinarily gentle, well-bred, and discreet, who loathed the Bazar and everything pertaining to it. Usually girls left the Bazar to go to similar places where they were offered contracts—the turnover was very quick—in Athens, Leipzig, Belgrade, or even Berlin and Paris.

Richard led Pauline to his lodge, and almost at once he noticed two things about her. Despite her dramatic good looks, she was not flamboyant. Her manners were extremely good; she was quiet; her voice was soft. She knew a little English, her German, with its soft southern accent, was delightful. Secondly, like almost all Viennese, she was kind.

They ordered something to eat. Richard asked her what she wanted to drink. She pointed to something quite moderate on the wine card. He thought they ought to have something better, more expensive. "It will be very dry, perhaps too dry," she commented on his choice. She allowed herself to be overruled. The wine came, and it was too dry; but by no gesture did she indicate that she had been right and he wrong. "Lord," Richard said to himself, noting this, "she's civilised."

Please turn to Page 40

Begin Now Our Thrilling Medical Serial

By
A. J. CRONIN

What Has Gone Before

DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales, later getting experience in Aberlawn. During five years' hard work among the miners he gains high medical degrees.

CHRISTINE, his wife, a former school-teacher, intelligent and cultured, is a big factor towards his success.

DR. LLEWELLYN, senior doctor at Aberlawn, is at first unapproachable, but later helpful to Andrew.

In spite of opposition from his colleagues, Andrew gains a splendid reputation and begins wide experiments with various pulmonary diseases prevalent in the district. His thesis on his investigations gains him the degree of M.D.

ED. CHENKIN, pompous and ignorant, member of the Aberlawn Committee, accuses Andrew of vivisection, causing him to resign. He and Christine depart for a holiday in France. While there he receives an offer from

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, head of the Cardiff Institute, to do special research work for the Coal Mines and Metalliferous Fatigue Board.

Andrew accepts, reports for duty, and meets

GILL JONES, a power on the Board.

Now read on.



"There's a patient in the consulting room," said Christine. "She came by the front door."

The CITADEL

Dr. Manson starts
a new phase of his medical career
and meets more conflicting problems

Illustrated by
FISCHER

he turned urgently to Miss Mason. But Miss Mason, who came, she explained,

from the Home Office Frozen Meat Investigation Department, proved a restricted source of enlightenment. She told him that the hours were from ten o'clock till four. She told him of the office hockey team—the Ladies XI, of course, Doctor Manson—of which she was vice-captain. She asked him if he would care to have her copy of the "Times." Her gaze entreated him to be calm.

But Andrew was not calm. Fresh from his holiday, longing to work, he began to weave a pattern on the Office of Works carpet. He gazed chaffingly at the brick river scene where tugs fussed about and long lines of coal barges went spluttering against the tide. Then he strode down to Gill.

"When do I start?"

Gill jumped at the abruptness of the question.

"My dear fellow. You quite startled me. I thought I'd given you enough files to last you for a month." He looked at his watch. "Come along. It's time we had lunch."

Over his steamed sole, Gill tactfully explained, while Andrew battled with a chump chop, that the next meeting of the Board did not and could not take place until September the eighteenth, that Professor Challis was in Norway, Doctor Maurice Gadsby in Scotland, Sir William Dewar, chairman of the Board, in Germany, and his own immediate chief, Mr. Blades, at Princeton with his family.

Andrew went back to Christine that evening with his thoughts in a maze. Their furniture was still in storage and, so that they might have time to look round and find a proper home, they had taken for a

month a small furnished flat in Earl's Court.

"Could you believe it, Chris! They're not even ready for me. I've got a whole month to drink milk in, and read the "Times," and initial files—oh! and have long intimate hockey talks with old girl Mason."

"If you don't mind—you'll confine your talks to your own old girl. Oh really, darling, it's lovely here—after Aberlawn. I had a little expedition this afternoon, down to Chelsea. I found out where Carlyle's house is, and the Tate Gallery. Oh! I planned such lovely things for us to do. You can take a penny steamboat up to Kew. Think of the Gardens, darling. And next month Kreisler's at the Albert Hall. Oh, we must see the Memorial to find out why everyone laughs at it. And there's a play on from the New York Theatre Guild and wouldn't it be lovely if I could meet you some day for lunch?" She reached out a small vibrant hand. He had rarely seen her so excited. "Darling! Let's go out and have a meal. There's a Russian restaurant along this street. It looks good. Then if you're not too tired we might—"

"HERE!" he protested as she led him to the door. "I thought you were supposed to be the matter-of-fact member of this family. But, believe me, Chris, after my first day's toil, I could do with a lively evening."

Next morning he read every file on his desk, initialled them, and was ranging about his room by eleven o'clock. But soon the cage became too small to hold him and he set out with violence, to explore the building. It proved uninteresting as a morgue without bodies until, reaching the top story, he suddenly found himself in a long room, half fitted as a laboratory where, seated on a box which had once held sulphur, was a young man in a long dirty white coat, disconsolately trimming his finger-nails, while his cigarette made yellow the nicotine stain upon his upper lip.

"Hello!" Andrew said.

A moment's pause, then the other answered uninterestedly:

"If you've lost your way, the lift is the third on the right."

Andrew propped himself against the test bench and picked a cigarette from his packet. He asked:

"Don't you serve tea here?"

For the first time the young man raised his head, jet black and glossy brushed, singularly at variance with the upturned collar of his soiled coat.

"Only to the white mice," he answered with interest. "The tea leaves are particularly nourishing for them."

Andrew laughed, perhaps because the jester was five years younger than himself. He explained:

"My name's Manson."

"I feared as much. So you've come to join the forgotten men." A pause. "I'm Doctor Hope—at least I used to think I was Hope. Now I am definitely Hope deferred."

After that they both went out to lunch together. Going out to lunch, Dr. Hope explained, was the sole function of the day which enabled him to cling to reason. Hope explained other things to Manson. He was a Backhouse Research Scholar from Cambridge, via Birmingham, which probably—he grinned—accounted for his frequent lapses of good taste. He had been loaned to the Metalliferous Board through the pestering application of Professor Dewar. He had nothing to do but sheer mechanics, a routine which any lab. attendant could have tackled. He inferred that he was surely going mad through indolence and the inertia of the Board, which he now referred to tersely as Mantac's Delight. It was typical of most of the research work in the country; controlled by a quorum of eminent mugs who were too engrossed by their own particular theories and too busy squabbling among themselves to shove the waggon in any one definite direction. Hope was pulled this way and that, told what to do instead of being allowed to do what he wished, and so interrupted he was never six months on the same job.

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THANK you, Stevens." When Stevens had gone Gill turned to Andrew with a smile. "You'll find him a useful chap. He makes delicious hot buttered toast. It's rather awkward here—to get really first-class messengers. We're bits and pieces of all departments—Home Office, Mines Department, Board of Trade. I myself—Gill coughed with mild pride—"am from the Admiralty."

While Andrew sipped his boiled milk and chafed for information about his job, Gill pleasantly discussed the weather, Brittany, the Civil Service pension scheme, and the efficacy of pasteurisation. Then, rising, he led Andrew to his room.

This also was a warmly carpeted, restful, sunny room with a superb view of the river. A large blue-bottle was making drowsy nostalgic noises against the window-pane.

"I chose this for you," said Gill pleasantly. "Took a little bit of arrangement. There's an open coal fireplace, you'll see—nice for the winter. I—I hope you like it!"

"Why—it's a marvellous room, but—"

"Now I'll introduce you to your secretary—Miss Mason." Gill tapped, threw open a communicating door revealing Miss Mason, a nice, elderly

girl, neat and composed, seated at a small desk. Rising, Miss Mason put down her "Times."

"Good-morning, Miss Mason."

"Good-morning, Mr. Gill."

"Miss Mason, this is Doctor Manson."

"Good-morning, Doctor Manson." Andrew's head reeled slightly under the impact of these salutations, but he collected himself, joined in the conversation.

Five minutes later, as Gill stole pleasantly away, he remarked to Andrew, encouragingly:

"I'll send you along some files."

THE files arrived, borne tenderly by Stevens. In addition to his talents as toast-maker and dairymaid, Stevens was the best file-bearer in the building. Every hour he entered Andrew's office, with cradled documents which he placed lovingly upon the desk in the Japanese tin marked IN, while his eye, searching eagerly, besought something to take away from the tin marked OUT. It quite broke Stevens' heart when the OUT tin was empty. In this lamentable contingency he slunk away, defeated.

Lost, bewildered, irritated, Andrew raced through the files—minutes of past meetings of the M.F.B., dull, stodgy, unimportant. Then

OLD MAN'S CURTAIN

Complete
Short
Story



AT thirty, Irvin Young made his big hit in "Night in Saigon." At forty, his name had ceased to create a stir. At sixty—he was playing Pere Duval with a third-rate road company—he suffered a stroke which crippled his right arm. After that he sank into oblivion.

"You'll never guess whom I met to-day," said Albert, the director, to Weissman, the producer. Weissman wasn't even listening. Cigar cocked at an angle in the corner of his mouth, he was reading a letter. The office hummed with the stir of preparation for his new production, "The Ladder." Albert shot his bolt nevertheless. "Young," he said, "Irvin Young."

"Hm?" said Weissman.

"You remember Young, don't you? Fellow that had the stroke?"

"Oh—Young. Sure—sure I remember Young. Thought he was dead."

Albert paced the floor. "We haven't found anyone to play Winthrop yet," he said.

The producer fell into one of his sudden frenzies. "You're telling me!" he bellowed. "What are you telling me for? What's more, we never will find anybody to play the blasted part. Trust a darn fool of an author to think up a part of two lines for an actor who's got to be good enough to bring down the second act curtain. I tell you it's going to be the worst flop Broadway's ever seen—"

ALBERT paid not the smallest heed to his chief's outburst. "Young would be great in the part," he said calmly.

Weissman pulled the cigar from the corner of his mouth, and stared for a moment, electrified, at his side. Then he played piano on the push-buttons of his desk. "Fred!" he yelled. "Where's Fred? How man, times a day does that dimwit eat breakfast? I want to send a letter—"

A redheaded girl with pale eyes slipped in and seated herself, pencil poised expectantly, point up. "You sent Fred to the printers," she said meekly. The producer promptly subsided. He pulled open a desk drawer, extracted a large chocolate and popped it into the girl's mouth.

"Take a letter. Dear Irvin—" he said. He turned to Albert. "Where does the guy live?"

"I don't know," replied Albert, adding hastily, before a second thunderbolt could be loosed, "He's in Central Park at one every day, feeding the sparrows."

"Feeding the—? All right, let it go. Can he still walk, talk?"

"Well, he's got this lame arm, of course. I thought it might be a good touch for Winthrop," said Albert, reaching across Weissman's shoulder for the cigarettes, and lighting one.

The producer contented himself with a sigh. "I never heard anything to beat it. Well, go on, what are you waiting for? Go pack up that mummy of yours and bring it here."

WEISSMAN'S fears lest Young be unable to talk, lest age had robbed him to some degree of the power of speech, proved groundless. If anything, the old actor was rather over-garrulous. When it came to talking about himself and the roles he had played, the words flowed forth steadily, with that fine roll of the tongue which he had learned from yet older generations of actors, long since forgotten.

His white hair neatly brushed, one slender foot thrust forward, the other leg bent gracefully at the knee, he sat on the edge of his chair and recited the story of his life—made up, it would seem, of a series

Vicki Baum, the author of "Grand Hotel," tells how an old actor faced the tragedy of his last curtain

Illustrated
By
Wynne W.
DAVIES



Puppy and Eddy were startled by his appearance. Irvin's long shadow fell upon them. "Sa-a-y! Baby!" cried Puppy in amazement. He was wearing a silk robe and on his feet the white beach shoes from "Night in Saigon."

of catastrophes. Not simple unhappiness or bad luck, such as other people suffered. With Irvin Young, everything was elevated to the realm of the tragic.

His wife died, his daughter had been hurt in a motor accident and lived abroad, his son had fathered twins and couldn't be annoyed with a parent. The Actors' Home had grown intolerable, packed as it was with nincompoops who went strutting around, bragging about the triumphs God knew they'd never enjoyed. So now he was living for better or worse in a modest room, dependent on the good or ill will of his landlady.

To Albert, whose skin was not yet thoroughly hardened, this recital

wish to appear ungrateful—but I owe it to my reputation to accept only such roles as are worthy of me. Irvin Young may retire from the stage, he may be forgotten—but he may not play a part which is beneath him."

At which point Fred hastened from the room and flung himself into a chair in the outer office. "I don't believe it," he moaned. "It can't be true. The guy's starving, and still he kicks up a fuss. What does the old man see in that bag of bones, anyway?" The redheaded girl and the office boy motioned him to be quiet. Lined up on the long velvet bench in the anteroom sat the girls who were being tried out for the part of Tessa.

"You know me, Irvin," Weissman was coaxing. "You know I wouldn't offer you a part that wasn't good

"You don't understand the situation," said Albert quickly. "Look here. You knock at the door. Nobody answers. You step in and look around. The stage is empty. But the air is heavy with a secret. Roger enters and looks at you questioningly. You say: 'I beg your pardon. Is Mr. Townsend in?' I beg your pardon. Is Mr. Townsend in? you say. Roger says: 'No.' Then I'll wait till he gets back," you say, and you take a seat on the sofa, downstage right. Then the curtain falls."

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind the buts. Roger is Tessa Townsend's lover, understand? He's just shot Townsend. The body's hidden behind the curtain, upstage left. It's the crux of the whole play. And you stand there and say: 'I'll wait till he gets back.'"

"I'll wait till he gets back," murmured Young. "And then the curtain falls. I'll wait till he gets back—"

Even as Albert talked, the old man's face had been changing. He was acting, he was absorbed in the play. His lips moved over his false teeth, he murmured the two sentences. And, watching his face, you somehow divined that body behind the curtain, you felt it, you heard it, saw it, smelt it.

Weissman's eyes were glued on him. "Well?" he asked. "Is it an Irvin Young role?"

Young, arm outspread, bore down upon him. "I'll make the sacrifice for the sake of our old friendship," he said ("The Brothers," Act II). "I'll play the part."

"I knew it," said Weissman, lighting a fresh cigar, and sticking it into the corner of his mouth.

The girl eventually chosen for the part of Tessa was named Isabel Murphy. She had a child's silver-blond hair, a figure like Jean Harlow's, and no knowledge of acting.

"Do call me Puppy, everybody," she begged, and everybody called her Puppy. Bathed in sweat and all but weeping, Weissman and Albert strove to rid her of her Middle Western twang. "Audiences like it," she said airily. She had played here and there in stock, had been washed up, wave by wave, to the shore of Broadway, and Weissman proclaimed her a great find.

"She's got that certain something," he would say after each rehearsal when, exhausted, they had given up trying to improve her speech and correct her grammar.

"Too much of that certain something," sighed Albert.

"She's got a marvelous skin," said Eddy, who played Roger, the lover.

"More skin than any girl I ever met," groaned Albert.

ILL give her some private coaching," Weissman announced, at the end of the first week. After which, he stopped calling her Puppy in public and addressed her formally as Miss Murphy. After which, his sleeve was likely to be dusted with powder and his handkerchief stained with lip rouge. After which, Puppy formed the habit of looking up at him from under her lashes with the guileless gaze of a very small kitten. The cast grew friendly. As a matter of fact, they liked her. She crinkled her nose when she laughed, and stuck out the tip of her small round tongue, like a baby, till in the end they were all laughing with her.

When Irvin Young saw her for the first time, she was wearing brown shorts, a full, sleeveless, yellow silk shirt, and gold dancing slippers with high heels. It was the second week of rehearsal, a stifling day in late May, and they all looked fagged and drawn. All but Puppy, who was fresh and cool as a glass of water with the mist on it. That, at least, was what Young told her when he tried to describe the impression she had made on him.

"Do you know the sensation, child?" he said; "the sensation of intense thirst, when the palate is dry, the throat burning? Then someone offers you a glass of cold water—so cold that it's all misted over, with a drop or two running down—"

"Like an ad. for menthol cigarettes," said she.

Please turn to Page 14

By VICKI BAUM

conveyed the image of a lonely old man whom the world laughed at. Behind Young's nobly bowed head, Fred, the impudent young secretary, was going through the motions of turning off a tap. The producer, oddly enough, was seized by none of his usual spasms of fury, but listened with infinite patience. His heavy-lidded eyes, set close to his large nose, were wont to fill with easy tears during big emotional scenes, or at the fall of a curtain. Once or twice he patted the actor's shoulder. Young's right arm hung limp, the sleeve lay in stiff folds, the hand rested motionless in his coat pocket.

"Before going any further," he said with dignity. "I must ask you to let me glance through the part which is being entrusted to me. I don't

enough. It's a marvellous part. As a matter of fact, it's the best part in the show."

Irvin drew an audible breath of relief. "May I read it?" he asked. Albert took a blue script from the pile on the desk.

"Just a minute," said Weissman hastily, thrusting his arm like a bar between actor and script. "It's not a long part, but it's the finest part in the play. The success of the play depends on this part, understand me, Irvin?"

Young, whose eyes had been devouring the blue script, reached for it across the barrier of Weissman's arm. He opened it—dropped it. Had he been on the stage, his disappointment would have been obvious to the occupant of a seat in the last row of the topmost of five galleries.



Illustrated by WEP

In the slashing rain he rode like a knight for his lady. People were shouting: "Accolade! Accolade!"

Thoroughbred

A Complete Short Story

*A gripping story
of a race that carried two prizes
for the gallant rider of the winner.*

By

NATALIE
SHIPMAN

MARTIN GREGORY watched her for only five minutes, but he knew at once that she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. It all happened suddenly; he had struck up a friendship with Henry Ames on the steamer crossing from France and had accepted an invitation to spend a week-end at Henry's place in Surrey. When he looked out of the window that October morning he was tremendously glad he had come.

"Though I'm frightfully sorry," he told his host, "that I've put you to the trouble of finding me a horse."

"Nonsense," Henry said. "I wanted you to try Hector, but he cast a shoe this morning. I've rung up Sue Randall and she has a mare you can ride. We'll go over now."

And almost before Martin knew it, they were driving under brilliant autumn trees and turning into a wide but neglected drive. On one

side was a small thatched cottage covered with coppery-red autumn leaves and on the other an immense stable.

"Don't hurry, Sue," Henry called. "We've got to wait for Greyflight—the boy's bringing him over."

The girl in the stable doorway did not turn for a moment. She was busy at the horse's head and Martin watched her small brown hands moving surely and quietly, adjusting cheek strap and curb chain. Then she turned round. "Hello, Henry."

"This is Mr. Gregory, Sue. Miss Randall."

Martin had seen that she was tall and slenderly built; now he was aware of deep grey eyes that looked at him swiftly from under curving brows and a glint of burnished hair under a brown felt hat. She nodded briefly. "Good-morning," she said. Then she had stripped the blankets from a slender bay mare and was leading her to the mounting block. "You'd better walk her round for a minute or two," she said. "How do the stirrups look?"

He sat, feeling immeasurably awkward as she lengthened the leathers and handed him the reins. "She's a lovely mare," he said. "Much too good for me."

"Leave her mouth alone and she'll settle down after the first fence or two. Of course you've hunted before?"

"Not for quite a long time."

"Oh. Well, this is supposed to be rather stiff country, but you'll be all right."

She spoke shyly without looking at him. He said: "I say, it's terribly good of you to mount me."

She glanced up quickly, as if she were startled. Then she lowered her eyes and spoke gravely. "That's quite all right. I'm delighted." But as she turned away he had a feeling that she was smiling.

"WELL, old man," said Henry. Martin thought how Old English he looked on his big grey hunter, his square face the color of his pink coat. "All set? Wish you were coming Sue."

"Don't you hunt?" Martin said.

She gave a quick little shake of her head. "Have a good run," she said. Then, before they started, she turned and went into the stable.

As they walked the horses down the drive, Martin said: "I hope she

didn't want to ride this mare to-day. It's terribly kind of her to lend her to me."

Henry grinned. "She didn't lend her, old man. Sue's in the business."

So that was why she had smiled! "Oh!" said Martin. "She runs a stable, I see."

"You don't see at all. Her father and mine were friends. She's a darned nice girl, but she's been up against it since her old dad killed himself a year ago."

Martin remembered that her riding things were shabby; her boots well polished but worn; her tweed coat mended at the elbow. "Business worries?"

"Of course," said Henry. "Locked himself in his garage one night, ran the engine of his car until morning—and left his children to do the worrying."

"How many are there?" Martin asked.

"Just Sue and a boy—Charles. Their mother died several years ago. Sue was twenty when it happened and Charles was starting his second year at the University. They hadn't a thing in the world except this place and six or seven horses. So they shut up the house, dismissed the servants, moved into the cottage, and started a boarding and livery stable."

"But," Martin said, "they can't do all the work themselves."

"Every bit. Grooming and feeding, exercising and all. They've had plenty of business because the Hunt Club stable is crowded and expensive, and they've managed to pay the rates on the place and make a living. I don't suppose it will go on long. Sue'll get married."

Martin was aware of an odd little sinking of his heart. "Is she engaged to anyone?"

"No," said Henry. "Tom Carver used to be wild about her, but he's abroad just now. And I think Sue cares more about making a success of the stable than anything else."

"It's amazing," Martin murmured. "She's wonderfully plucky."

"Sue's a thoroughbred," Henry said. "Well, we're a good way from the kennels, old man. Let's trot."

Please turn to Page 16

The Fashion Parade *by* Petrov



SUITS *with a* SHORT LIFE *and a* GAY ONE

• A ONE-PIECE suit of violet satin in elastic knit is accompanied by a coat striped in lavender, violet, and green. The stripes are all on the horizontal plan. The coat is lined with violet.

• A YELLOW wool suit of the brief brassiere and trunks persuasion. White cord is used to outline both brassiere and trunks and to make a tiny anchor finish on the trunks.

• ONE of the intriguing telescopic suits, which, when not stretched, look child-size, but when donned obligingly assume the right proportions for the wearer. It is red with red cap to match.

• AN INTERESTING arrangement of vivid stripes distinguishes this sun suit. The visor of pique is trimmed with orange and white stripes to match the suit. Shoes and bag in matching shades.

• A ROMPER PLAYSUIT in quaint print of tyrolean inspiration—red on white. The suit consists of sun-top and bloomers. The accompanying cartwheel hat has a peaked tyrolean crown.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

Page Two ... Fashion Portfolio

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 4, 1937

Paris Says... LACE!

Four Models from Famous Salons Demonstrate the Versatility of This Delightful Fabric



• Dinner dress from Maison Heim, Paris. Black lace with white collar and cuffs. Worn over a slip of black tulle.

• For formal afternoons—a beautiful Molyneux frock of green lace finished with a large posy of varicolored flowers. The large picture hat in the same tone is trimmed with lace.

• Evening dress of black lace, with niched inserts of pastel-pink lace. Posed over a pastel-pink slip. Maison Heim, Paris, model.

• Dinner dress on tailored lines made of dull green lace. The sash is of copper-toned satin. A Worth model.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page were selected in Paris by Mary St. Claire and sent by Air Mail.

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

WHEN YOU ARE LOOKING ON

Choose Clothes That Are Gallant and Young

If you ask me to analyse what constitutes spectator-sports clothes, I would say clothes for any age, clothes that are supple, gallant and young, casual in look and even in make, as you will see from the fact that they should not be lined.

Knitted or tweed dresses with casual and in no sense towny or formal coats, skirts with the best of sweaters or blouses (soft knitted woollen of the angora cashmere type, tie-silk, or linen as the season dictates), a matching button-all-up cardigan, "twin" cardigan in fact, with the woollen variety of soft pull-on hat without any trickiness; loose, casual type of gloves, shoes of an equally workmanlike yet trim description, not with pointed toes, not with even the look of high heels, shoes and gloves never too closely fitted.

In gloves you take a size larger than you need rather than a size smaller, in shoes a comfortable fit.

The scarf is casually knotted or twisted. It is never one of those mean-looking, droopy affairs. Above all, never a color-blend, dreary little affair with V-ends.

The handbag will be square, roomy, without trick of fastening; in other words, you will have a tailored look.

In summer, the cotton or linen or rough silk dress has the same casual effect, the same tailored air combined with that quality. Great importance lies here as to the suitability of the scarf, the gloves, the hat, the accompanying jacket or coat.

Wool has become quite as much a summer wear as any of these other fabrics, so light, almost transparent has it become, and is eminently suitable.

The patch pocket of real sports clothes, the action-pleats, the revers, workmanlike leather belt, stitching all belong to this spectator-sports type of dressing. Spickiness and spanness are its essentials.

By
**ALISON
SETTLE,**
famous English
fashion expert.
Exclusive to The
Australian
Women's Weekly.



• **SUIT** in dark brown wool suede crepe, with beige leather lacing. The chamois-colored suede crepe shirt is laced up the front with shoestrings of the suit material. Note the matching chamois leather over-the-shoulder bag.

• **JACKET** of natural linen with high neck and front closing bordered with dark Gauguin-green grosgrain ribbon ending in large scrolls. Worn over matching dark green skirt. Green gloves and shoes and natural panama hat.

Luxuriate in
MORNY



Women expect to be 'spoiled' at Xmas. Which woman does not like to be 'spoiled' at such times as this—to receive a gift which shows flattering forethought—a gift by Morny. For the name Morny is in itself a guarantee of quality and a criterion of good taste.

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON
The Home of British Perfumery

**CHAMINADE
FRENCH FERN
GARDENIA
JUNE ROSES
PINK LILAC
TENTATION**

• **CREAMY** beige sheer woollen is used for a belted jacket which is worn over a navy jersey frock. The front vest inset of emerald-green appears shirt fashion under the jacket. Accessories are navy.

• **A FROCK** and matching jacket in earth-beige, dull finish silk jersey. The jacket is lined with Egyptian-red spotted crepe, which matches the gipsy sash round the waist of the frock.

An Editorial

DECEMBER 4, 1937.

PARENTS MUST BE TEACHERS



A TYPICAL difference between the Victorians and modern people is that they concerned themselves with the duty of children towards their parents, while we are more impressed by the duty of parents towards their children.

The very word "duty" when applied to such an intimate personal relationship has a dull and pompous sound; one feels that the behaviour of parents and children ought to be guided by instinct, affection, and a frank attempt at mutual understanding.

Nevertheless, we have a very definite duty to our children, and it is up to us to see that they are educated for life as well as for exams.

Education, in its literal sense of "drawing out" the development of the innate faculties of the mind, is something which requires an understanding of the individual—an understanding which the busy school-teacher can hardly be expected to possess.

Parents alone can understand their children fully, guide them in overcoming handicaps, and give them that common-sense philosophy of living which is more important to them than all the arts and sciences.

It is clearly the duty of parents to live with their children, to devote much time to merely being in their company and sharing their conversation. This doesn't mean, of course, the folly of not allowing them free intercourse with their contemporaries.

It is interesting to note the difference between Australian methods of upbringing and English. In England a very large section of the population sends its children to boarding-school for a great part of their childhood. This may have advantages, but it has its evils, too.

And, among other things, observers, both English and Australian, consistently report that Australian children reach maturity in their outlook years before their English cousins.

They have been educated by the companionship of their parents.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Filthy Lucre

THE Commonwealth Bank has £10,000 which no one has claimed for seven years. It consists of amounts from £1 to £500, belonging to absent-minded people all over Australia. There really ought to be a law transferring all funds from people who have money and don't want it to people who have none and do want it.

All those in favor? Don't block the entrance, please!

A Domestic Animal

MELBOURNE'S drastic servant shortage has resulted in a rush of men domestics to fill the jobs girls won't take. And the lads are doing pretty well, too.

Men usually seem to be pretty good at women's work when they learn to take it on. Men dress-makers, florists, cooks, milliners, domestic workers, nurses, coiffeurs—are all satisfactory.

It looks as though, if women keep on taking more and more of the jobs that were once regarded as being exclusive to men, the male workers will be thrust more and more into women's work.

One imagines a mother of the future, when her son wants to go out and look for work, remarking sternly, "Man's place is in the home!"

Milk for the Babies

BRISBANE'S recent milk strike raised a question of importance to every parent: Should it not be possible by Government action to ensure supplies of those commodities necessary to the health of children?

In a free country, a dairyman or anyone else has a right to refuse to sell his product if he isn't satisfied with the price he gets.

But in the interests of the community as a whole there ought to be some emergency machinery by which the Government could obtain and distribute—even if at high prices—enough milk to keep all children supplied.

This would fundamentally affect the economic issue, and it would prevent children from suffering in health because of it.

LYRIC OF LIFE

PERPLEXITY

Must Wisdom wait till Time is ripe with sense.

Adventuring all done, and blood grown cold?

Till eyes and lips and hands are stilled and old.

And youth departed with its innocence?

It does not know the laughter of the young.

The joys, the tears, the sudden restlessness.

Nor has it part in youth's impulsiveness.

Nor in the songs that love has roundly sung.

Must Wisdom wait, still lipped and placid eyed

Upon the outer shadows, frail and grey

To recompense the ending of our way.

When all the Springtime's fervor will have died?

And yet, if youth should careful grow, and sage.

There may be nothing to recall, in age.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

A Lion That Was

THERE'S something touching in the report that Haile Selassie, ex-Emperor of Abyssinia, is reduced to such poverty that he can't buy coal to keep out the chill of Northern winters.

Haile's fate is less terrible than that of many of his people, but in the person of a king the fate of a people is often to be traced. The Abyssinians, once a great barbaric nation—an Empire, in fact—are no more a nation at all. The Lion of Judah is a penniless colored gentleman shivering in England, and the old Ethiopian warriors are unwilling assistants to Italy's unwilling colonists.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.—A common scene at the moment, when everyone is thinking hard about choosing Christmas gifts. See story, column four.

Should We Siesta?

FIJIS Parliament has passed a law instituting a lunch break of two and a half hours. The idea is to combat malaria—or tropical ennui—by allowing a siesta after lunch.

One tends to suspect that the mysterious malaria might have something to do with an over-generous lunch, but maybe not.

A midday siesta has often been suggested in Australia—for the summer at least. But on the whole the Australian practice seems to be to work as nearly straight through as possible, with a break for lunch, and then to have a few hours of daylight for recreation after work.

But in other fairly hot climates siesta is universal. In ancient Rome one writer was responsible for a ghost story in which the ghost appeared at midday, when everyone was asleep!

Penalty of Progress

PROGRESS is merciless, and in its march destroys many things of beauty that the present generation would like to see retained.

Its latest claim is on a home 117 years old at Potts Point, the centre of Sydney society in the years that have gone. This is to make way for modern flats, and where ten people live now, 1000 will reside when the new building is completed.

It seems a pity that a relic of Australia's earlier days should disappear, but—time marches on.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Solving the Christmas Gift Problem

By GIFT-SEEKER

The annual problem of choosing Christmas gifts for relations and friends is here again.

SOME people do their Christmas shopping in cold blood back in September, or even at the winter sales. Others never get the problem solved at all. Still others make a frantic rush to grasp what the shops have left on Christmas Eve.

I used to belong to the last group, who constitute the main reason why salesgirls frequently spend Christmas day in bed.

But this year, I have struck the happy medium by planning ahead, and combing the shops for ideas quite early in the day.

"Shop Early" signs still mean nothing to me in November, but as soon as my calendar shows the magic date, "December 1," my real shopping begins.

This is how I have planned to do it. In the first place, I've a great respect for novelties, but not for useless novelties. They must be useful things with something novel about them. Ever since my long handled, gaily-colored shoe horn, costing 1/11, was the sensation of last Christmas feast, I've known the value of something different.

And all my gifts must be decorative this year. They simply must preserve the spirit of Christmas both inside and outside the parcel.

Beauty Gift

ALREADY I've sent my cheerios abroad—some of the marvellous booklets of Australian scenes—novel photographs superbly printed, sponsored by the Australian National Travel Association.

Everybody in our house will get a really truly Christmas stocking this year. You can buy the stiffened red net by the yard now, and I am going to have such fun making and filling them.

You can show your husband a course of golf lessons, or young sister a coat of suntan to start the summer with. I believe you can acquire a perfect suntan by having seven of the new two-minute sunray treatments.

And that promotes another idea. A complete beauty treatment in one of the more luxurious peach-lined beauty salons should be a thrill for mother.

I am finding it hard to resist sending one of my pet cousins one of the new telescopic bathing suits. They look like rucked satin, but will stretch to fit any figure. Such a blessing when you are not quite sure of the size.

For a stay-at-home friend I am investing in a powder compact exactly like a scent-case plastered with overseas labels.

For Men

I LIKE to give my very small relatives the things they say they want. One small girl is to have a glass teaset, another a fishing rod, but I intend putting one or two "POP UP" books into the very small stockings. These books have pictures that become raised as the book is opened.

Another thing I cannot resist is the money-box that has a sort of speedometer that registers every penny and when the sixtieth coin goes in it automatically opens.

For the men—ties amusingly patterned with golfers, tennis racquets or maybe horses' heads small enough to be inoffensive.

Or a car-cleaning kit—car polish, sponges, chamols, etc., all wrapped in cellophane.

Or cigarettes, and more cigarettes.

And just for a novelty, a box of assorted studs with a transparent lid eloquently inscribed: "I see the Blighters."

For the unexpected odds and ends without which no parcel is complete, I am choosing:

For the girl who makes her own clothes—sets of buttons, maybe enough lettered buttons to make her own name, or half a dozen small animals, a procession of small crystal stars or a series of glass balls with tiny flowers imprisoned inside them.

For the other girls, a crisp organdie flower or a hanky more gaily colored than Christmas itself.

HAVE YOUR HOME Renovated BY LOWER

Give Him a Pot of Paint and a Roll of Wallpaper and You'll Be Surprised

Summer has a-coom in (Yorkshire). The corn-top's ripe and the melons are in bloom. Did I tell you that the wife wants a new hat? She would!

Think of lounging on the warm sand greased all over with coconut oil, watching the breakers roll in. And after you've done that, get on with your work.

OF course, seeing how summer has a-coom in, we must have everything cleaned up. We have a general clean up at our place every summer. And winter, spring and autumn. We refurbish everything.

Refurbishing is a task. I am not sure what refurbishing means, but a friend told me that it was a Persian word meaning rubbing your face with a radish ("Don't be so silly!") This word refurbishing was suggested to me by one of my bosses. He does things like that. Quite a nice fellow otherwise. Takes his wages half-way home every pay day. Why he wants refurbishing stuck into an otherwise chaotic story is a case for Freud. Still, you've got to humor them.

Well, it's got to be done, I suppose. The novice should grasp the handle of the refurbisher and point it at the object to be refurbished. Gently lead the refurbisher up to the object and then let it loose. Persons under sixteen should not participate.

Then there are other things. Our aspidochelone has sprung a new shoot and the caretaker has started yodelling. And I have been brightening the home up.

I've just finished repapering the dining-room. I can turn my hand to anything from poker to billiards, but I must admit that wall-papering calls for a certain amount of dogged determination, which I possess in very small and evanescent quantities.

Since I've put up the new wallpaper, we can't find any of the electric light switches.

New Color Scheme

I've been doing a bit of painting, too. Give me a pot of paint and a brush and I go mad.

I've painted the kitchen furniture in pink and green. If you're feeling a bit sick your kitchen is a good place to stay away from. You know how it is when you've got a drop of paint left over and it seems a pity to waste it?

I picked on the taps. Now, at our place you can have hot or cold water out of pink or green taps.

We've got new curtains, too. People passing by say, "I didn't know there was a service station here!"

"No. That's Lower's place. They're curtains you're seeing."

"Good gracious! Do they live there?"

"I believe HE comes home occasionally and has a look around."



— By —

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"Wall-papering calls for a certain amount of dogged determination," admits L. W. Lower.

"Why?"

There's no answer to that. But I shall be there, doing a bit of rolling and munching my ice-cream

cone. Watching the breakers break and pinching towels. If any good-looking girl wants to be taught to swim during the next few months, I am available.

How does she Preserve her Youth



HER husband and family think mother a wonder. She would easily pass for a dozen years less than she really is. And what is more, she feels marvellously young—no surplus fat, no shortness of breath, no digestive troubles—and her secret is Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, keep the digestion functioning perfectly, and remove daily all food waste.

You, too, can enjoy 100 per cent. health and regain your youthful appearance if you take Bile Beans regularly.

"There's a wonderful improvement since I began to take Bile Beans. I feel years younger and more energetic and my family say they have never seen me looking so well. I also find Bile Beans are gradually reducing my weight."—Mrs. B. Blake.

"My husband says I am a picture of health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans nightly. They have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Levesley.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YEARS YOUNGER

"Well, it takes all sorts to make a world."

As a matter of fact, our home is so clean that I'm thinking of taking a room in an hotel. It's pretty hot when you're not allowed to ash your cigarette in the ash tray.

It's also tough when a man pours himself out a drink after a hard day's painting and polishing and is spoken to: "That's right! Swamp the side-board! I've only just polished it. You want a retinue of scavengers following you around."

The trouble with women is that once they start cleaning things up they don't know where to stop. They start dragging things out of remote corners and trying to find fresh places to put them, and "Do you think if we shifted this over there and put that here, then I could get new cushions for this, don't you think?"

"Yeah. That'd be fine. I gotter go up the street now."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! I'm not finished yet."

"Cramping His Style"

"WELL, I think I'll kalsomine the ceiling."

"You start—that's all! Falling off step-ladders—plastering everything in the house with the stuff. NO!"

"Can't I just kalsomine a bit? Just a piece of the bathroom, say?"

"NO!"

"Oh, well, if you're content to live in a sty, that's nothing to do with me. I'm going to look nice when my friends start whispering, 'that's Lower over there. Never kalsomines his ceilings. Going to the pack. Lost all sense of decency—that's what they'll say.'"

"Just look at what the moths have done to this!"

"But I want to kalsomine . . ."

"And I had naphthalene all over it. It just goes to show."

"But if I ka!"

"WILL you shut up! NO! Go and buy me a tin of brass polish."

"Where's the money?"

"Haven't you got any money? What do you DO with your money? Why aren't you like other men?"

"I dunno. And ANOTHER thing! What did you do with my bathing costume?"

"You don't call that a bathing costume, surely! It's indecent. You might as well get one tattooed on you. If you must know, I'm using it for a duster."

"A man can never keep anything in this house! I hope you get covered with freckles. What are people going to say when I go on the beach with no bathing costume on?"

"We must have an awning for the back verandah."

"LISTEN! I'M TALKING ABOUT MY BATHING COSTUME!"

Come TO AUSTRALIA'S BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY!

Under a blaze of gay colours and bright lights, Sydney will become a magical city of the Arabian Nights when she celebrates Australia's 150th birthday from January 26 to April 25.

★ THE MIGHT OF A YOUNG NATION

The story of Australia's progress will be told in a hundred ways. Commemorative landings of Captain Arthur Phillip will portray the humble birth of a nation. Something of its present might will be seen in Military, Naval and Air Force Reviews and Tattoos. Cultural progress will be evident in the Exhibitions of Art and Musical Festivals. Scientific Congresses, Industrial Exhibitions and a Monster Royal Show will tell of its material development.

★ PAGEANTRY ON LAND AND SEA

With her natural beauties as a setting, Sydney will stage one long round of pageant and carnival, of which a magnificent scheme of municipal decoration and illumination will form the background. Surf Carnivals, Venetian Carnivals, Historical, Commercial and Industrial Pageants, Monster Fireworks Displays—all will lend colour and movement to the gorgeous scene. January 26th in particular will be a day to live in memory.



AUSTRALIA'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS
SYDNEY — JANUARY 26 — APRIL 25 — 1938

Shopping
in jostling crowds
leaves my skin
drawn and jaded



... SO I'M VERY GLAD OF
PEARS "tonic action"
to FRESHEN UP
my skin... to
restore vivid
loveliness

How alive your skin feels...
freshened up by Pears' tonic
action! Not only are skin
pores thoroughly cleansed
... but cells and tissue are
stimulated to vital health...
thrilling loveliness! Pears'
mild mellowness is the
result of many months of
careful, patient maturing.
This costly process gives
you the Pears' you know so
well... free from harshness,
transparently pure!

ECONOMY NOTE



There is no waste with Pears' Soap.
It stays firm till it is worn to water
thinner. The softer, mellowed, lather
mugs into the hollow in a new cake
and becomes part of it.



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TRANSPARENT SOAP
Economical because it lasts far longer!

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Happy Xmas!**

Join Pioneer's Special 16 Day Tour
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Enjoy the delights of touring in a luxurious Saloon Car by way of the Blue Mountains, Jencian Caves, the Irrigations Area, and the Murray River, seeing the sights in Adelaide, then home via Bendigo, the Murray River Valleys, Albury, Hume Weir, Canberra, and Nowra.

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**BOOK YOUR
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Tours from all
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Itineraries Free!



**PIONEER
MOTOR TOURS**

OLD MAN'S CURTAIN

Continued from
Page 7

"THAT was how I felt when I first saw you," the old actor concluded. Puppy laughed, then turned sober and even pensive. "Thank you," she said at last.

"Miss Murphy—will you be so extremely kind as to make your entrance?" yelled Weissman, waxing ironic.

Albert, seated at a small table on the stage, growled: "Quit jabbering and pick up your cues." Puppy blew Young a kiss, and danced out to pick up the cue she had missed. The others were amazed and a little revolted to see the old man blow it back.

A week later everyone, down to the office boy, the stage hands and the fireman, knew that old Mr. Young was in love with Puppy. He was always the first to appear at rehearsals, clad in a pale grey suit that looked as if it might have come out of Oscar Wilde's wardrobe. Sometimes he wore a carnation in his buttonhole, and on such occasions he would hand his twin to Puppy. She would thank him with every appearance of delight, and thrust it into her blouse. Irvin would seat himself jauntily astride a chair and observe her progress. His crippled hand lay in his coat pocket, the left made notes in the blue script. And though they all thought him absurd, they fell strangely silent just before he went on.

"I get cold shivers down my back every time he reads that line," the producer confided to his director.

And Albert replied vaingloriously: "Didn't I tell you we'd never find his equal?"

If Young was always in evidence when Puppy rehearsed, it must also be recorded that she never missed an entrance of his. "Time for Irvin's scene," she would cry, jump up from the table and run out of the little Italian restaurant where they took their meals. Her low forehead knitted into folds, which gave her the appearance of a young dachshund, she would watch Irvin enter, read his lines, seat himself and wait for the fall of an imaginary curtain. Often he would find her waiting outside the theatre in her car—painted a picturesque white, for all its cheapness. Almost humbly she would ask: "May I take you home, Mr. Young?"

After she had taken him home a number of times, a curious phenomenon occurred. Her voice dropped from her nose to where it belonged—forward in the palate, with the resonance in the head. She stopped interchanging who and whom. Only her gait kept its hint of the burlesque, with that little swing of the hips that suggested the runway. While Albert moaned and tried to break her of the habit, Weissman beamed and informed the world that Miss Murphy wasn't the first girl he had transformed from a nonentity into an actress. The Pygmalion complex, the stage manager called it, but the stage manager was far too clever for his job.

As time passed, Irvin grew younger. His skin turned brown, his cheeks ruddy. "Looks grand with his white hair," said Puppy.

"Can't you see the old fool's using make-up?" commented Eddy. "Little ninny," said Puppy fondly, and nipped his ear lobe between her teeth. They were in Puppy's car, with the top up to protect them from the rain.

"Want us both to be killed?" said Eddy, who was driving. He was a young man with the body of a boxer, and it was only natural that he and Puppy should have discovered each other.

Meantime Irvin Young was sitting in the little Italian restaurant, deserted at that hour.

"You ought to go home, Irvin," it was Albert, coming in for a vermouth, his hair gleaming with rain. "It's past midnight. The call's for nine to-morrow."

"I've got to wait for Isabel," said Irvin meaningly.

"For whom?" asked Albert. "For Isabel," said Irvin. His sonorous tones echoed back from the ceiling. "For Miss Murphy."

"Oh," said Albert. He wanted to say: "She's out gallivanting with Eddy." But he didn't. "I don't think Puppy'll be back to-night," he said. "She left the theatre half an hour ago."

Under his brown make-up, Irvin looked tired. "I'm sure Isabel will

keep her word," he replied stiffly.

Albert sighed and ordered another vermouth. This isn't going to be so awfully funny, he thought. He got up and wrung out his hair as if it had been a sponge. "It's pouring," he said. "Let me take you home in my taxi."

"Thank you very much," said Irvin. "I'll wait."

"Don't catch cold," said Albert, making for the door.

When one has an important role to play," returned the actor, "one doesn't catch cold." He resumed his seat, and fixed his eyes mournfully on a picture of Capri with which an ambitious artist had decorated the wall.

Towards the middle of June they all went to the little town in Massachusetts where the play was to be tried out before its Broadway opening. The old-fashioned little steamer left New York at six. The evening was clear, translucent, with pearly lights changing to green and lilac in the late dusk. They sat on deck as night fell, grouped about Weissman. Puppy had pushed her deckchair close to his, and from time to time he would turn the collar of her white sports coat high about her throat, to protect her from the wind. Irvin stood nearby, against the rail. He was dressed like a fashion plate of 1902 and, under his white cap, the white hair fluttered. He wore a white linen suit and white shoes, and his face looked gaunt and strained. He had grown a little moustache—a useful prop, since it could be dyed brown, and served at the same time to mask his false teeth. He explained the moustache by saying that his part called for it, but everyone knew that its sole purpose was to win Puppy's approval.

"Doesn't he look grand!" she exclaimed, for all to hear. Irvin was far from displeased by this bald flattery. He smiled "Lady Windermere's Fan," Act II) and said: "It has sentimental associations. This suit, I wore it in 'Night in Saigon,' Katharine La Plante played 'Lola.' It seems like yesterday. What a beautiful woman!"

THEY paid this tribute of a moment's respectful silence, having deduced from Irvin's hints and sighs that La Plante had been the great love of a life which had known no dearth of women. Then they broke into chatter again. Bing, bang, bong! came the summons to dinner. Later there was dancing.

Young stood against the wall of the dining-room, where a space had been cleared for the dancers. His eyes clouded as he watched them, and his useless arm twitched now and then, as if the hand would have liked to leave the sheltered darkness of the coat pocket. Puppy danced first with Eddy, then with Weissman, then with Eddy again. She was wearing white flannel slacks, and waved at Irvin as she floated past. Presently Weissman joined the old actor. "She seems to be getting plenty of fun out of it, anyway," he said, lighting a cigar.

"There's undoubtedly something trivial about her," answered Young. "But, alas, my friend, youth is always trivial. Sweet and trivial, like those catchy tunes that you can't get out of your head, once you've heard them." Weissman didn't wait for the end of the well-rounded sentence. He left the room.

"Go to bed, Irvin," Albert urged, in passing. "We've got to crawl out at six in the morning."

"I don't need much sleep," said Young, and stuck stubbornly to his post. Only when Puppy slipped past, calling out with a forced yawn "Well, good-night, all. I'm dead—" only then did he follow the supple little figure to the deck.

The night was illuminated by a huge, rather bloated moon, which silvered the water in the ship's wake. The waves foamed in pearly cascades at the bow, and a few seagulls flew behind, unaware perhaps that night had fallen. Young drew a long breath, and started walking round the deck. Try as he would to appear casual, it remained obvious that he was looking for Puppy's cabin. At length he came to a halt, leaned against the rail and gazed into the water. His left shoulder ached a little.

Please turn to Page 18

From 17 to 70,
they all love
these Xmas
presents.

All women, no matter what their age, love Charmosan cremes and powder.

They are the best presents you can give them, and when you can purchase them packed in their gorgeous gift caskets, they are the most thrilling present ever.

The caskets are in three sizes... each size is made in six different colors and each casket is cellophane wrapped.

What a present... what quality... what marvelous prices for the best cremes and powder in the world, packed in the loveliest of caskets.

Men buy them in tens of thousands for their womenfolk.

And women also buy them in tens of thousands for their mothers, daughters, sisters, relatives and friends.

Another thing too... Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets are always "correct," nothing can or will ever out-mold them.

Let's tell you more:—
No. 1 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and costs 2/6 over the counter.

No. 2 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and a full sized tube of Creme Charmosan and costs 3/6 over the counter.

No. 3 casket contains a full sized box of Charmosan face powder and a full sized jar of Creme Charmosan and costs 5/- over the counter.

They are sold everywhere by chemists, drapers, and stores, including N.Z.

**Charmosan
Xmas Gift
Caskets**



"I suffered so much with indigestion," writes Mrs. Singleton, "that I dreaded mealtimes coming round. I was afraid to eat. Since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can eat anything. My husband also suffered for years with Gastric Ulcers, but since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia he has been free from pain."

One dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will always relieve indigestion and stomach pain. The moment it reaches the stomach, it neutralises the burning, ulcerating acid. Pain stops, and soon normal, healthy digestion is restored. Doctors everywhere use and recommend "Bisurated" Magnesia for the Stomach. Get a bottle today.

**You want
'Bisurated'
Magnesia**

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Itches, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, try a 4 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is as simple and economical.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"There's something different about your husband! Is it a new suit?"

"No, a new husband."



WIFE (learning to drive): But I don't know what to do.
HUBBY: Just imagine that I'm driving the car.

MOPSY—the Cheery Redhead



"But it's not wool—this tag says 'cotton!'"
"We just mark 'em that way to fool the moths."



FIRST ANGLER: It's near closing time, old chap, and we haven't had a single bite.
SECOND ANGLER: Well, what about letting a couple of big ones go and clearing off home?

PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES

For twenty-five years Miss I.S. of Stanmore, had been wearing glasses and could not see without them; in fact, they had to be put on before rising from bed. She was told that her eyes would never improve. She found she needed stronger glasses every year or two. Even with glasses, reading for any period, or sewing, were absolutely out of the question. She feared blindness... until she tried EYE CULTURE. In a few short weeks she found a wonderful improvement in her eyes... discarding two pairs of glasses she now wears a pair discarded 7 years ago as being too weak. She is now able to spend several hours in the City without wearing glasses.

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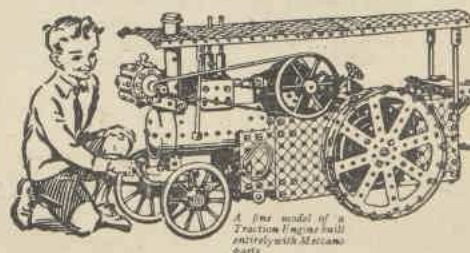
HOUSEKEEPER: What do you mean by coming round begging first thing in the morning?
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THOROUGHbred

Continued from Page 8

THE air was sharp and fragrant with damp earth and mouldering leaves; the sun shone through the trees and the mare under him was a creature of satin and steel, but suddenly Martin did not want to hunt at all. He wanted to ride back to the stable where Sue Randall was working, to watch her brown hands, the gleam of her hair when she turned her head, her swift, shy look. She knew that he would find a way to see her again.

Sue was standing in the door, her back to him. Her bright head was bare and she wore blue overalls and a brown sweater. At the sound of hoofs she turned, then came forward swiftly.

"Oh," she said. "Hello. I thought it was Henry's groom. You were nice to bring her over."

"It was pure selfishness," he said. "I wanted a longer ride and I wanted to escape from a sort of hunt-break-fast-cocktail-party that's going on. There were at least twenty pink coats in the living-room and more were arriving."

Her laugh was an enchanting sound. "Henry can never have too many people about. His house is practically a tavern, especially on hunting days."

He dismounted and led the mare inside.

"Where shall I put her? No—I'm going to help you rub her down."

"Oh, no!"

"Please," he said. "You wouldn't send me back to that howling mob, would you? Remember, I'm a stranger within your gates, and I must be humored. Do let me stay and help you."

She hesitated, then smiled shyly. "Very well. But you mustn't help—you must simply entertain me. First tell me why you hate crowds so much."

"I don't really," he said. "But I'd rather be alone or with a few people I like. And I came over here on business, to see a man who's going to publish a book of mine."

"Oh," she said. "You're a writer."

He smiled. "Hardly. I've written some short stories and a novel or two. It's a solitary sort of job—perhaps that's why I'm frightened of crowds. Now let's talk of something else—and you might give me that brush. I'll promise not to put it in her eye."

She shook her head, smiling, but presently she yielded it to him and they worked away together, while the mare stood quietly, her small head lowered, her eyes meditative, looking out through the stable door.

They talked of horses and of the country. "I've always lived here," she said, "except when I was away at school. And afterwards I didn't want to come out, and my father didn't care. Then—" she hesitated. "I know," he said. "Henry told me."

"Well, Charles and I didn't want to sell the place, so we stayed and did this." She made a gesture down the long aisle of stalls.

"I CAN understand that," he said quickly. "We had to sell our place in Wiltshire to pay my father's death duties, and it was horrible. It killed my mother."

"And then what happened to you?"

"I moved to London to a tiny flat."

When the mare was in her stall munching hay, the girl said: "You know, you really ought to go back. Henry will be wondering."

"May I see the horses first?"

She took him from stall to stall, showing him each occupant. There were fifteen, counting an old pony that Sue had had when she was six. "I had one just like her," Martin said. "His name was Mr. Punch, because of his nose. A stubborn little beast, but he taught me a lot. And who is that beautiful mare?"

She unlatched the door. "That's Heartbreak, my father's old hunter. She's due to foal soon." The chestnut mare stood still, breathing lightly and quickly while the girl stroked her neck.

"You're all right, aren't you, old lady? It ought to be a good foal. It's by Crusader, a wonderful stallion. That's its brother in the corner—Accolade. We call him the colt because we bred him ourselves, but he's four years old."

As the big horse moved, the light slid along his flanks that were the

color of a dark polished chestnut.

"He's glorious," Martin said. She smiled. "He's going to be a great steeplechaser. At least, my brother thinks so. Perhaps he'll make our fortune."

"He should," Martin said. "Accolade—by Crusader out of Heartbreak. The reward of gallantry." He looked at her as he spoke and she flushed, looking away. "That's nice of you," she said. "Yes, go in if you like."

As Martin entered the stall the colt threw up his head, his eye showing a dangerous white rim. "Nonsense, boy," Martin said. "You know you're only trying to frighten me." He held out his hand. Accolade lowered his beautiful head, snorting gently, then nuzzled the strange hand like a puppy.

The girl was watching them dreamily.

"He never lets Charles do that," she said. "And now—I really think you'd better go. I'll drive you back."

"I'd much rather stay," he protested. "Are you sure there's nothing more to do?"

"Quite sure," she smiled. "The car is out here."

Reluctantly he got into an ancient tourer; then, before she started the engine he said: "I should like to see you again."

"It would be nice," she said simply.

"Miss Randall—" he began, then stopped. An idea had occurred to him, a queer impulse, but one that delighted him more than anything he'd thought of for years. "Perhaps you'll think it's very odd, but I'd like to ask you something."

"Why," she said, "of course."

"Do you ever take any paying guests? Wait, don't say no for a minute." He spoke rapidly, telling her his idea: the plan of coming back later on and settling down to do some writing. Henry had asked him to stay as long as he liked, but his house was too populous, as she had said, and Martin knew that he would do no work there.

"If you'd let me stay with you and your brother," he said, "it would be perfect. For me, at any rate. I could write in the mornings, and in the afternoons I'd ride any horses that needed exercising, and help you in the stable."

"Please," she broke in. "I couldn't hear of that—"

His heart bounded. Then she would consider it. "You see," he said, "I love the country, and I'm frightfully tired of London and fogs, and working by electric light in a tiny flat. Your life here seems too good to believe, and if you'd let me share it for a little while I'd be happier than I could possibly tell you."

She hesitated, looking away from him at the darkening fields. The sun had gone down and the hills were black against a clear gold sky. "I really don't know what to say," she said at last. "We have no one to help us but an old woman who comes in to cook supper, and we live in riding clothes. It's not a very civilised life and you'd probably find it horribly dull."

"Dull?" He almost laughed. "It's heaven compared with London. I know it seems strange," he added seriously, "when we've only just met. And you mustn't grant me favors; but you would be doing me a tremendous kindness if you'd let me come as a paying guest for a few weeks."

She was silent again, then she asked abruptly: "Did Henry suggest this because of—because we're hard up?"

"Henry doesn't know that I've even thought of it."

Her eyes, wide and dark in the dimness, searched his face. At last she said: "Well, if you really want to—"

"I want to very much indeed." A wave of happiness swept over him, and as they drove through the soft dusk he felt as if he were sixteen again instead of twenty-eight, and as if the world were new and strange and filled with delightful possibilities.

As they drew up before the cottage, Martin had a curious sensation of homecoming. Perhaps it was the country, beautiful as a dream; perhaps it was the girl beside him, lovely and grave and faintly shy.

Please turn to Page 44

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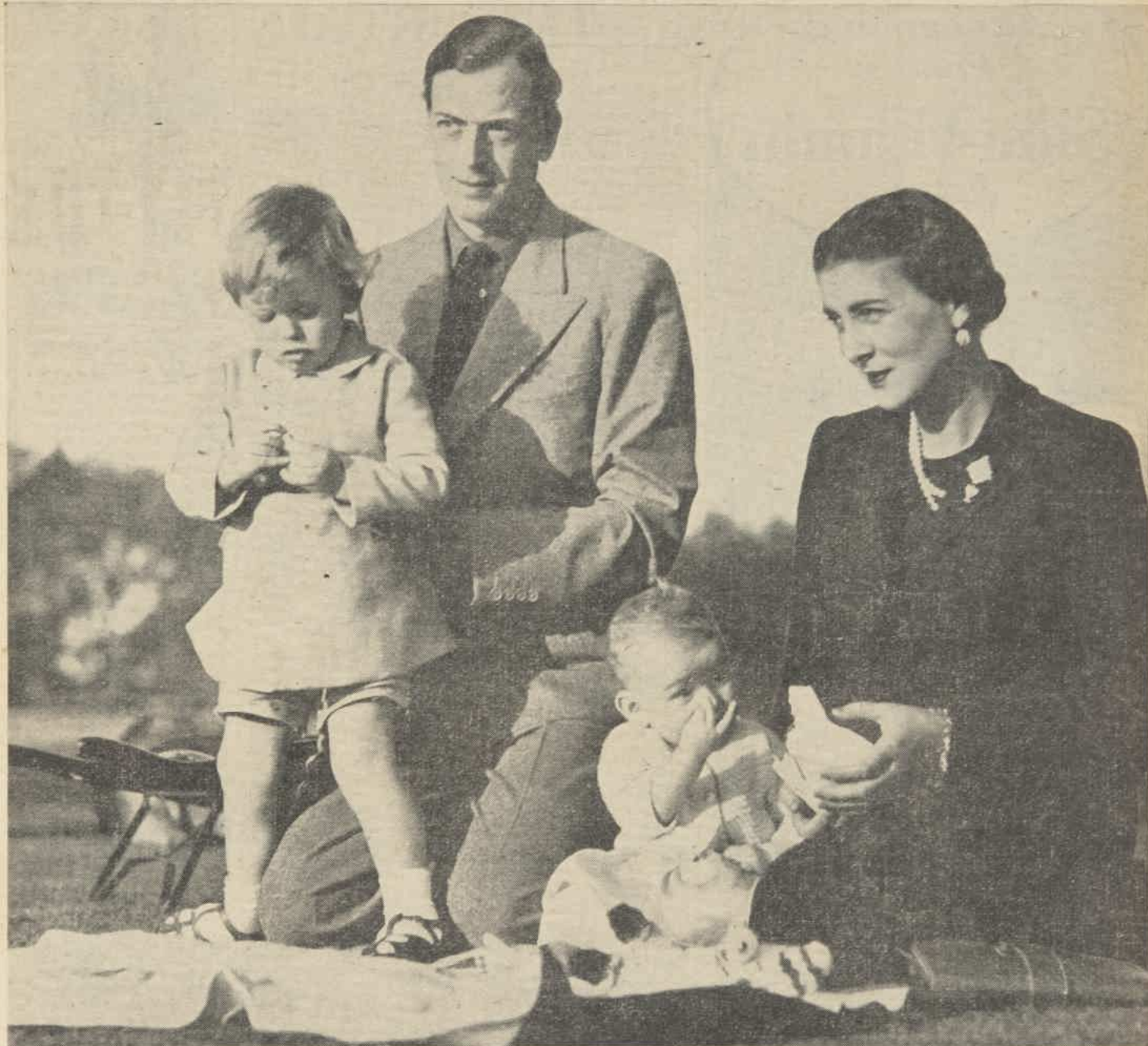
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OLD MAN'S CURTAIN

Continued from
Page 14

PRESENTLY an arm stole through his. "Well, baby?" Puppy was saying gently. "Aren't you going to bed?"

He offered no protest against the absurd pet name. It was probably the only endearment Puppy knew.

He put his good left arm round the slight figure and felt her warmth flowing into his own body. She snuggled against him in friendly fashion.

"The night's too beautiful to waste in sleep," he said.

"No one else could have said that like you," she told him aglow with admiration.

"In such a night—" he declaimed, "in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls—do you remember 'The Merchant of Venice'?"

"Who?" she asked artlessly. Irvin smiled in resignation. He didn't even correct the blunder. "It's a long time since I've been so happy as I am to-night," he said dreamily.

Young drew her closer, bent down and laid his lips to hers. She stood quiescent for a moment. "Look what's happening," she thought, amused. Since she didn't resist as La Pianta, for example, would have resisted, he finally released her. He felt a little dizzy, and clutched at his brow in an effective gesture. She rose to her toes, twined her arms about his neck and kissed him again. "Be a good boy now and go to bed," she said kindly. He blew her a kiss as she entered her cabin, and walked off with springy tread.

A turn round the deck brought him once more to her door—on tip-toe this time, lest she should hear him. Once more he took up his post at the rail, and smiled down into the clear, foaming water. He was quivering with a sweet unrest. "Melting of the snows," he thought, accustomed as he was to deal in mellifluous phrases. He was still a little dizzy—like an eighteen-year-old, he thought—and his knees felt heavy. He drew a deck chair close to Puppy's door and sat down.

Thus Eddy, coming along ten minutes later, found him. Eddy was wearing an old polo coat and with difficulty suppressed his rising resentment at sight of the old actor.

"What are you doing here on the women's side, sir?" he inquired brusquely. On the ship, as in the theatre, men and women are segregated.

"It's warmer here. I'm enjoying the night," said Young, in an undertone.

"Warmer, bosh!" said Eddy. "If you catch cold, the second act curtain goes phut! You know that."

"Not so bad as all that. No one's indispensable in the theatre. Many a bitter experience has taught me that," said Irvin, flattered. They engaged in a little desultory conversation. But Eddy was finally forced to give up the idea of dislodging the old man and, swallowing his wrath as best he could, departed without a glimpse of Puppy.

By this time the night had turned really chilly, the wind tugged at Irvin's hair, and he grew sleepy. Yet he was still too restless, too churned up by the kiss Puppy had given him—he couldn't face the thought of the narrow cabin which he shared with the stage manager. He sat there—and the dim, confused images of his life filed past him while the moon waned and finally disappeared.

"ARE you crazy, man?" said Weissman, on finding him there. "What are you doing here in the middle of the night—and without a coat?" Quickly he removed his own and tried to wrap the old man in it, but Young thrust him away, revealing an unsuspected strength in his left arm.

"My friend," he said, "I have food for reflection. I have food for happiness. I have no desire to sleep. Sleep—" he repeated, and became Hamlet. "To sleep! Perchance to dream!"

"Have you been sitting here all night?" asked Weissman nervously. "I mean—did you by any chance see Eddy?"

"I saw him a little while ago," answered Irvin. Weissman whistled on a shrill note.

"Is he with Puppy?" he asked breathlessly.

Young regarded him from under

lifted brows. "I don't understand you," he said, in level tones. (Lord Bellingbroke in "The Glass of Water").

"I thought—you understood perfectly—the young people—I've nothing against it, but loveliness during rehearsals ruins a play. You know that as well as I do," cried the jealous Weissman, his voice hoarse with the effort to keep it low. He had been a miracle of self-control and patience during these rehearsal weeks—or so he believed. His company, on the other hand, considered him a maniac, whose frenzies had to be endured like hail and tempest. Young continued to scrutinise the agitated producer from under lifted brows.

"Isabel's asleep," he said quietly. "Eddy, if my knowledge of human nature serves me, is probably down in the bar. I retired to this spot because the surroundings help me to concentrate on my part."

The producer lost sight of diplomacy. "Your two lines!" he shouted, then clapped his hand to his mouth, but not before the barb had found its mark.

"Two lines of art are better than six acts of drivel," cried Irvin. "If you don't appreciate the sacrifice I'm making for you, I can give the part up. I do give it up," he cried. "Find somebody else who can bring down the house with two lines."

At which point Puppy's door opened. There she stood, frowning but delectable in her blue tailored pyjamas. "I'm not the Queen of England," she said reasonably. "I don't need two sentinels at my door. Get to bed, both of you."

The door slammed. The men went their separate ways, one to the right, the other to the left.

Denthill is an old fishing village, built under ancient linden trees, more English than England itself. Its houses stand as the Pilgrims built them, crooked and awry and indescribably cosy. Flocks of sheep graze in the misty meadows, the coast rolls away in long sand dunes, the water is cold and rich in salines. Wild roses bloom by the wayside and when a car passes the old folk stop to look after it.

OUTSIDE the Denthill Tavern, where Weissman engaged lodgings for the company, hangs a wrought iron shield, reading: "Denthill Tavern, Founded in 1657. Now under New Management." The tavern lies among the dunes, and at night the wind whistles round the clattering windowpanes. There is no heat, and the few bathrooms are objects of scorn.

The company took its meals at a long table, presided over by Weissman. Puppy was squeezed in between Eddy and Irvin, and her good humor helped to ease the strain of Weissman's paroxysms of rage.

As opening night approached, it grew more and more difficult to avert quarrels. They all acted as if pepper had been squirted into their veins. Albert made so violent an exit one evening that they were convinced he had gone off to commit suicide. It was a stormy night. The waves lashed against the coast, tearing black fragments away and washing them out to sea. The old barn they were using as a theatre creaked in every joint, the scenery awayed under the onslaughts of the gale that whistled its way through the fissures in the roof.

Weissman, strangely enough, quieted down as his cast grew more and more jittery. Protected from the cold by an old storm coat, which he had borrowed from the company wardrobe, he went about pouring oil on the waters or coals of fire on his director's head. He was like a man under sentence of death who faced the end with the calm of a hero. On the day before the dress rehearsal they reached the point where all hope for a successful premiere had been abandoned. Only the stage manager was rash enough to mutter a phrase or two to the effect that the play wasn't so bad, and that the production was downright good. The superstitious Eddy was restrained with difficulty from taking a sock at him for such bravado, while Puppy crossed herself quickly, threw salt over her shoulder and spat three times past Weissman's sleeve.

Please turn to Page 20



MEN THOUGHT HER LOVELY—BUT

That was only until they learned she was careless about such an important thing as personal daintiness! Nothing will disillusion a man quicker than the odour of stale perspiration.

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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

SPHERE OF WOMAN

WE hear interminable discussions on the wisdom of woman occupying her natural sphere, but where, precisely, is her sphere? Surely it is wherever she can exercise most influence for the good of humanity in general.

At present, with the world in such a chaotic state, woman, sincerely striving for peace, can be of equal service in home, business, or public life.

Her measure of usefulness to mankind will be determined, not by the position she holds, but by what she contributes to world thought in her consistent, constructive mental attitude towards national and international problems. And mind, happily, can be quite unfettered by either position or environment.

£1 for this letter to Miss Nita O. Thompson, 151 Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

ADULT CLINICS

SMALL wage-earners neglect their health until they become hospital cases, because they cannot afford the fees of private doctors and chemists, and as they are working all day have no time to attend the out-patients' department of public hospitals.

If the baby clinics could be used at night as out-patients' departments where these workers could receive medical treatment, a great step would be made towards the solution of overcrowding in public hospitals, and a big improvement in the general health of the community.

Mary Ellis, 64 Angelsea St., Bondi, N.S.W.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

I WOULD like to think of Christmas 1937 as standing out a little brighter, with a little more joy, a little more peace, and a little more real happiness.

It all depends on what our individual reckoning of real happiness is. To me it isn't a matter of extravagances and luxuries, or rich living and riotous parties.

No, I believe happiness springs from a certain sweet content within ourselves—content for a roof, for food, for loyalty, and for love.

That, I think, is what is wanted if we are to spend a happier Christmas in this hard commercial age.

We must readjust our sense of values. Then we shall no longer cry for the moon—for what might have been—but, rather, be grateful for the sunshine of what we already have.

Mrs. A. H. Bennett, Sahroan Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.

TEACHERS, EXPLAIN!

WHY do so many teachers marry poor, struggling, and often almost illiterate men and live the rest of their lives with few of the amenities of life to which they have been accustomed?

When girls have enough intelligence to become teachers, why do they forsake their interesting work, regular hours, and regular holidays to wash, cook, bear and rear children?

Are they afraid to face the world without a man by their side, or is their job so exacting that they cast it aside seemingly without a thought of the struggles ahead of them?

Miss T. H. B. Holden, c/o Grange Flats, Loudon St., Sandgate, Brisbane.

WHY BE BITTER?

WHY do some people, when they have had a nasty experience, suffered disillusion, or felt the ill-winds of adversity, allow themselves to become bitter and cynical in their outlook on life?

Surely courage is a more admirable trait, and will not happiness come to them sooner if they face up to things and make the most of the rest of their lives?

Miss Janet Webb, 27 Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, Sydney.

Why Men Are Happier Than Women

I DO not agree with Miss Clarke (13/11/37) that men are happier than women. For instance, a woman can be very happy and contented with a home of her own, but not so a man.

Men crave constant variety and excitement, and without it feel they are missing the best of life.

When in trouble, a man invariably turns to a woman for comfort and assurance.

Men are usually just as sensitive as women, but they seem to think that by adopting an indifferent attitude they are hiding their true feelings.

E. Flowers, C/- Post Office, Elsternwick, Vic.

Unselfish Joy

MEN do seem to be happier than women, on the average, although generalisations are apt to be dangerous. Perhaps this is due to the fact that women are more self-centred than men in their thoughts.

Most decent men find themselves saddled with so many duties and obligations towards others that they have little time left to think about themselves, and it is introspection that causes unhappiness.

Mothers of families who are wrapped up in their children tend to develop their happiness and optimism.

Muriel MacPherson, 3 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

One Who Knows

THE optimism in man that you mention, Miss Clarke (13/11/37), is more a tendency to dodge responsibility than mere optimism, don't you think? Hence their happy outlook on life. They "love and laugh and ride away."

Being the wife of one and the mother of five I am in a position to know.

That kind of optimism is selfishness. We spoil them, of course, and assume the responsibility ourselves, and love doing it all the time.

Mrs. Marjorie Mack, 8 Kemp St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Careless Man

MAN looks at life lightly, with a light heart, not because he is any more optimistic than a woman, Miss Clarke (13/11/37), but because he has a "harder" nature. He overlooks his lost love affairs with a smile (as you mention), because he is ever the hunter, and can ever pursue.

Life comes and goes. He doesn't care one iota. His proverb is: "Eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow you die."

But fortunately woman is blessed with greater thinking powers. Practically every home would be in a chaos if this were not the case.

Gale Nelson, Herbert Street, Brisbane.

The Burden Is Woman's

MEN do take life more lightly than women, I find, but aren't they hurt as easily and as quickly as they recover?

What demands they then make on



This is optimism!

their women for help, comfort, moral support, and even financial assistance.

Yet they wear a smiling face and give cheery words outside while the weaker sex does the worrying at home. I do not think men in their lighter natures are to be envied.

Mrs. C. Ryan, Nth. Karawinna, Vic.

Personality, Not Clothes Makes the Man

CLOTHES do not make the man, O. Jenkins (13/11/37). On the contrary, the personality of the man decides what clothes he will wear.

Since the beginning of history men with vivid personalities have chosen unusual clothes to express that personality. Solomon's glory was shown in the magnificence of his robes; Disraeli affected vivid clothes which expressed successfully his flamboyant personality.

In the same way poets and philosophers often appear in faded or even untidy attire. They are excused, because it is understood that this is a way of expressing their indifference to material things.

H. Cooper, Margaret Street, Launceston, Tas.

Sometimes It's Conceit

I DO not agree with O. Jenkins' statement, "Clothes make the man."

I think, no matter how old one's clothes may be, one can always be clean. It is when one is untidy that one feels at a disadvantage. But to feel at a disadvantage when one has working clothes on is a form of conceit.

Miss Eileen Cagney, Monomeet, Durango, Qld.

Easy, If True!

I DISAGREE with O. Jenkins (13/11/37) when she says that clothes make the man. If a man or even a woman goes into the world shabbily dressed does it mean that he, or she, will not get on in life or feel confident? I think not.

Manners, brains, and good sense

Grow Old Gracefully

IT seems a pity that nowadays our older folk cannot submit more gracefully to increasing years, and in place of striving to regain our lost youth and its thrills by artificial means painfully obvious, enjoy the love and respect of the young folk without trying to ape them.

While they have their joys, and their sorrows all in the future, their elders should find infinite happiness and peace in retrospect.

The pleasures and joys have been lost none of their sweetness, but the sorrows time has mellowed and robbed of their sting. And do not forget that years add a new dignity and attractiveness different yet equally lovable to the old.

Mrs. D. McGrath, sen., Timmsvale P.O., via Ulong, N.S.W.

make the man and the woman. Dress is a secondary consideration.

What a beautiful place the world would be if we only had to don our Sunday best and say, "Now I'm a gentleman."

D. J. Slater, Pine Cottage, Kemp-ton, Tas.

Clothes Help Success

TO be well dressed, that is, neatly and in good taste, adds to one's self-respect, and certainly makes other people respect one more.

Consciously or unconsciously, people who make a point of always being well turned out look with tolerant pity (or barely-concealed contempt) upon the untidy and carelessly dressed.

To go half-way towards meeting success when looking for work, always endeavor to be clean and tidy, at least.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E., Vic.

Only Personality Counts

TO be well dressed certainly gives poise to the right types of mind. To another type of mind, which places appearance as the first consideration, it gives over-assurance, often arrogance.

I think when hard times come and with them the inability to be always well dressed, it is personality only that gives self-assurance.

Mrs. I. M. Taylor, 75 Carlisleford Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

Genius Will Demand Its Own Reward

OF course, the rising generation should profit by the experience of their elders (13/11/37) but they won't. Whoever takes advice given by older people? Advice is a most objectionable thing, an intrusion.

Each person, as he grows older, wants to live his own life, and he



The helping hand.

learns through his own personal experience, not the experience of others.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

Genius Will Out

I CANNOT agree with Lorna H. Jones that genius and talent have little chance in this world. I think that real talent always wins recognition in any walk of life.

Genius has always risen to the top in spite of many heart-breaking difficulties. The history of the majority of geniuses shows that they have risen from obscurity.

Mrs. H. Rowbotham, 15 Prospect St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Too Temperamental?

I CANNOT agree with Lorna H. Jones who says that a genius has no chance of rising on account of being oppressed by his superiors.

Genius cannot be suppressed. If a talented person does not make good the fault is often his own. He may be too sensitive and unable to take the insults that are the portion of those who seek a public life.

Talent, alone, is of no use. Hard work is necessary, even for a genius, and some of them are not hard workers.

Annie Elizabeth Connell, 10 George Street, Parkside, S.A.

TRAIN THE BOYS

MANY, if not most, mothers with a mixed family still close their eyes complacently, allowing their boys to grow up garrulous and aggressive. Granted that most boys are naturally so, all the more reason that a mother should continuously and tactfully, but very firmly, impress on her boys that such traits of character must be overcome.

Then what about the girls in a mixed family? When they are younger and maybe not so strong physically this is a grand opportunity for mothers to teach boys gentleness of speech and manner, the fruits of which teaching will influence all their future life. Many women's illa, nervous and physical, can be traced to violence of their own brothers—frequently connived at by their mother.

Values should be well thought out, especially in the upbringing of a family. This is doubly so when boys and girls live and play together.

Mrs. Grace Ferguson, Yorketown, V.P., S.A.

A WORD FOR FLATS

MANY blocks of flats are unimpressive and even ugly in their unadorned angularity; but I do not think that many of the cottages now being built are any better.

One can admire the fact that in the flats plenty of large glass windows abound, to let in the sun and air. Too many cottages are built with the intent of keeping out the sun, rather than letting it in.

Flats are utilitarian in their compactness and, I think, are gradually improving in design.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

TWO ARE SAVED

WHEN people are discussing a couple of dominating personalities, who are not happily married, one often hears: "Such a pity, but what can you expect—they're too much alike."

Now isn't it better that such couples should mate? It is better to have two people unhappy than four.

Opposites attract, and like to like—which choice means the greater happiness and peace?

K. Roberts, 16 Easton Road, Hughesdale SE12, Vic.

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OLD MAN'S CURTAIN

Continued from Page 18

IRVIN YOUNG sat beside her and watched her antics with an absent smile. He was happy, and indescribably at ease in this mad whirl of the theatre. He had been dead for so many years. Now he was alive again, surrounded by the familiar odor of paint, of costumes, of mothballs. He drew the gluey reek of the newly-painted scenery deep into his lungs, and appeared in full make-up at every rehearsal. He had tried out a hundred plays in a hundred such barns—plays rehearsed like this one under a cloud of despair, which had nevertheless developed into hits, sensations on Broadway, triumphs throughout the world.

When he looked at Puppy—his Isabel—the blood began prickling, then pounding through his veins. Indeed he sometimes felt that at any moment now the power would be given him to move his crippled arm, to lift it that he might fold Isabel within its embrace.

At noon that day the clouds suddenly scuttled off—in a great haste to be gone as if they had been summoned by wire to some other coast. "Relax, children," said Weissman. "Take a rest. Forget the show. Make believe you came to Denhill for a holiday." He himself repaired to his room and, fully clothed, went to bed. He had worked for three nights running. He was too tired to undress.

The sun came out, yellow and turgid like honey. The rose hedges hummed with bees and the gulls screamed for joy. At three that afternoon, Puppy appeared on the porch of the tavern, in a jade-green, backless bathing suit. "We're going swimming," she called to Irvin, who was sitting beneath her window in a rocker. He waved to her and continued to rock for a while. Then the movement of the chair slackened and finally ceased.

The house lay quiet. From the shore below came the boom of the surf at regular intervals. Puppy's voice sounded clear through the clean-swept air. Young rose presently and went to the little lookout, which commanded a view of the beach. Being far-sighted, it didn't take him long to spy the green dot rolling about on the sand below. Beside the green dot, a brown dot was visible. He knew without investigation that this was Eddy. After a few moments' reflection, he returned to the house, knocked at Albert's door and entered.

The director had thrown himself on the bed, and merely grunted when Young asked whether he might borrow a bathing suit. The actor thanked him politely and took the suit from its hook on the wall. Whereupon Albert jumped up, wide awake. "You're not going swimming, are you?" he snapped.

"And why not?" asked Young, quick to take offence.

"Because I won't have it," replied the director. "Because I'm responsible for this mess. Because I won't stand for any more nonsense. You'll catch your death."

Young had turned white, but controlled himself. "Don't worry," he said quietly. "I'm merely going to take a sunbath." Albert muttered imprecations as the other stole on tiptoe from the room.

HALF an hour later—Irvin Young needed all that time at the mirror to make himself presentable—Puppy and Eddy were startled by his appearance. They had been pleasantly engaged in tickling each other with seaweed when Irvin's long shadow fell upon them.

"So-n-y! Baby!" cried Puppy in amazement. Young was wearing a silk robe over his suit, and on his feet the white beach shoes from "Night in Saigon." He stretched himself beside Eddy in the sand. He kept his right hand in the pocket of his robe.

"You should have stayed in the house. The sand's damp," said Eddy irritably.

"Leave him alone," said Puppy. "If he's having fun. The beach doesn't belong to you."

"You took the words right out of my mouth, Isabel," remarked Irvin. "Want to swim, Isabel?" said Eddy. "Want me to rub you with oil, Isabel? Want me to recite you a poem, Isabel?"

She gave him a warning kick.

From the bottle she had brought down with her, he poured some oil into the palm of his big hand and rubbed it into her back. Young looked on in silence. "We didn't do such things in my day," he thought. Often, at the sight of the high-spirited, entrancingly pretty Puppy, he would find himself seized by a wild longing for the dead Katherine La Plante.

"Jazz," he said.

"What do you mean, jazz?" asked Puppy.

"All this—you—Eddy—even your little toes," said Irvin.

She dug her toes quickly into the sand. The nails were painted dark red.

Young turned and lay on his stomach. The sand really was damp, and his back felt chilly. He looked gloomily out over the water. He was jealous—almost as jealous at sixty-eight as he had been at twenty. Eddy slapped Puppy on the back, jumped up and turned himself upside down in a perfect handspring.

"Marvelous!" cried Puppy appreciatively.

"Before this little mishap of mine," said Irvin nonchalantly, "I could stand on one hand."

Puppy turned to him. "I'll bet you could," she said with respect.

"Do you like me?" he asked quickly. But Puppy had no time to answer. Eddy, scarlet with his exertions, had returned to them. Irvin rolled over again. He was chilled to the marrow. Little clouds came scudding across the sky, and the sunlight grew wan.

"I'm going into the water now," said Puppy. She stretched her delicate limbs, turned a couple of somersaults and ran down to the water's edge.

"It's cold," she shrieked, as the first wave struck her. Eddy, running after her, stood poised for a moment, then plunged under a wave. Young rose, slipped out of his robe, and followed them. They were in up to the knees, splashing each other with handfuls of ocean. As a wave lapped about Irvin's feet, the cold darted with a stabbing pain in the veins of his legs.

"Don't come in—it's too cold for you," Puppy called to him. He had probably had not the faintest intention of going in. But her warning put his back up. He clamped his jaws together and advanced a few steps. His shoulder ached. The lame arm hung at his side like a useless prop. Puppy eyed him in alarm. "Go back to the beach, baby. I'll be right out," she said gently. Irvin pretended he hadn't heard. The next wave struck him at the chest. His breath failed him for a moment. Then Eddy was beside him.

"Listen, Mr. Young, get out of the water. You've no business here," he said in a low voice.

"I don't see that it concerns you," replied Young.

"It does concern me. If you can't look after yourself, then I've got to look after you. If the old man finds out the screw things you're doing right before the premiere there'll be bedlam."

"Thanks. I don't need a nurse," said Young.

"I'm not so sure," said Eddy. They stood there for a second, glowering at each other. Then another wave struck them.

"Let him alone, if he's made up his mind to go in," called Puppy from the crest of an incoming wave.

Eddy set his jaws. "No," he said. He took hold of Young's bad shoulder and tried to draw him towards the shore, only to be met by a blow of surprising, even terrifying force. He slipped, fell in the shallow water and struggled back to his feet. Young stood there, looking at him. "O.K. Have it your own way," muttered Eddy and strode off. Puppy was already some distance out. He flung himself into the water and swam after her.

Irvin Young knew one moment of clarity. "I really ought to go home," he thought mournfully. The two lines of his part strayed through his mind. He had a role to play. He had a responsibility to discharge. He had no business in the Atlantic's icy waters. He waded two steps towards shore.

Please turn to Page 22

I Got The THRILL Of My Life



Three solemn judges watched me powder my face with an ordinary powder. "I looked 'made-up'; the powder blotches on my skin. I washed it off. Then I applied a new, invisible air-floated face powder blended with Mousse de Cream. The judges gasped in amazement. I was not the same girl.



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MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to rescue

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. Walking through a wall of steam into a prehistoric world, they find Molly and meet

LANCE: Member of the super race of cro-magnons, enslaved by a gang of ruffians, the chief of whom is

CLEM STONE: Former American pilot. It is Clem's aim to get oil from this land, despite Mandrake's warning that the country will turn to ice if he persists. Clem captures Molly as a hostage, wounding Lance. Trying to rescue her Mandrake is also captured and imprisoned by Clem and warned that if he attempts to escape a man on guard outside will flood the oil tank into which Molly has been thrown. Now read on.



OLD MAN'S CURTAIN

Continued from Page 20

THEN he heard Puppy shouting. He looked out towards sea, and saw them atop a comber, frolicking like a couple of young seals. There was something indescribably joyous, carefree, buoyant about those two figures rocking among the waves. As a matter of fact, the water no longer felt cold. He could taste the salt spray on his lips. "The waves will carry me," he thought. He lay down on them and swam. It was so many years since he had done any swimming. Now he was swimming. A wave covered him, and he lost his breath. Then he emerged, saw them bobbing on the breaker ahead, and went under again. Mechanically he tried to swim with his right arm, and couldn't. He came up, but before he could draw a breath the next wave engulfed him. His heart gave out. Suddenly a hand seized him and lifted him above the waves. He could see nothing, because his eyes were smarting with salt water. He wanted to say something, but had swallowed too much water, and was coughing it up in convulsive gasps.

"It's all right, sir," he heard Eddy's voice at his ear. Then they were clear of the water, and he was lying on the beach.

The first thing he saw were Puppy's eyes, huge and terror-stricken. "How do you feel, baby?" she asked.

Irvin sat up. "Fine, thank you," he spluttered. "I'm a good swimmer."

"I'll say you are," said Eddy, out of breath but civil. He thrust his hands into Young's armpits and lifted him. "We'll go up to the house," he said. With Puppy lending support on the other side, they managed between them to drag the old man over the dunes.

"I was the champion swimmer of New Jersey," said Young; and Eddy answered soothingly: "I can well believe it, sir."

The stage manager, who shared Young's room, was awakened that night by a strange groaning. Switching on the light and glancing towards the other bed, he saw that Young was struggling to speak and couldn't. His face was twisted, his mouth awry. He had had another stroke.

In five minutes the house had been roused. Eyes still heavy with sleep, they all came stumbling out of their rooms as at the sound of a fire alarm. Weissman was still fully clothed, just as he had flung himself on his bed that afternoon. Eddy in shorts, Puppy in her tailored pyjamas, the manager of the tavern

in a long nightshirt—there they all stood at the door, listening aghast to the thick, groaning sounds issuing from the old actor's throat. Fred, the young secretary, had taken a car and was tearing madly towards the next town for a doctor. Albert sat at the sick man's bedside, trying to quiet him.

"This is what comes of digging up corpses and putting them on the stage," Weissman bellowed at his director, when the doctor had reported his findings and settled himself for the night's vigil.

"What are you yelling at me for?" said Albert aggrieved. "Why don't you yell at Miss Murphy?"

Whereupon Weissman promptly switched his wrath in that direction. But Puppy had gone to bed, where she was already sleeping the sound sleep of youth, far removed from all the fright and horror.

For the benefit of anyone who cared to listen, Weissman gave vent to his feelings. "The little hussy!" he stormed. "The hussy! She's ruined the man with her senseless carryings on. We're all ruined—play, production, everything. And for what? A dumb little Jane that I picked up out of the gutter!" Albert wandered towards the door. "Where are you going? Can't I depend on anybody?" howled his chief.

"I've got to get some rest. I'll play the part," said Albert evenly. Weissman rushed at him and kissed him on both cheeks, like Mussolini in the newspapers.

Next morning a quiet young nurse appeared to relieve the doctor. Despite agonies of effort, Young was still unable to speak. They all knew by now how matters stood. He might recover—it was just a slight heart attack. Or he might die—swiftly and suddenly. "Life has nothing more to give him, anyway," murmured Puppy sympathetically.

They were all a little subdued at the dress rehearsal, and everything went smoothly—an evil omen for the premiere. Albert experimented with rouge and gum arabic and managed to make himself look and act like Irvin. He had watched the old man through so many rehearsals that he succeeded in aping him to the last detail. Since, therefore, the production seemed to have come to no harm, they began to feel that Irvin couldn't be so critically ill, after all. And when Weissman visited him at noon he convinced

himself that the old man's features were less distorted.

"Listen," said Weissman to Puppy in the hall. "You want to be an actress, don't you? All right. Get in there and put on an act for the poor devil, understand?—soft lights, music, romance, everything that goes with it. It's all your fault, anyway. Give him a little fun before he kicks off."

He pushed her towards the door. And Puppy, lightly powdered, but with lips painted scarlet, entered the room.

The barn fills, the stage is set. Eddy and Puppy have kissed in the darkness behind the theatre before going to their dressing-rooms. Albert is pale but calm under the make-up. He is no actor. The two lines weigh like mountains on his spirit. Weissman roams about in

Oh! Money Would Be Blessed

If only I had money I could buy you, Oh! so much—
The lovely colored flimsy things a woman loves to touch,
And some sweet place upon a hill with peace and quiet blest,
And time, to still your busy hands with cool green hours of rest.

I'd sweep your cares away from you, Oh! so much—
I'd dance you gaily round the world through colored tulip towns.

Oh! Money would be blessed with so many things to do,
And all the deep contenting gifts that I could buy for you,
But we who have each other, and our loving you, and I,
We have so much, so very much, that money cannot buy.

YVONNE WEBB.

his dinner coat, bobs up where he is least expected, and gets into everybody's way. The author has sent a cable from the south of France. "Snap for him," sighs Weissman bitterly.

Puppy alone remains untroubled. Blonde and sure of herself, she hears the sound of the bell which stops all other hearts. Happily she

waits for her cue, and with shameless self-confidence walks out on the stage to win her audience. It turns out that she was right. They do find her accent amusing and herself enchanting. The New York critics, hidden among the audience, make notes to the effect that a new star has been born. "Too bad Young's not here," she thinks.

Her last visit to his bedside had left a profound impression on her. She'd no idea she could act so well. She had staged a love scene for the old man that was not to be sniffed at. She'd be tempted to laugh, if the whole thing weren't so sad. The way he had read her lips, the way his eyes had answered, the way he had finally fallen asleep, his face all smoothed out. You couldn't joke about a thing like that. Puppy had a secret too. She had kissed him. She had kissed the sick old twisted mouth. She was very proud of that, for it hadn't been too pleasant. And though the word wasn't included in her vocabulary, she felt that she had been compassionate. "You people don't know me," she thought complacently. "I'm good. Far better than you realise."

THE first act curtain fell amid a burst of applause. Weissman cavorted like a Dervish behind the scenes, bestowing upon Fred an exultant cuff over the ear. Eddy led Puppy before the curtain. The dinner-coats set up a wild clamor.

Albert all but fell over when he opened the door of the dressing-room. There sat a ghost, his other self. There sat Irvin Young at the mirror, made up for the second act. Albert groaned. Irvin smiled—or it may have been that his mouth was still twisted below the moustache, and that the grimace only looked like a smile. "Irvin—this is impossible!" whispered Albert.

"No," said Irvin Young. "The show must go on." He brought out the silly, hackneyed Broadway cliché—not with his usual masterly handling of vowels, but he brought it out. He could speak again. Alive or dead, he meant to go on.

It was Puppy's big night. With each moment her triumph grew more apparent. Behind the scenes they were whispering of the miracle wrought upon Young.

"It's my miracle," thought Puppy. "I did it. All by myself." When, followed by a trail of applause, she made her exit after the big scene, she found Irvin in the wings, waiting for his entrance cue. A chair had been brought for him, but he refused to sit down. There he stood, and if his knees trembled that was his own affair.

"Isabel," he whispered.

"Yes, baby," she said reverently. There was the cue. His face changed, his body stiffened. He opened the door and walked on.

The whole company stood breathless in the wings and waited. Would he really be able to speak? Would he see it through or would he collapse? Weissman dug his fingers into Albert's arm. The director was still made up, ready to jump into the breach. Puppy leaned against a flat, her smile troubled. "What am I going to do with the old fool if he really gets well? After all the things I promised him—" she was thinking.

"I beg your pardon. Is Mr. Towns- end in?"

"No."

"Pause."

"Then I'll wait till he gets back." In the wings the producer collapsed on Albert's neck. Puppy kissed Eddy. The stage manager, dripping with perspiration, gave the signal for the curtain to be lowered. The audience applauded. The curtain went up. Down. Up. Down. Twelve times. Up. Down. The second-act curtain is the most important at any premiere. It was still going up and down.

"Not bad," said Weissman, and wiped his forehead. The cast came crowding around, pumping his hands. "Where's Irvin?" he asked suddenly. Silence. Albert turned in search of his double. Irvin Young was still on the sofa, downstage right, where he had seated himself for the curtain. The glow of a spot fell on his face. His right hand, instead of resting in his coat pocket, hung slack. Two stage-hands stood beside him, waiting.

"We can't take the sofa off," said one in dismay. Of them all, Puppy alone found the courage to approach and touch the dead man. She lifted his hand and laid it carefully over his heart. Now the pose was as perfect as if Irvin Young had arranged it himself.

"That's how we'd all like to go," said the stage manager softly.

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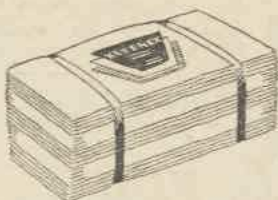
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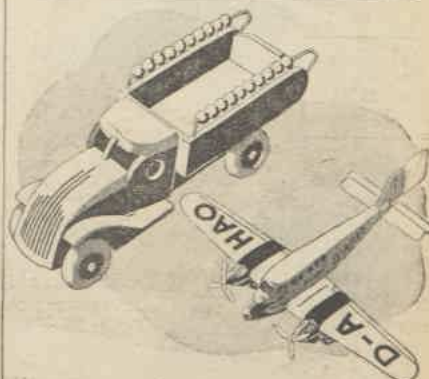


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BREAD and BUTTER DIET for a 'LARK'

How Woman Lost a Stone

By "BARM"

Some weeks ago I read about a "slimming diet of bread and butter" in The Australian Women's Weekly. Whoever heard of such a thing before?

The family laughed when I read it out, but I decided to try it for "a lark."

THE family laughed louder, but I persevered, and believe me, it works. At the end of three weeks I was better and brighter, and best of all, my 11st. 11lbs. had come down to 10st. 11lbs.

This is how I did it: I had been getting steadily heavier for the last twelve months, and was rather glad to find something that was still a reasonable diet and yet was supposed to help in reducing.

I am 43, and the mother of six, but

I don't consider that a good reason for being overweight.

With all sorts of "You won't do it" from my friends, I began.

The first day was Sunday. I had bread and butter only for breakfast—two large slices. I left the table still hungry, and had to run away from the sight of food.

Dinner I managed better, and still only bread and butter. Evening tea—the same, but to this I added fresh-picked lettuce and salt, and finished off with an orange.

Avoiding Temptation

MONDAY dawned. WASHINGTON, D.C., and only allowed bread and butter. How I did long for poached eggs on toast with the family. But no, I rushed out to the washing and set my mind on that.

I have six in the family at home to wash for. It was too much to wait for midday lunch. So I had a glass of milk with bread and butter at eleven. This milk in small quantities was allowed.

Fruit is allowed, you know. So for tea I just had chopped fruit alone without any dressing, and large THICK slices of bread and butter.

How my family laughed at me. But I kept it up.

By this time I did not feel so hungry and woke up brighter and fresher on the third morning.

After this I was not afraid that I would not keep it up, and went steadily on each day.

One hard part was having to refuse things at afternoon teas.

We always have afternoon tea



TO AVOID TEMPTATION the writer of this story had her bread-and-butter meals while her family was absent.

after the Returned Soldiers' Auxiliary meetings, and most of the members thought I was a crank. But who cares?

On days when I had polishing or other heavy work to do I allowed myself one glass of milk at midday, sometimes hot, sometimes cold.

I found I was spending quite an amount on fruit, mostly oranges and bananas. I am very fond of both. But I am quite sure the meat and flour bill would be down.

Then there were times when I ate green vegetables with the bread and butter at midday. I thought they would help me in reducing.

I found it best to have most of my meals when the family had gone to school and my husband was away. There was not so much temptation then to make me long for extra food.

It certainly takes will-power and perseverance but is well worth trying for benefits in health received.

I have certainly eaten less since, and I am going to give the diet another trial shortly.

Slippers

IN FREE GIFT BOX

Our Slipper Buyer is particularly proud of his collection of Xmas Slippers—and rightly so... did you know we have the most thrilling range of Slippers in Sydney? See them for yourself in 3rd Floor Department.

Nevis Kid, high front with ostrich feather trimming. Baby Louis heel. Saxe, green, rose, black, brown. Price, pr. 9/11

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NEW LAW for Breach OF PROMISE Parliamentarian Has an Idea to Smooth Problems of Romance

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Love and marriage are going to occupy the attention of the House of Commons again this session.

Of interest to Australians is a suggested Sweethearts Bill, by which it is proposed to alter the breach-of-promise law so that a woman cannot claim damages just because a man has broken his pledge to marry her. It deals with a problem that recent cases have brought under notice in Australia.

THE Sweethearts Bill is being introduced by Mr. Walter Liddall, chubby and smiling member for Lincoln. Happily married himself, he wants to make sure that others get the correct recipe for a successful marriage.

"I don't want any nice girl to suffer through my bill," he told me when we discussed the project in the famous lobby of the House. "I want the law I introduce to protect young men from the other kind of girl."

When Men are Silly

"If a girl can prove that she really is out of pocket over her engagement, if she has bought trousseau or furniture for a home that will not eventuate, then she will be able to claim adequate repayment for the money she has spent."

"But if a girl is merely a gold-digger she will have no case."

"We all know that a young man is at his silliest between 20 and 23. If at that stage a designing mixx gets hold of him and refuses to let him go she may ruin his whole life."

"Suppose, as so often happens, a man gets engaged to a girl after only three or four meetings, only to find after a few months that she is not the sterling character he thought her."

"He naturally suggests that they give up the engagement, whereupon the young woman says she will sue him. She has bought no trousseau and she has suffered no damage except to her pride. In fact, she has probably had a jolly good time while the engagement lasted."

"Girls who are broken-hearted do not bring these actions. They know that no amount of money can cure heartbreak."

"Well, the young man is at once terrified. An action of this kind may mean that he will lose his job, his friends—There goes Bill Smith, who let the girl down," is the sort of generous remark they will make—estrangement from his family follows, especially if they have to help him to find the money to fight the case."

"So he marries the girl and it becomes the sort of marriage that eventually ends in the Divorce Courts, adding to the number of broken homes—homes which should never have been set up in the first place."

"Every girl who gets away from a man to whom she is engaged but who does not really want to marry her has a lucky escape if she only knew it. She needs neither damages nor sympathy."

"The only girl who needs protection is the one who has been taken in by a cad. My bill will not protect men who have been engaged for years and suddenly want to break it off in favor of a prettier face, and it will not deal at all sympathetically with the man who tries to dodge his parental obligations."

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FAMOUS AIRMAN'S Wife VISITS US

Has Promised Her Husband She Will Not Fly in Australia

Mrs. C. W. A. Scott, pretty Australian wife of the world-famous airman, who is spending seven or eight weeks in Australia, has promised her husband that she will not fly while here.

At present staying with her parents in Melbourne, she hopes to be in Sydney to spend Christmas as the guest of her sister Marie, Mrs. Ewart Chapple.

MRS. SCOTT'S determination not to fly during her holiday is not due to fear of the air. As a matter of fact she is fond of flying.

When in England she does a deal of flying—always with her husband. But having given her word, she will remain a total abstainer from flying until she gets back home.

Mrs. Scott, who was formerly Miss Greia Brenner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. L. Brenner, of Melbourne, and sister of the famous Marie Brenner, is fair, with gay blue eyes and creamy complexion.

She looked very smart in her hunter's green tweed suit with a skirt decidedly longer than those we are wearing here, and a green silk scarf pinned with a model of the Vega Gull plane her husband flew when he won the Johannesburg race just after they were married.

This is a lovely little aeroplane brooch with the fuselage in tur-

quoise, the wings set with small diamonds.

Asked how she felt when her husband was making a big flight, Mrs. Scott said:

"I don't really feel very anxious. I think I am a fatalist, and believe that if you are to be killed you are just as likely to be killed in some road accident as on some spectacular flight. Not so many airmen are killed on big flights as are killed in silly little accidents.

"I don't know very much about planes, though our maisonette in Westbourn Terrace, Hyde Park, is full of them.

"There are aeroplane models everywhere, and where there are not models of aeroplanes there are models of yachts.

"We have been given one or the other in all forms, even as decorations on cocktail glasses, trays and menu cards.

Keen on Yachting

"OUR lounge is blue and off-white, which is rather like the blue and silver plane Charles flew in the

Johannesburg race, and the dining-room is red and cream, quite a good setting for the model of the red and cream plane he flew in the Centenary Air Race.

"Actually, this just happened. It wasn't done on purpose at all.

"One lovely yacht model is beaten bronze, a model of our 20-ton yacht Chameleon.

"We pretty well live in the Chameleon during the summer. At a pinch we can sleep five on her, and we go to the different regattas all round the South and East Coast. We have won several trophies, too, including the Burnham Town Cup.

"I am always in the race—as official timekeeper."

In spite of the time spent yachting, Mrs. Scott found time to be one of the few Australians who have taken part in a television broadcast. She displayed a lovely Early Victorian gown of tarten taffeta in a dress show that was televised.

Mrs. Scott plans to be back in London by the end of February.



MRS. C. W. A. SCOTT.

—Dickinson-Montana

WOMAN'S PLEA for BETTER HOMES

In the "House of Dreams" issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, the leading article dealt with hygiene in the home.

It pointed out that modern science has done a great deal for the housewife, mentioning refrigeration and waste disposal as two methods of easily attaining perfect hygiene in the home.

AMONG the comments made by readers on this article was an interesting letter written by Mrs. Alice Brown, of Hilltop. This letter calls attention to a most regrettable state of affairs which The Australian Women's Weekly recognises does exist in some parts of Australia.

That such conditions can continue to prevail in this country is a sad commentary on the municipal authorities responsible.

Impossible Conditions

MRS. BROWN writes as follows:—

"Just have a trip round, say, Wollongong and Port Kembla, and see the conditions women live under, then talk about refrigeration, with refrigerators at £60 to £100 each, and then the cost of electricity to run them, to say nothing of vacuum cleaners, electric stoves and garbage destructors.

"Bathrooms and laundries combined, not room to turn round easily,

and the copper to heat for hot water or a kerosene tin on the kitchen stove—how can people live up to scientific hygiene?

"No fly-proof doors, no sewerage system, no amenities of any sort that make life worth living!

"Then think of another aspect. Look at the number of people who built modern homes a few years ago on bank loans, and, in many cases, lost them through the depression and have had to migrate to country districts and, in hundreds of cases, live in bag and bark humpies. It must be like rubbing salt on raw wounds to read about scientific hygiene and houses of dreams.

"Then look at the difference in the industrial districts I speak of to the city—no public hospital, no nursery schools or kindergartens. If a mother is sick, there is absolutely no help to get.

"If only someone would start agitating for the same scheme as they started in England—paid help for poor mothers. How much happier, lovelier and more gracious would be the lives of hundreds and thousands of wives and mothers.

"It does seem a farce preaching 'Have more children,' when all it means for mothers is drudgery, and fear of sickness, unemployment, war."

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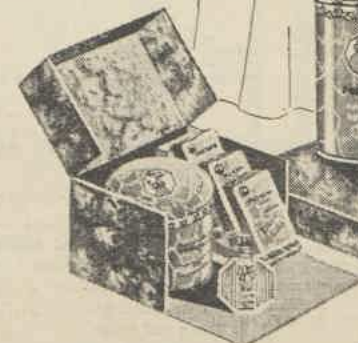
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4.—A REDINGOTE IS VERY BECOMING, AND IS THE MODE OF THE MOMENT. Styled on Redingote lines, this coat is most distinctive. Front edges are finished with a scroll effect at the waist and necklines. Material is SATIN BACK SHEER. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., in Black, Navy, and Brown. REGULAR VALUE 30/- SPECIAL VALUE 20/-

THROUGH JUNGLE to PATIENTS Adventurous Life of Nurse

A nurse who cycles through the jungle of the North Solomon Islands to tend the natives must have one of the most unusual "rounds" in the world.

SHE is Miss Lillian McRae, who is now spending her first furlough in Australia after three years in the islands.

Miss McRae, who is attached to the Marist Medical Mission, tells some interesting stories of her work and that of the Mission.

She was the first white woman to penetrate into the regions inhabited by the Negovisi tribes of cannibals and head-hunters.

Many of the natives travelled for days to get to her hospital, but feeling there must be many more needing attention who could not make the journey she decided to seek them and set off accompanied by her dog and six native carriers on the first medical exploration trip ever undertaken by a woman to those parts.

This blue-eyed, quiet-voiced young woman encountered incredible difficulties. Often it was almost impossible for her to continue on her bicycle errands of mercy.

To cross some rivers she had to balance on the trunk of a fallen tree and in other cases step warily over an awkward bridge of stones.

The scenery in these parts, Sister McRae says, is magnificent, with its ravines, beautiful ferns, waterfalls



TWO STUDIES of Solomon Island children who were among Nurse McRae's patients.

and giant trees, so huge that a two-roomed house could be built in the trunk.

While on this trip Miss McRae treated over 300 cases and only returned from her lonely vigil when medical supplies gave out.

The Marist Medical Mission consists of a doctor and eight nurses representing all the States of Australia.

It was founded by Bishop Wade in 1931, with Nurse Richardson (Sydney) as a pioneer nurse.

She remained there two years, then returned to Australia to seek volunteers. Some months later, with Miss McRae and others, she went back to the islands.

Improved Health

THERE are three hospitals in the North Island, and one in the South, all staffed by voluntary workers who give up their lives to this cause.

Since the establishment of the Medical Mission maternal and infant mortality rates have dropped from 40 to 20 per cent. in each case.

Miss McRae, who is spending her furlough furthering her studies to benefit the mission, hopes to return there early next year.

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

I Like—

The American buttons shaped like miniature tomatoes which Mrs. Charles Inman wears at the neckline of a red, blue, and white seersucker sports frock.

Family Treasures

PAGEANTS of rich and varied splendor promise to play an important part in providing colorful spectacles at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations next year.

Sentimental interest, as well as historic value and beauty, attaches to the Pioneers' Ball which members of the Australasian Pioneer Club and the Women's Pioneer Society will give at the Town Hall on January 28, for many of the guests will wear lovely old gowns, lace and jewellery which are family heirlooms.

The gown Mrs. Murray Irvine will wear was first worn by one of her ancestors, who was a reigning beauty in Bath in Beau Nash's time. It is an enchanting Old-World affair of ivory net and Limerick lace, exquisitely hand-embroidered. Old family lace will be worn by Mrs. W. A. Lingham, joint president with Sir Keiso King of the ball committee, with her period gown of lavender brocade.

Miss Nan Garvan and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt are among travellers returning by the Strathaird due here on December 9.

Yachting Enthusiasts

THE Philip Rudders are a lucky young couple, as they often dash off for a few days' holiday. At present they are spending several weeks up the Hawkesbury River on board the Gloria, the lovely yacht belonging to Philip's father.

Good Wishes by Telegram

AFTER a short honeymoon tour, Mr. Merwyn Cromble and his bride, who was Miss "Binnie" Marlay, will spend several weeks in Sydney, where Mrs. Cromble has many relatives, before going to their home, Katandra Station, Townsville.

The popularity of the couple was evidenced by the immense pile of congratulatory telegrams, including dozens from Queensland that awaited them at the reception held at the Hotel Carlton after their wedding at All Saints' Church on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins, jun., of Kew, Victoria, are coming to Sydney shortly to make their home here.

Touring Tasmania

FILLED with all the enthusiasm of an explorer, Joyce Aggs left by the Zealandia for her first trip to Tasmania. She will spend two weeks visiting all the beauty spots before returning to plunge into her duties as honorary treasurer for the Christmas Revel dance the Younger Set of the Mosman auxiliary for the Bush Nursing Association will hold at the Mosman Rowing Club on December 11.

Christmas at Hill View

THE Governor and Lady Wakehurst and their family will spend their first Christmas in Australia at Hill View, the Vice-Regal residence at Sutton Forest. Mrs. Lubbock, Lady Wakehurst's mother, and Miss Catriona Maclean will also be of the party, which will set out from Government House about the middle of December.

Henrietta Loder and her friend, Catriona, are already familiar with the country delights of Hill View, as the family has paid several flying visits there to see Christopher and David, who are at Tudor House.

Famous Estate

I WONDER who will be the happy future owner of Yaralla, the late Dame Eadith Walker's perfect home on the banks of the Parramatta River, which is to be sold at auction next week? It is seldom that such an estate comes on to the market in Australia, and the tale of its beauties reads more like a castle-in-Spain romance than actual fact. Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, who have been in residence at Yaralla for some weeks, will remain until after the sale.

Mrs. Peter Cunningham, with her baby daughter, Elizabeth, has gone to Leura, and plans to stay until a few days before her departure, early in January, for India.

Holidays at Terrigal

MR. and MRS. BILL CLARKE, of Cessnock, with their infant daughters, Sally and Caroline, have taken a house at Terrigal for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Clarke's mother, Mrs. Amy Cohen, and her brothers, Phil and Charles Atkin, of Sydney, will later join the house party.



Gay Doings

PALM BEACH had an extra special gala day on Sunday, when the official opening of the much-heralded Pacific Club was celebrated with a late afternoon beer and sherry party. Since no one but members of the executive and house committees had been privileged to set foot inside before this date, there was great curiosity on the part of the 200 members and their friends present as to the result of the committee's plans. The general verdict was highly favorable.

In honor of the occasion buffet luncheons and dinners were given at their bungalows by well-known Palm Beachers already in residence for the season. Mrs. Laurie Seaman had 30 guests at her fork dinner. The Percy Spenders, Enid Riddle, the John Ralstons, Nea Arnott, and Laurie and Moya Barnes, who were making their first appearance at Palm Beach since their return from abroad, were others who joined in the celebrations.

A charming color scheme of ivory and blue has been chosen by Peggy Halloran for her wedding to Dr. John Laidley at All Saints' Church on Saturday, which will be a social event of the week. Peggy will wear cream bridal satin, and her retinue of maids, flower-girl, and page will be in a delicate shade of blue.

Returned from Adelaide

MISS BETTY BINNIE, of Seaward, Point Piper, has just returned from a motor trip to Adelaide, where she has many friends, who vied with one another in giving her a good time.

As she is a keen golfer, she spent a good deal of her time on the links, which she found quite excellent.

Major and Mrs. C. W. C. Thompson, who left recently by car for Victoria, where Major Thompson has taken up his new appointment at Queenscliff, have now gone into residence there. They are delighted to have been able to secure a house, apparently a somewhat scarce commodity in Queenscliff.

Here and There

MARGARET FLOOD-NAGLE, of Albury, is enjoying a round of visits to friends in town and country. When in Sydney recently she was the guest of Patricia Larkins, daughter of Dr. N. Larkins, and now she is staying with Winifred Langton at her home, Putta Bucca House, Mudgee.

Sydney will probably see Margaret again before she returns to her home town.

I Hear That—

Toti Del Monte, who will revisit Australia next year, is now a blonde, having changed her blue-black hair for film work.



PICTURED HERE are Anne-Marie Fombertaux (left) with her attractive little wire-haired terrier, Niet (which is Russian for nothing), and Carol Rule-Taylor and her very nice cocker spaniel, Billie. Niet and Billie will take part in the Dogs' Gymkhana in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. at Ravenswood College Oval, Gordon, on Saturday.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles Defeated



"My Skin Nearly Drove Me Mad"

A genius in the cosmetic world has come to the rescue of women who suffer from blackheads, pimples, or freckles.

By means of "LE CHARME" special purpose creams these unsightly disfigurements can be banished, and coarse unlovely skin transformed into radiant, healthy loveliness.

"LE CHARME" creams work gently, but surely, delving deep into the pores of the skin, cleansing it of impurities. Begin a "LE CHARME" course to-night, and see how quickly it restores your skin to clear, smooth beauty. The first application proves its worth.

Blackhead Cream, Pimple Cream, and Freckle Cream, each costing 2/6, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and Beauty Salons. If you reside in the country, send 2/6 for preparations, and add 6d. for postage in.

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Le Charme

ALL DAY frocks have high necks—usually rather built up in front under the chin. If by any chance a neck happens to be square or V-shaped, the wearer knots a gaily-striped scarf round her neck and tucks the ends in. Scarves are being worn even with evening coats.



Fatherhood Is An Art

Charming Story of a Man's Pride in His Family of Girls

"I wonder any man alive would ever rear a daughter," wailed Peachum in "The Beggars' Opera."

But those who practise the art of being a father find that it has its compensations.

"WHO would have daughters?" Marguerite Steen asks herself, and she proceeds to answer the question in the 444 pages of a highly competent novel.

Mr. Anerley would have daughters, three, in fact, Flora and Ellen and Mavis; and Mr. Anerley devoted his life to being a father.

"As the only man in a household of four women, Mr. Anerley enjoyed the privilege of seeing his male supremacy reflected back at him from four pairs of rather kittenish blue eyes until a kind of innocent narcissism took possession of his soul."

One way of saying that the Anerley girls' Daddy just loved himself to distraction.

Little, but dapper, even distinguished, he liked to hear his girls speak of "our good-looking Daddy," and his jesting disclaimer, "the eldest girl, Flora, soon learned (to her frequent profit) was usually followed by a small gift or concession."

It is significant that Flora, though she started badly and nearly broke Daddy's heart, was the one who "got on," and finished up with a third husband who made her Lady Riddell. . . . Not bad for the daughter

of a departmental head clerk in the city.

He thought of himself as the Head of the House, as the mainstay of the family—as Daddy. Of the three impersonations, Daddy was his favorite.

In his own mind, Daddy's most successful performance was on Sunday mornings after church . . . and we have a delicious picture of the regular blockage of the congregational stream by the two elder children . . . "which gave Mr. Anerley the opportunity of stepping aside, to raise his silk hat with a smile, and a word of apology that skillfully drew attention to the attractive causes of the interruption . . . Mr. Anerley's smile and gesture never failed to draw the hoped-for response of a murmur of admiration, as the two little girls stood solemnly aside."

Flora, father's favorite, grows up a little too quickly. At 17 she is secretly meeting her worthless Mr. Jackson, and soon afterwards her marriage has to be arranged pretty rapidly. Anerley took it very badly.

Ellen caught a glimpse of her father's face—of his poor, puzzled face, his puzzled eyes, all suffused with crimson, of the entire collapse and wreckage of the jaunty little figure she knew. She felt, as any child feels who sees his father weep, her whole world shaken beneath her feet. A child more helpless than herself stood in front of her, looking not at her, but at her mother, as though seeking direction that all its own experience failed to provide.

"It's Flora," said Ellen, in a voice she did not recognise as her own. She had known it all along. "She was his idol," said Mrs. Anerley, simply.

"Playing-up" to Him

FLORA doesn't take long to divorce her precious Jackson and make a better marriage with a well-to-do young man who is capitalising his army manner to make money in international finance. And when the war kills him off Flora promptly provides herself with a new meal-ticket in the form of a well-upholstered General.

Flora sees through Daddy perfectly. During the period of her second marriage she takes the whole family to dine at the Berkeley. . . . Shuffling out of their shabby coats in the cloakroom, and inwardly thinking it was rather noble of Flora, in her beautiful velvet wrap, not to be ashamed of them. Mr. Anerley came to meet them, erect, blue-eyed, smiling, conscious of his beautifully-brushed silver head, his pointed moustache, and even more conscious of the four beautiful women he had to escort to their table. . . .

"Nay, nay," he said, brushing the wine-list good-naturedly away with the back of his hand. "I guess my girlie knows more about that than I do nowadays."

Ellen felt a little uncomfortable at her father's behaviour, it was so evident from the way he sat up in his chair and looked about with a beaming smile on his face that he had never been in the Berkeley before; she thought they all ought to look rather bored and languid. . . . But Flora, to whom the Berkeley was no novelty, only laughed softly and patted her father's hand quite openly. "Dear old Daddy; attaboy, have fun!" she murmured.

So Daddy went on swanking about his daughter, in public, in private, "until one day Flora actually turned up in a taxi and the departments were unanimous that Mr. Anerley had something to chuck his chest out about. She could have done nothing that delighted him. . . . Nothing is so rejuvenating for a man as the possession of a beautiful and devoted daughter."

Ellen, least attractive of the three as a character, was good-looking, but failed to attract men; not that she cared, for she was bent on a scholastic career, and daddy's insurance was sacrificed to that end.



MARGUERITE STEEN writes entertainingly of a family of girls in "Who Would Have Daughters?" her latest novel, reviewed on this page.

Mavis, the gentle Mavis, gets the rawest deal. A career is denied her . . . she must stay home to help Mrs. Anerley, now grown into a "malade imaginaire" of the type so common in suburban homes, a "nerves" case. And only one genuinely romantic moment seems even to occur in her life. . . . A young friend of Flora's, desperately hammering experience out of life in his last hour of leave before returning to the trenches.

He tries to take up the affair after the war, where it left off, but the suburban iciness of both Ellen and Mrs. Anerley effectively freezes him off.

Ellen substitutes a career for the natural heritage of woman—there is little need to waste sympathy on her; Mavis just loses out altogether.

Anerley, killed in an air raid, knows his daughters through the best part of their lives, dies before the grey clouds dim the horizon of their lives.

"Who would have daughters?" Maybe there was more fun in it for Anerley in those days than he would find in it in the year of grace 1937.

"Who Would Have Daughters?" By Marguerite Steen. (London: Collins.)

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How He Lost His



Mr. Mullinder (from photo.)



Rheumatism

Only those of our readers who have suffered from the gnawing pains of Rheumatism, or have endured the pain of working with their joints and muscles aching dully, day after day, can realise with what joy Mr. Mullinder discovered that he had lost his Rheumatism. His grateful letter (which we print below) will be read with advantage by every sufferer. If you follow his example and use the remedy specially prepared to remedy faulty kidney action—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—your Rheumatism, too, will go.

You must understand that Rheumatism (pains in the muscles and joints) is caused by some defect in the kidneys. When the kidneys are strong and healthy they remove uric acid and other poisons which are constantly forming in the blood. A chill, shock, after-effect of illness (such as influenza), or general weakness will cause the kidneys to slow down in their work. Then the impurities get left behind in the body in ever-increasing amounts. They are deposited in the muscles and joints and cause the intense pain of Rheumatism.

Writing from Malvern Street, Bradford, Mr. Mullinder says:—
"De Witt's Pills relieved me after three years of suffering with Rheumatism in my shoulder. At times I could not get my coat on. I was giving up hope after trying all sorts of remedies, when I decided to give De Witt's Pills a trial. After taking them for two days my pains began to disappear, and two bottles restored me to health and strength again."

You, too, can benefit as Mr. Mullinder did—no weary dieting or complicated treatment—just five pills a day will do it. But be sure they are

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NEW TRIAL SIZE

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Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.

THE MOVIE WORLD

December 4, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from New York and London

Raft Invites Windsors

MANY people laughed when they heard that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had been invited by George Raft to be his guests in Hollywood if and when they make their postponed tour of America.

But Raft is well known to the Duke.

When Prince of Wales, he learned from Raft the rhythms of the rumba. And some time ago he had the actor as his guest in England for a month.

Raft possesses a handsome cigarette case with the inscription, "To George from David."

If the Duke and Duchess accept the invitation, Clarence Brown will turn over his estate to Raft for their stay.

Kay Francis Feels Sore

KAY FRANCIS is airing her complaint against Warner Brothers in court. She claims that the studio broke her contract when they handed the stellar role of "Tovarich" to Claudette Colbert instead of to her. Kay, who was earning well over a thousand pounds a week, tired of her long series of heavy "handkerchief dramas," wanted more than anything else to play this comedy role.

Austrian Scraps Her Past

A FLURRY of excitement was caused in Hollywood by the arrival of Hedy Kessler, Austrian actress, who became famous through the banned film, "Ecstasy."

In that film she was shown contemplating a swim in a woodland pool—and she simply took off her clothes, threw them on her horse, and plunged in.

Hedy's husband, an Austrian

Flynn as Robin Hood

ROBIN HOOD, 1937 version, is different from the one you saw in the silent days. When Douglas Fairbanks brought the merry gentleman of Sherwood Forest to the screen, he wore his hair shoulder length. But for Errol Flynn, who is the new Robin Hood, there is no long hair—only a medium-length wig.

The picture starts production soon, and they've already commenced the archery practice.

Art in Screen City

TILLY LOSCH, the Viennese dancer, is organizing an art exhibition in Hollywood. The show will contain several of her own watercolors, a few of Lionel Barrymore's sketches, and some of Elisea Landi's sculpture.

NEW BROADWAY MELODY

● A RACING THEME blends with back-stage interest in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Eleanor Powell (top left), queen of tap-dancers, controls a racehorse as well as the affections of Robert Taylor, with whom she is seen here (top right). Lower Left: Tap-dancers George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen. Lower Right: Raymond Walburn.



Grace Moore

Out of Speaks

GRACE MOORE recently achieved the distinction of working through an entire production without so much as saying a word to her boss, Harry Cohen. There are a number of matters of disagreement existing between her and Columbia Studios, and now she has completed her final picture for them.

munitions manufacturer, was so embarrassed by the film that he spent a fortune in buying up every copy he could find of it.

But he had just collected the set when she divorced him.

In an effort to erase her cinema past, she will henceforth be known as Hedy LaMarr. She will be fully clothed in American films.

Dolores Costello Returns

FRIENDS of Dolores Costello will be glad that she is coming back to reclaim her former high position in films. It was about 10 years ago that her extraordinary beauty of face and figure won her the enthusiasm of critics and fans—and also the screen's great lover of the time, John Barrymore. She is soon to appear in "Too Much of Everything," co-starring with Bonita Granville.

Tracy's First Top Hat

SPENCER TRACY, for the first time in his screen career, will compete with debonair William Powell and polished Adolphe Menjou for the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed actor."

Making a complete about-face from such roles as the humble Portuguese fisherman in "Captains Courageous" and the priest in "San Francisco," Tracy plays a wealthy steamship magnate in "Mannequin," which co-stars him with Joan Crawford, and in which he will dress accordingly.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe chart for the picture shows no fewer than twenty outfits for Tracy, including the latest in morning, afternoon, evening and sport togs. Miss Crawford is listed for twenty-eight changes of costume in the film.

Mix's Two-gun Daughter

TOM MIX'S daughter Ruth is following in the footsteps of her dad. She has recently come into Hollywood from her Arizona ranch, and is all ready to star in six Westerns as the two-gun girl of the screen. She can ride and rope and shoot as well as any screen cowboy.

This 16-year-old girl also has a pilot's licence. She is an accomplished airwoman.

Her inseparable pet is a raccoon, which she brought from the ranch.

Happy Carefree Summer Days!

IN FROCKS OF SHARTEX THE NEW CRISP
CREASE-RESISTING FABRIC WITH THE FAMOUS
Spectator SPORTSWEAR GUARANTEE LUCAS

HOLLYWOOD'S CLEVEREST WOMEN

Director Arzner and Producer Fanchon

IF asked to name the two cleverest women in Hollywood, shrewd citizens there would probably not mention any of the lacquered lovelies we see on the screen.

Likeliest candidates for the distinction are two persons rarely heard of by the great public—Dorothy Arzner, the only woman director, and Fanchon, the only woman producer.

A PART from these two, Mrs. Wallace Reid is the only American woman who has ever broken into that sternly masculine field—the production of films. She has done some very good work making minor films for small independent companies, but has never gone past the fringe of the big activities.

Successful production and direction call for much versatility. The producer or director must be an executive capable of carrying heavy responsibility and making wise decisions at a moment's notice.

He must be an economist capable of doing the utmost on a fixed budget, and an imaginative artist who can visualise what he wants before he gets it.

And he must be able to concentrate intensely.

They Boss the Stars

THESE are gruelling jobs for which women have rarely possessed the required gifts and training. But Dorothy Arzner, of Metro, and Fanchon, of Paramount, are doing them brilliantly to-day, and are giving orders to some of the most highly-paid stars.

In appearance Miss Arzner is short and stocky, with a quiet firmness of manner that fits exactly the plain, mannish clothes she affects.

She claims that suits, collars and ties, with business-like skirts, are the only costumes for work because they allow unhampered movement and at the same remain neat.

She keeps her hair cut in a boyish bob because it is least troublesome that way. Her age is about forty.

As a girl, she graduated from Westlake School, a fashionable seminary in Los Angeles, and got a job on the telephone switchboard for a wholesale coffee house in Los Angeles.

A friend soon took her from that unexciting position, getting her a 15-shilling rise and a place in the stenographic department of the Paramount studios. And Dorothy Arzner knew then that she had found her world.

Arzner's Long Career

IT wasn't long before she was Nazi-mov's script girl, and she did so well at it that she was promoted to the cutting room—the first woman ever to become a bonafide film-cutter, for that department was then staffed exclusively by men. Among the big pictures she cut—and that means edited and moulded into their final form—were the famous Rudolph Valentino bull-fighting film, "Blood and Sand," and, later, "The Covered Wagon."

James Cruze directed the latter film, and liked her cutting so well that he gave her other material of his to work on, ultimately helping to promote her into a directorship of her own.

Knowing every step of picture production, Miss Arzner augmented that knowledge with a fine ability for handling emotional drama. Her reputation was first widely recognised when she directed Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son."

Arzner hits have always been with

this sort of material, featuring women players like Katharine Hepburn (whom she directed in "Christopher Strong") and Anna Sten ("Nana").

Her most recent success was "Craig's Wife," in which she brought out new talents in Rosalind Russell. At present, having finished "Mother Carey's Chickens" for RKO, she is at M-G-M, directing Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red."



• FANCHON recently ceased production of her own stage shows to make films for Paramount. The first was "Turn Off the Moon."

Arzner has never married, and she goes out little.

From work she goes straight to her hillside home, where she sleeps beside a window so the sunrise will wake her.

At work she is more efficient than most of the male directors in Hollywood. On the set she whispers as if afraid of disturbing some invisible god.

Catching the habit from her, everyone else on the set—actors, electricians and camera crew—tiptoes about and whispers.

That makes an Arzner set far different from most in a l-o-o-s-e directed sets, where jovial capers and broad stories and practical jokes are traditional between-scene activities.

Fanchon is a different sort of person. She has an even more responsible job than Miss Arzner, for whereas Miss Arzner is answerable to her producer, Fanchon—being producer—is answerable to nobody but her own conscience.

Fanchon was born 42 years ago, named Fanny Wolf. Her father owned a clothing store in Los Angeles, and her brother's name was Mike.

She studied the piano and Mike



• DOROTHY ARZNER (above, left) has a hurried cup of tea with Joan Crawford between scenes of "The Bride Wore Red," of which Arzner is director.

• BELOW: Arzner with George Folsey, Joan Crawford's favorite cameraman, during preliminary tests.



mass production of shows complete with scenery, costumes and songs. They needed bright youngsters, eager for a chance to show their ability, who would work cheap.

Janel Gaynor swung from a chandelier in one of their shows. Myrna Loy's rice-powdered legs pranced in many a Fanchon and Marco chorus. Bing Crosby, shaking with stage fright, croaked "Mississippi Mud" in a Fanchon and Marco unit. A buxom girl soprano who had followed them from Tait's finally left Fanchon and Marco to sign a Metropolitan Opera contract as Mary Lewis.

All newcomers to Hollywood wanted to land in a Fanchon and Marco show, for they knew that the studio scouts went each week regularly to view the new crop of performers, and that a contract awaited any Fanchon and

Marco girl or man who showed a little talent.

Among others who went to greater successes from Fanchon and Marco units are Martha Raye, June Knight, Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs.

Fanchon was the creative brains of the outfit. She built each show around some novel production number, blending costumes and tunes with action.

The business was a great success until depression hit the theatres; then Fanchon and Marco's units shrank to only two a month.

Fanchon had always wanted to produce her own pictures, so she interviewed Adolph Zukor with the idea of arranging for release of her own films through Paramount.

Mr. Zukor paid Fanchon the highest compliment that can be made to showmen in Hollywood: he persuaded her to produce with studio money.

The first of Fanchon's pictures is "Turn Off the Moon," which has already done well in America.

In private life Fanny Wolf is Mrs. William H. Simon, her husband being proprietor of a string of Los Angeles dairy-lunch restaurants.

Incidentally, Dorothy Arzner's father was a restaurant owner, too. Miss Arzner isn't interested much in foods, but Fanchon emphatically is.

Not a Feminist

A TALL woman with aquiline features and hair that is unruly, Fanchon walks with a shuffle, like many over-energetic people.

Surprisingly, there is no trace of the feminist in Fanchon, although she has done more than most women to demonstrate the ability of her sex to compete with the male.

She is convinced that the standard of acting is higher among men than women. Also she believes that there is little room for women in the production end of the show business.

"You can't be feminine and a good executive at the same time," she has told me. "Once a woman stops being feminine, people don't like to have her around."

That may be true, for Fanchon is wise with experience. But there are at least two exceptions to the rule: Fanchon herself and Dorothy Arzner.

Many people in Hollywood are very eager to have these remarkable women around.

☆ BY ESTHER JAYNE ☆
FROM HOLLYWOOD

It wasn't long before they withdrew their own act to devote all their time to organising stage units, and soon "Fanchon and Marco Shows" were known throughout the United States.

Each was a complete entertainment unit, to fill in an hour or so on the stage between screenings of the feature films in movie houses.

From the Fanchon and Marco Studios in Los Angeles, one complete show departed each week for a route that took 52 weeks to complete. And that meant getting entertainers to fill 52 shows a year.

Their studio became a factory for

ADONIS Is Out of FASHION

Rugged Heroes Are Popular To-day

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN,
America's Most Famous Dramatic
Critic

SO those of us boys who, whatever our other magnificent attributes, were not destined in the cradle to stagger the world with our visual beauty, there is a kind of satisfaction in a phenomenon that has lately been observable in both the theatre and the motion pictures.

I allude to the relative disappearance of the Apollos from public favor, and the emergence in their place of men who have something other to offer the trade than mere prettiness.

HERE in America the phenomenon first became visible in the theatres. The matinee idol of some years ago, that handsome vacuum and imposing biological skyscraper with the dreamy orbs and the dome of marcelled locks, has passed into limbo along with the female caramel munchers who were agitated by him.

The theatre public to-day, and the large feminine part of it in particular, seems to have lost all relish for the equivalents—where and if, indeed, they are permitted to exist—of the beautiful, curly-headed blondes of yesterday's stage and of their lovely brunette colleagues.

Who were the New York matinee idols of the last year? John Gleason, who would be lucky to come in tenth or fifteenth in any honestly-conducted beauty contest, but whose Hamlet caught the popular fancy.

Another was Alfred Lunt, who could hardly win the title of "Mr. America of 1937" even if the judges got drunk and stacked the cards, but who knows his business when it comes to the art of mummery. And, certainly, the clever Noel Coward would promptly be scratched in any beauty sweepstakes.

Leslie Howard, who, with all his looks, was expected to be a ladies' pulse-popper of considerable virtuosity last season, didn't, on the other hand, draw enough girls into the theatre to pay expenses.

Frank Lawton, one of the comeliest of juveniles, did nothing to the girls in "Promise," which lost money from the start. And the Adonisian knockout, Brian Aherne, who might have been expected to draw enough

cuties to keep a play going for several profitable weeks, failed to do anything of the kind.

Now consider the movies. And contemplate what has happened to the bulk of their neo-Valentines.

Where to-day, so far as popular feminine favor goes, are its Richard Barthelmesses, John Mack Browns, Rod La Rocques, Joseph Schildkraut, Don Alvarado (groomed as Valentino II), Buddy Rogers, Ralph Forbeses, Edmund Lowe, Neil Hamiltons, Norman Kerrys, Charles Farrells, Ramon Novarro, Richard Cortezes, and other such bewitching blooms?

The beautiful boys of the moment, if there is any longer any place at all for them, will with a few exceptions be discovered to be relegated to minor and negligible roles.

The Gilbert Rolands, Cesar Romanos, Ralph Bellanys, Ivan Lebedeffs, and the voluptuous like have lost out completely to the Spencer Tracys, William Powells, Fred Astaires, Fred MacMurrays, Edward G. Robinsons, Dick Powells, Paul Munis, Franchot Tones, and similar faces.

And it is isn't merely because the latter have the greater talent. It is, it seems, rather because the public appears to want men instead of dolls.

The exceptions only prove the rule, and the Messrs. Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are hardly to be listed as two of them.

The Gable and Cooper looks are hard and masculine, and certainly not to be catalogued

GALLERY OF STARS

Claudette Colbert

(Paramount.)

Her next film is "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

2. "If Taylor would only get a hair-cut!"

3. "Tyrone's profile is feminine."

4. "Power is too much in love with himself ever to hold a firm place in American hearts. He can't last in pictures."

5. "I saw 'Camille' against my better judgment and got stung. To me it was a series of stills—Garbo, Taylor, Garbo, Taylor."

6. "I never want to see Taylor again as long as I live! His face, mainly, gets on my nerves."

7. "Power has the dumbest-looking face I ever saw."

8. "Taylor is merely tall and dark."

9. "Power's legs look like those of a crane and his face looks like the inside of a lemon pie. I'd be satisfied if I never saw that guy in another picture."

Accepting the statistics of seven of the leading movie magazines, we find that the female fan inquiries over the last six months about Spencer Tracy outnumber those about such a male peach as Errol Flynn by thirty to one.

Those concerning Fred Astaire are in the same ratio when it comes to such an ornamental fellow as Randolph Scott.

Even someone like Peter Lorre, whose face, as he himself would doubtless agree, has great clock-stopping possibilities, gets twice as many fan inquiries as such passionate beauts as Francis Lederer, John Leder, Don Ameche, and Robert Donat.

Some Don't Love Taylor

A SURE symptom of the disfavor which the two pretty boys in question must soon suffer is to be had in the letters which the dyed-in-the-wool women movie fans contribute to the fan magazines.

In a recent number of "Modern Screen," for example, I discover such animadversions on the heroes as the following:

1. "Taylor and Power? Phooey! I'll take Mickey Rooney first. Pretty boys with beautiful teeth and lovely smiles make nice extra men at parties, but as a steady boy friend I have Gary Cooper."

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD

• Joe E. Brown has hopes of doing a musical and is taking lessons in song and dance just in case.

• Franchot Tone was not pleased with a too candid cameraman who snaked a picture of him on the set with wife Joan Crawford on his knee.

• Basil Rathbone has built a wooden tree-house, lined with plush, for his two cats.

• Bonnie Sinclair, the New Zealand boy who took Freddie Bartholomew's place in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," with Mickey Rooney, is now pianist in Mickey's orchestra.

• Loretta Young is anxious to join the large group of film stars each known as "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman." She is leaving shortly for Paris, where she will make the necessary purchases.



● PAUL MUNI learnt his art in the Yiddish Theatre, and has now unique prestige as an actor. His retirement would be a heavy loss to films.

MUNI'S RETIREMENT

Friends Believe He Will Return

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
FROM HOLLYWOOD

AFTER giving in "The Life of Emile Zola" a performance that many American critics have called the best of his career, Paul Muni has announced that he will shortly retire.

The one more film required by his contract with Warners will be his last, says Muni.

PERHAPS someone has been telling him that life begins at forty and he has be-

lieved it. For he attained that age in September.

Why does Muni want to desert the screen, which has given him his best opportunity to demonstrate his dramatic prowess?

"I have all the money I need," he explains, "and what's the sense of going on accumulating more money instead of living? For the first time in my life I'm going to be free.

"My wife and I will travel, and when we've seen all the countries that we want to see we'll make a real home for ourselves, with none of the constant interruptions and obligations to which an actor is subject.

"I'll be able to read the books I've never had time to read, to do all the interesting things I've been too busy to do; to spend as much time on music as I've wanted.

"There's nothing strange about this. It's just common sense."

It isn't that Muni doesn't love acting—the art he has practised since his eleventh year.

Actors Come Back

HIS friends are wondering just how long this resolution is likely to last.

The first few months of travel Muni will certainly enjoy to the utmost. He will drink in his new-found freedom like wine. But—he is an actor, and a famous one.

Few of that profession have ever

lived up to a decision to quit the footlights permanently.

A record of splendid achievement lies behind Muni—those long years in the Yiddish Theatre when he was perfecting his art; then his spectacular triumph on the English-speaking stage; and last, the remarkable series of screen portrayals in "Scarface," "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "The Story of Louis Pasteur," and now the "Life of Emile Zola."

At 40 he is still a young man. Those who know best his restless, high-strung nature are inclined to believe that he will presently find time heavy on his hands.

Emile Zola, Muni's portrayal of whom has made such a deep impression, was one of France's leading novelists in the last century.

The film puts most of the emphasis on one phase of his life—his impassioned championship of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, the tragic central figure of a notorious political scandal.

Devil's Island

DREYFUS, the only Jew on the French General Staff, was found guilty of espionage by a court martial on faked evidence and sent to the terrible prison of Devil's Island.

He was the victim of anti-Semitic and treasonous conspiracy of the most appalling nature within the highest circles of the French army.

Zola began his crusade to uncover this conspiracy by a celebrated newspaper article entitled "I accuse!"

Thereafter he worked for years in flaming public opinion until, after several re-trials, the tortured Dreyfus was finally acquitted.

When making the film, Muni, himself a Jew, was strongly moved by the significance of the Dreyfus case at the present stage of history.

To-day, anti-Jewish feeling is being revived in a savage form in many countries.

This picture shows one historic instance when a hideous crime was made possible by that same spirit of race-hatred.

What a TREAT!



IT'S worth while giving a boy Heinz Baked Beans if only to watch how much he enjoys them. It's doubly worth while when you realise how strengthening and digestible they are, thanks to the Heinz process of slow baking in ovens. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Sweet as a nut, they almost crush on the tongue. Soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. Two styles—with and without pork. Serve them frequently—for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks.

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RUDYARD Kipling's
heroic story of
adventure in
the land of the
Bengal Lancers!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**
and **VICTOR McLAGLEN**

— C. AUBREY SMITH
JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN
CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER
DOUGLAS F. COTT

Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer
Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

General Exhibition.

HOT NEWS from ALL STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; and Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood.

DARRYL ZANUCK, of 20th Century-Fox, is going to co-star Sonja Henie and Shirley Temple.

Shirley became enchanted with Sonja's art when she watched her in her recent picture and wanted to start learning skating immediately.

Sonja brought back a miniature pair of figure skates from Norway for Shirley, and, keeping it very quiet, the two started their lessons.

But it didn't take Mr.

WITH so many marriages in Hollywood being wrecked by mother-in-law trouble it's a joy to see that Anne Shirley and her mother have been as good pals as ever since the former's marriage to John Payne.

After the wedding Anne presented her mother with a lovely new home, and the other day gave her a new car to run around in.

BUSIEST people in Hollywood today are Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains, who are working in two pictures at the same time—Olivia has the feminine lead in both "Gold Is Where You Find It" and "Robin Hood," and Rains is working in the same two pictures.

The "Robin Hood" company has already gone on location to film Sherwood Forest scenes, while Olivia and Rains are rushing through the final days of "Gold Is Where You Find It."

"Robin Hood" was held up for some time because of Olivia's other engagement, and now the company reports the leaves are already beginning to fall from the trees at their location spot, and very soon the forest will be bare.

So the Warner Bros. property department is working overtime manufacturing artificial oak leaves, painting them and shipping them by the thousand up to the location, where they are attached to the trees as fast as the real leaves fall.

DOTS... and DASHES

• **SIMONE SIMON**

and writer Gene Markey still romancing. • Also Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. • The Gary Coopers leaving next week for a two-weeks' motor ramble around

Mexico. • Nelson Eddy endangering the lives of innocent Beverly Hills-bills by giving driving lessons to Metro's foreign import, singer Bona Massey. • Spencer Tracy and Alan Curtis, who vie for Joan Crawford's love in "Mannequin," spending their lunch-hour boxing in the studio gym. • Joan Bennett getting raves from the critics for her stage comeback in "Stage Door." • The Stan Laurels splitting again. • Luise Rainer selling her house and moving into an apartment. • Barbara Stanwyck moving into her ranch home, thirty-five miles from Hollywood and two miles from Bob Taylor's new place.

Zanuck long to find out about the conspiracy, and he promptly set writers to work at whipping up a scenario for a musical skating picture for Sonja and Shirley.

Sonja reports her tiny pupil is coming along famously and will be good enough to skate with her by the time Zanuck has his picture ready to shoot.

WITH conductor Leopold Stokowski starting the vogue for classical music on the screen in "Hundred Men and a Girl," and with Sam Goldwyn getting violinist Heifetz's signature on a movie contract, producers thought it would be wonderful to secure the services of the gifted Yehudi Menuhin for a picture.

Yehudi, who has come out of his long retirement and started on a concert tour, arrived in Los Angeles the other day and was immediately cornered by M.G.-M., who offered him a fabulous sum to appear in "Symphony of Six Million."

Unfortunately the twenty-one-year-old Yehudi was not interested, and stated that fact in no uncertain terms. He will continue his career as a concert violinist regardless of all offers the movie moguls make.

PAUL MUNI may have said he would never do another biography on the screen, but Warner are going right ahead with their preparations for a picture on the life of Victor Hugo, with Muni in mind for the title role.

At present Muni is on his long-planned trip around the world, but the studio hopes to sell him the idea of doing the Victor Hugo picture on his return.

LOOKS as though "Test Pilot," the aviation picture scheduled for Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, will be held up for a while longer.

Myrna is just finishing "The Four Marys," and Spencer is winding up on "Mannequin," with Joan Crawford, so they'll be available soon.

But it seems Clark is objecting to the poor script that has been turned out on "Test Pilot." Don't blame him either... he needs a good picture, and it's pretty hard to make one with a weak script.

HOLD your breath, girls! At this very moment two of Hollywood's biggest designers are at work on eighty-four super outfits for Carole Lombard to wear in "Food for Scandal." The picture will be in technical color.

In Hollywood it's customary for one dress designer to do all the clothes for a picture, but Carole refuses to work for any studio unless her favorite, Travis Banton, is allowed to do her gowns.

Consequently, when Mervyn Le Roy borrowed Carole for the lead opposite Fernand Gravet in "Food for Scandal," he also had to borrow Banton from Paramount.

THERE'S a new trick among the movie fans that's giving the stars plenty of headaches. Not satisfied with autographs the enthusiasts are now demanding kisses from their heroes.

It's getting to be quite the thing now for a fan to rush up to a star in a cafe or at a preview and plant a kiss on his handsome face, to his extreme embarrassment.

Sometimes a star can duck in time, but frequently the trick succeeds.

TYRONE POWER'S next picture is about the life of Disraeli.

We always think of Disraeli as an old man, but he was young once, and it's the early part of his life that Power will portray on the screen.

The Power Disraeli will leave off where the Arliss version began.

HENRY FONDA is back in town, quite cheery in spite of the fact that the New York stage play he was doing sagged to its knees and gently folded.

When it became obvious the play was on its last gasp, Fonda decided to accept Warners' offer of the male lead in Bette Davis' "Jezebel," which starts immediately. George Brent has the other male role.

He used to grumble
that his pyjamas faded
in the wash



**NOW SHE
KEEPS THE COLOURS
BRIGHT AND CLEAR
WITH PERSIL**

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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

CHEMIST KNOWS... AND TELLS

AND AFTER ALL
THAT MY SKIN
IS STILL TRAGIC!
HOW CAN I
IMPROVE IT?

I CAN EASILY TELL
YOU THAT USE
REXONA SOAP!
ITS SPECIAL
MEDICATIONS WILL
CLEAR UP THOSE
BLEMISHES.



Other soaps cleanse the surface skin but Rexona Soap does more! Its specially medicated lather cleanses and purifies the pores themselves, getting rid of below-the-surface dust and germs which are the real starting-point of skin blemishes. If skin troubles persist, cleanse thoroughly with Rexona Soap and then apply Rexona Ointment, The Rapid Healer. These two used together form a complete skin treatment. Use Rexona regularly to correct present skin faults and keep a clear, healthy skin in the future.

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No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and snipping can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you if you're back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.



FRESH BEAUTY IN WEMCO FABRICS... a gay loveliness in new materials which will instantly win the admiration and approval of Australian women.

... all the new season's effects in Paisleys, Persian, Floral and Monotone (in fast colours) are shown in these delightful English rayon fabrics.

Wemcolissa (the ever-popular crepe) ... Calmasol and Cilmidene (in a fascinating diversity of designs) ... and Tusado (a beautiful Wemco ANTICREASE fabric in plain colours) are now obtainable in Australia.

Go gay this season — with Wemco.

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SYDNEY: Kaugh & Co., Grace Building, York Street.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll. (United Artists.)

EVEN sordid, sceptical, earthbound persons are likely to succumb to this romantic film.

As a novel, a play, and twice before as a film, "The Prisoner of Zenda" has been popular with two generations.

That preposterous story of adventure has been made more plausible this time than before.

Superlative production and good acting by a perfectly-chosen cast turn fantasy into reality and nonsense into sense.

Ronald Colman, looking more middle-aged these days, is splendid in the key role of the awfully decent Englishman on holiday in Ruritania, who gets up to his neck in that State's clotted politics.

This Englishman is the double of the local king, to whom he is related. When the king is doped and kidnapped the visitor is persuaded to impersonate him.

Expert camera trickery enables Colman to take both parts.

The most sparkling work, though, comes not from Colman as the perfect gentleman, but from Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as an imperfect gentleman.

His swaggering role of Rupert of Hentzau, chief menace to Colman, recalls the grinning gymnastics of Fairbanks, sen.

But Junior puts more humor and

character into what is probably the best performance of his career.

The atmospheric success of the show owes something to the fact that nearly all the chief players are English. Notably absent is the strong American accent which, however good for other purposes, kills the illusion of a European setting.

Notable also is the nonchalance with which the cast wear their elaborate uniforms—a naturalness rare in costume pictures.

O. Aubrey Smith and David Niven, as well as Colman, are admirable in this respect. Smith is a grizzled soldier, as we have seen him before, and does it excellently as usual.

It has been David Niven's misfortune in the past to be celebrated mainly as Merle Oberon's boy-friend. This picture is a reminder that he is an unusually clever actor.

He plays a young officer who backs Colman in the conspiracy, and, instead of making the character a handsome dummy, as might easily have happened, Niven makes him human—an eager but rather bewildered youth.

Madeleine Carroll has not much to do except look beautiful as the Princess Flavia, to whom Colman has to make love as a public duty. He finds this duty a pleasure.

The picture's realism is due largely to the discreet splendor of the backgrounds.

Obviously a lot of money went into them, to build castles and cathedrals, and so on.

But, while watching them, you do

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

not think how expensive they are. You think, "All this looks genuine."

A first-class art director has kept the sumptuousness well under control.

This is one of the year's best films.—Regent; showing.

★★★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

Alice Faye, Don Ameche. (Fox.)

ANOTHER of the cocktails that producer Zanuck can mix with a skill all his own. Right up to the standard of "Wake Up and Live," this musical has the same brisk, impromptu style.

It is hard to believe that any girl so attractive as Alice Faye would ever be on the verge of starvation. Yet that is her state at the opening of the film when she is befriended by theatrical producer Don Ameche.

As prescribed by the old backstage formula, she soon takes the place of the leading lady in his show.

No doubt you can't have everything, but Alice has a lot more than most. She sings delightfully, and can also shed a tear with considerable effect.

Opinions will differ about the frenzied foolery of the Ritz Brothers, who are much to the fore. Their demonic convulsions are hit-or-miss; it is safe to say they will amuse all the people some of the time, but they will not amuse many people all the time.

Interesting is the debut of Louise Hovick, formerly a celebrated "strip-tease" dancer in New York, where she was called Gipsy Rose Lee.

Dark and smouldering in appearance, she creates an unusual character here, a likeable and laughable vamp.

Not only beautiful and bad Louise Hovick, but beautiful and good Alice Faye look pretty silly at times. She writes dreadful plays with such titles as "White Hell: a study of problems confronting youth in the salt mines."

This foolishness of the heroine typifies the bubbly unconventionality of Fox musicals. The spontaneity of this one is undeniable; notice how much genial Ameche enjoys himself.

You can rely on it for entertainment.—Plaza; showing.



RONALD COLMAN is very gentlemanly and slightly worried as hero of "The Prisoner of Zenda," a new romantic film that is worth seeing. Madeleine Carroll is the princess he loves and loses.

★★★ DANGER—LOVE AT WORK

Ann Sothern, Jack Haley. (Fox.)

THE theme of the mad family here reaches a record level of insanity. Compared with the Pemberton family in this film, the household in "My Man Godfrey" was full of sweet reasonableness.

Father, who enters carrying a huge teddy-bear, and Herbert, a surrealist painter who signs legal documents with his brush, are representative Pembertons.

An extreme case is Uncle Goliath, whom the rest of the family regard as eccentric. He wears skins and lives in a cave.

The picture opens rather poorly, with too much talk, but it warms up to an enjoyable temperature when Jack Haley lands in the balmy bosom of the Pemberton family.

Edward Everett Horton departs somewhat from his usual comedy schedule. This time, instead of being meek and foolish, he is bombastic and foolish.

There is an isolated and pleasant vocal passage when Ann Sothern and Jack Haley give the song from which the film gets its title.

For the making of the picture a

better team of comedians and writers has been assembled than is usually allotted to a supporting film.

This brand of "haywire" farce is not for all tastes, but if you have sampled it and liked it before, you will not be disappointed by this specimen.

It does not run to subtlety, but it has a kick.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ FLIGHT FROM GLORY

Chester Morris, Whitney Bourne. (R.K.O.)

BURLY melodrama, with planes crashing all over the place.

But before meeting violent deaths, some of the characters have rather more life in them than is the rule in films of this type.

Locale is a dusty aerodrome at the

Shows Still Running

★★ Wings of the Morning; Annabella; musical romance.—Embassy, 15th week.

★★ Maytime; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty, 12th week.

★★ Angel; Marlene Dietrich; sophisticated romance.—Prince Edward, 4th week.

★★ The Emperor's Candlesticks; William Powell, Luise Rainer; period melodrama.—St. James, 2nd week.

★ London Melody; Anna Neagle; musical romance.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

★ That Certain Woman; Bette Davis; domestic drama.—State, 2nd week.

★ Farewell Again; Flora Robson, Leslie Banks; sea drama.—Lyceum, 2nd week.

foot of the Andes, where a bad boss makes his employees carry freight in condemned, obsolete machines.

They do it because they have been disgraced elsewhere, and cannot find anything better.

Variety is provided in this group of failures. One is cheerful and drunk, one bitter and drunk, one noble and cheerful, one noble and bitter.

As the noble and bitter, Chester Morris gives some force to a conventional character.

Whitney Bourne, a new actress, plays the wife of a pilot who is weak and drunk. Ultimately she clinches with Chester Morris, which makes him less bitter, though no less noble. Here is a competent performance, nothing more.

You don't need clairvoyant powers to predict what is going to happen next as the plot progresses. But there is some real excitement in the air scenes and events on the ground are not dull.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

THEATRE ROYAL

LAST NIGHTS.

J. C. Williamson, Ltd., presents

GEORGE GEE in "Swing Along"

Together with Valerie Hay, Donald Barr, Billie Worth, Loli Green, Percy Le Pra, John Doble, William O'Meara, etc.

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5 0	7 7	7 10	7 13	8 2	8 5
5 1	7 9	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7
5 2	7 12	8 1	8 3	8 6	8 10
5 3	8 1	8 4	8 6	8 9	8 13
5 4	8 4	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3
5 5	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3	9 7
5 6	8 11	9 0	9 3	9 7	9 11
5 7	9 4	9 4	9 7	9 11	10 1
5 8	9 8	9 8	9 11	10 1	10 5
5 9	9 8	9 12	10 1	10 5	10 9
5 10	9 12	10 2	10 5	10 8	10 12

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Weight . . . 114 lb. Thigh 24 in.

Bust . . . 33 in. Calf 13 in.

Waist . . . 23 in. Neck 12 1/2 in.

YOUTH-O-FORM

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

ELEANOR POWELL

HAS STARTED EVERY ONE OF HER PICTURES ON THE SAME SOUND STAGE AND IN THE SAME SECTION OF THE SET.

NEALSON EDDY

CO-STARING WITH ELEANOR POWELL IN "ROSALIE" HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN IN MODERN CLOTHES SINCE HE BECAME A STAR. IN HIS NEW FILM, HE WEARS A WEST POINT UNIFORM.

ROBERT WOOLSEY

NEVER SMOKES CIGARS OFF THE SCREEN!

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS...



An Intimate and Authentic Study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

Written and published by the gracious permission of Their Majesties, and illustrated with many photographs taken by the King himself.

Little Princesses Like Dancing and Music

At her first dancing lesson Princess Elizabeth just "floundered about," as she herself described it later.

This and other amusing little childhood incidents in the lives of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are told by Lady Cynthia Asquith in this week's enchanting instalment of her personal study of the King's daughters.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH



PRINCESS ELIZABETH has regular lessons from experts in music, dancing and drawing.

Though occasionally dreamy, she is unusually logical for her age, and inspired by a resolute determination to understand thoroughly all that she is told and all that she reads, and completely to master whatever she undertakes.

So, whether she is tackling a paragraph of parsing, a new step, a piece of music or a game, she will take endless trouble to get it absolutely right, and always insists on having the reason for everything explained to her.

Very well co-ordinated, she is quick, light and graceful in all her movements. In her opinions she is decided without being obstinate.

She has always delighted in her dancing lessons. Attended by about six other little girls, these classes used to be held once a week at 145 Piccadilly.

Her teacher, Miss Vacani, says she has never in all her long experience had any pupil quicker at picking up a new step than Princess Elizabeth, or one who showed more unflinching vitality and greater zeal to learn.

Delightful Pair

THE more difficult a new dance, the more her interest and her determination increase, and she will persevere over one particular rhythm until she has brought it to perfection.

So that she may be able to practice before her next lesson, she always brings a pencil and a note-book to the dancing class and writes down any new step that she is shown.

One day, soon after the classes began, she said to Miss Vacani: "We must do our very, very, very best to-day, because Granma Queen is coming to watch us."

Princess Margaret, for the last three years a blithe and ardent pupil, dances in a frenzy of glee, and sings nursery action-songs deliciously. Her sense of rhythm is as good as her sister's, and she, too, is wonderfully graceful.

To see the two sisters trip it on the light fantastic toe together as, like colored feathers, they fly round the room in each other's arms (Princess Elizabeth taking the part of "gentleman") is a delightful sight.

Besides waltzing, they can dance with spirit and accuracy Scottish reels, the minuet and any number of fancy dances.

Princess Elizabeth has been learning since 1931, and Princess Margaret started her dancing career at the early age of three.

Asked how she had got on at her first lesson, Princess Elizabeth characteristically answered, "Oh, I just floundered about," but Miss Vacani tells me that from the very beginning her pupil's natural poise, footwork, and sense of rhythm were very much above the average.

In spite of her apparent preoccupation with her ten toes and the

rhythm of the music, Princess Margaret manages to find plenty of time for conversation during these dancing lessons.

In fact, she talks like a running river, and many of her remarks are in the interrogative.

"Why do you wear those white kid gloves which I do not like?" she asked an assistant teacher.

"I have to wear them because Miss Vacani wishes me to," answered the young lady.

"Oh, I see!" said Princess Margaret. "So you are always obedient, like me," words spoken with a swift, slightly challenging glance at the expressive face of one in a position to query this profession of implicit obedience.

Perhaps the listener knew that one afternoon a young visitor to Royal Lodge was forced by the younger of her two hostesses to spend (not too congenially) a whole afternoon in jumping backwards and forwards across the little stream that runs through the garden.

Wearing of this fatiguing and dampish exercise the visitor at last asked, "But why do we go on doing this? Must we? What is the point?"

"But," answered Princess Margaret, in the voice of one able to give an entirely satisfactory explanation. "But I have been told not to jump this stream!"

The usual dancing lesson was held just after the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Returning from the ceremony at which she had acted as bridesmaid, Princess Elizabeth insisted on dividing and distributing her bridesmaid's bouquet amongst all the teachers and pupils.

Not long ago Princess Elizabeth hatched a conspiracy amongst its members, planning that in one of the "action-dances" in which the performers were supposed just to bow they should instead all fall flat on their faces.

For those let into the secret, it was great fun to watch the expressions on the faces of the young conspirators; their ringleader biting her cheeks to prevent herself from laughing.

The trick came off splendidly, and Miss Vacani was satisfactorily startled.

Promising Pupil

MUSIC—a very important element in the education of the two Princesses—they are taught by Miss Lander.

Princess Elizabeth had her first piano lesson in May, 1933. It began with screwing the music-stool up and down.

Once this pleasant preliminary was over, she settled down and took her first lesson with intense seriousness. She was shown some finger exercises and wrote down the notes in the treble and bass clefs.

In the middle of this tense first lesson Princess Margaret frolicked into the room, and unappreciative of the seriousness of the situation, began irreverently to strum on the piano.

"No, no, Margaret, please don't interrupt us!" begged the budding pianist, intently watching her own hands and painstakingly trying to lift her fingers exactly as she had been told.



FAIRYLIKE HORSE-DRAWN COACH for the King and Queen, a modern car for their children. Strange contrast in modes of travel when the King and Queen and their children attended the ceremonial opening of Parliament in London.



After this initiation, Princess Elizabeth had a music lesson at half-past nine every morning, and soon proved herself a very promising and painstaking pupil.

She worked really hard, always practising between lessons and acquiring a good, firm round touch.

The first time she played a whole piece right through by herself, she exclaimed, "How thrilled Mummy will be, and I think she will be surprised, too!" By the end of this first term she was very much excited, if a little nervous, at the prospect of playing to Queen Mary at Sandringham.

By March, 1935, Princess Elizabeth was able to stretch an octave,

a great milestone in her musical career, and soon, like millions of little girls before her, she was learning to play "The Merry Peasant."

At the end of the summer term of this year she counted up her repertoire and was elated to find that she had learnt no fewer than 31 pieces and duets.

Queen Listens

QUEEN ELIZABETH used often to come in and listen to these early morning lessons, sometimes accompanied by her lively younger daughter. But serious work was never very easy in Princess Margaret's quicksilver presence.

When first told that this flipperty-gibbet was actually going to begin to learn how to play the piano herself, Princess Elizabeth said, "Oh, but her fingers will be all over the place!"

But in February, 1935, Princess Margaret did begin to have a lesson every day after Princess Elizabeth had finished hers.

To her sister's surprise the beginner was very good and attentive at her first lesson, clapping the bars of tunes and rapidly listening while all the mysteries of semibreves, minims, and crotchets were explained to her.

(To Be Continued)

THE ANSWER TO THE GIFT QUESTION



Gifts Father Xmas

has been praying for—

three flowers XMAS GIFT SETS

with the elegance characteristic of RICHARD HUDNUT

You'll be delighted with the Gift-giving atmosphere of these creations. Several different combinations at prices to suit even the most modest purse.

ALSO TWO SPECIAL SINGLE PACKS — one contains Face Powder, the other Talcum — both ideal Xmas Gifts and bear a Greetings Card for the donor's signature.

Play safe with the Gift you KNOW she wants

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NEW YORK

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She's married a fortune, but she'll go right on using Revelry. Naturally! I can't think why some girls waste their money... Paying such prices for face powder! Not when Revelry at a shilling is such a joy! Exactly right in every way. Look what it's done for Lois? ... Look what it's done for us... Last night, Michael brought orchids... again!

It takes 3 extra processes to make the "balanced" face powder—Revelry. But the result is worth it. Exclusive, saccharing Revelry—fine, but not so fine as to fall off, heavy enough to cling, but not to "cake"—the perfect balance, at last!

So smooth, too! Only the microscope can tell you the danger that lies in many face-powders... the sharp, splintery particles that stretch the pores and tear the tissues of your skin! But Revelry couldn't be smoother if it were a baby powder.



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the Exclusive "BALANCED"
FACE POWDER

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**DON'T LET
'SCRATCHITIS'
WRECK YOUR
BATH**

You can do a lot of damage in a little while with harsh scourers on those delicate porcelain surfaces. Scourers scratch the surface, making places for dirt to cling. That means hard rubbing—more scratches—grimy surface—"Scratchitis"—ruined bath. For safety's sake use Monkey Brand. You can be quite sure it won't scratch. It's fine materials are made especially to clean smoothly—to keep your bath, sinks and saucepans glossy, new-looking—always a sight to gladden the heart.

A LEVER
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MONKEY BRAND
CLEANS SMOOTHLY... PREVENTS 'SCRATCHITIS'

A TABLET OF
MONKEY BRAND
LASTS SUCH
A LONG
TIME.

THAT'S
BECAUSE IT'S A
CONCENTRATED
CLEANER...
A LITTLE GOES
A LONG WAY.



BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES My Horses Finished in the Last Round Up

By BETTY GEE

Woe is me. Because whoa is what the horses I backed did at Canterbury last Saturday. I never saw so many horses of my choice whoa so badly.

I've come to the conclusion there must be something wrong with racing when my horses finish in the last round up.

Perhaps it's the tipping. I'll have to select a new set of trades-people, but they might not mind, considering the shortage of housekeeping money they'll be faced with this week.

FIRST of all there were two tips in the Park Stakes, as if one isn't troublesome enough. But here's where a little wisdom was brought into play to save me from despair.

The Head Walter's tip being Lady Cav, and I knowing it would be long odds, I left ten shillings each way in town.

What could I do when I got to the course and found Darby Munro on Otto? I simply HAD to invest £1 here.

Otto ran nearly last. Lady Cav got third, and that brought me a 15/- profit on my transaction in the city, and gives the Head Walter another chance. But for the rest of them I am considering instant dismissal.

Dashed Into Picture

For the Flying Handicap, I made haste to gather in 8 to 1 for my 10/- on Harlowe.

Then I ran into Mr. Bert Jolley, just back from his second globe-trot in two years, and when he said Moon-ray might have a Tote chance, off I toddled to the Tote with 10/- in hand.

Moonray came dashing into the picture at the finish, but just too late to win, and third was his share of the prize-money.

At that I got 25/- for my half-sovereign note, which isn't bad for a poor struggling wench.

The 10/- on Harlowe went West, very West, in fact. But, mark you, I'll toddle him up. He's sure to win soon.

I am cross with those bookies.

Before I could get near them to gather in a wager at even money on Royal Prince they had shortened the price to odds on.

So instead I took the tip for Amplify, with Maxie Papworth up, at 7 to 2, and it cost me exactly one pound to learn that the lay-not-odds-on rule can cut both ways.

Royal Prince won easily, and Amplify, for aught I know to the contrary, is still running up and down the wastes of Canterbury course.

I got £3 to £2 about June, in the girls' division of the Juvenile, only to see the poor little thing left behind at barrier rise. I rose and screamed to Maxie Papworth to make haste. But it was no good. Third was the best she could do.

For the first Highweight I made the only wise decision of the afternoon—a better decision than the judge gave ME.

Darby Munro was on Cliquet, so I had 50/- to 10/- and then who should I run into but Dickie, and he said, "pardon me for impugning your intelligence, but Cliquet's already had one run today in the Flying, and went as slow as a hired washerwoman."

So I went back to the bookie to ask him to cry the bet off, but he was one of those adamantine creatures who wouldn't do anything for his own mother, let alone a sweet young thing like me.

To save my apparently lost Cliquet wager, I ventured 10/- on Night of Love. But that sort of betting might be all right where they hold night racing. She led to the straight, and then collapsed like a Xmas balloon.

And who should come through then but Cliquet, and I'm sure he won by just a nice long sleek head, but the old judge didn't agree.

He made it a dead-heat with Stalin, and so I got only 30/- back from the bookie instead of £3, but I took the opportunity of reminding him that his lack of chivalry in not cancelling my bet had cost him £2, and it served him right.

After the Canterbury Handicap I am permanently finished with politics.

I lost £2 on Country Party, and you can take my assurance that an old lady hobbled in a sheath skirt could beat him any day.



CANTERBURY was not very profitable for Betty, but she saved her taxi-fare from the wreck.

I heard his owner, Gen. Tancred, say after the race he wished he had never seen him. I suppose his trainer, Jack Jamieson, feels the same, but he's GOT to see him all day and every day, and feed him and train him, and all that.

The officials weren't very helpful to me, what with the judge just halving my Cliquet winnings and the stewards dismissing the protest we entered when Eatenem ran second to Panaster in the second Highweight.

You see, I had £4/10/- to £1 about Eatenem, and she got knocked back last at the half-mile by some clumsy hooligan, and then came on again to finish second, and I heard everybody say, "It was a good thing beaten."

But, as I say, the stewards simply wouldn't listen to the protest, and we lost our money.

And then, to cap it all, I had another placing in the last race, when I stuck to Maxie Papworth on Minnesota at 5 to 1.

The big, burly brute wouldn't go a yard for Maxie, and ride hard as he might the old sluggard just plugged into third place.

Fancy him being a brother to Chatham, but then brothers are different, aren't they?

Poor Relation

Dickie says they are not brothers really, but only half-brothers.

Minnesota's father is Constant Son, and Chatham's father was Windbag. Well, certainly Chatham was something to make a song about, but Minnesota must be the poor relation of the family.

Still he may win a race or two before he's pensioned off, and on the theory that they must win sometime, I am going to follow my money.

It was an expensive day, and, wondering how I'm going to exist through the week, I nevertheless let myself be taken to our favorite restaurant to lay in a store of food that might tide me over some of the time.

There the Head Walter gave me his assurance that Pandava would win the Kirkham Stakes next Saturday at Warwick Farm. It's not often he's so sanguine.

He adds that Mush Deer may be a profitable investment at Kensington on Wednesday.

I am forced to choose Journal myself for the Warwick Farm December Handicap on Saturday.

I am giving the Ice Man one more chance, and he selects Jocular for the Camden Handicap, and I hope if there's any joke about it, we will have the laugh.

... for successful salads



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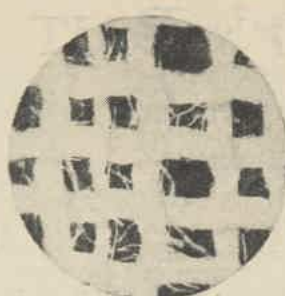
MAGNIFYING Shirt PROBLEMS

Your Money's
Worth
Enlarged 26
Times

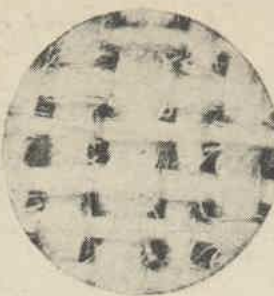
If Christmas, which is just around the corner, had a theme song, it would be "The Song of the Shirt."

Just about this time of the year, women may be seen hunting tentatively around the men's stores looking for something for HIM.

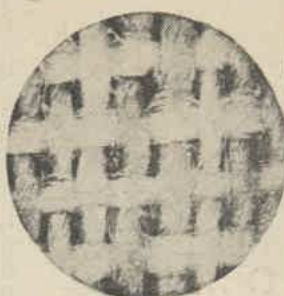
MOTHERS, wives, sweet-hearts sing a song of sappiness over the present-buy-



THIS SHIRT costs roughly 4/11. Notice the uneven thread and irregularity of weave.



EVEN with the shirt costing 8/11 the ends are loose and the threads uneven—some thick, some thin.



THE 10/6 shirt has a closer and more symmetrical weave, and the threads are more even.



TOP: In the 15/11 shirt the weave is close and regular. Mercerising accounts for the lustre.

ing budget; hold little hurried conferences with the man at the mercery counter, and 10 to 1 it's a shirt they decide on.

It's a pretty safe bet, too, because manufacturers say there are no bad

shirts these days, but some are better than others. The price is a fairly accurate index to their quality.

The old music-hall jokes about the polychromatic shirt Aunt Agatha buys you for Christmas doesn't mean a thing nowadays, because shirts made locally or shirts from "inside Europe" rival the rainbow in variety of color and dexterity of design.

But the little problem of quality is a different matter.

To those women who find themselves in the strange new world of the men's stores when buying shirts for gifts, the accompanying picture story will be of great help.

Let it be your X-ray of quality when buying. The salesman will be ultra polite to you when he knows what you know. If you've casually supposed that all shirts are pretty much alike, you are not shirt-conscious.

Dearer the Better

STUDY these photographs, magnified twenty-six times, of the actual materials in shirts of different prices. You'll realise, as you might not with the naked eye, why it's far wiser and more economical to buy a good shirt.

Lack of uniformity in cheaper weaves quickly causes worn spots and laundry damage, not to mention the amount of air space you buy in bargain shirts. And see how irregular the threads are, like weak links in a chain.

Better shirts include finer methods of manufacture, too. The cloth is made of long-fibre cotton, combed to eliminate all loose ends, and dyed before weaving to guarantee absolutely fast color. Then, the material is carefully tested for tensile strength and trueness of weave, and singed to dispose of fuzz that might detract from the appearance and feel.

Cloth used in dearer shirts is free from weighting, filling or impurities.

"Aching Heart" May Mean Heart Trouble

By Air Mail from our London Office.

Science has now discovered that "aching heart," associated with sorrow, anxiety and unhappy love affairs, can cause real heart trouble.

Dr. Erich M. Wittkower, heart specialist, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, after long research, records in the "Lancet" that 36 out of 48 cases showed emotional stress or strain immediately preceding the onset of pain, while in 27 this consisted of social, domestic, or love difficulties.

Dr. Wittkower discovered that the vast majority of cardiac sufferers, irrespective of underlying organic disorders, were psycho-neurotic, this suggesting a possible connection of the mental condition with pain.

The factor most common to all precipitating causes was a menace to vital feelings, life or existence.

"The menace may originate in the outer world and consist of financial reverses, failure in business, impending dismissal, loss of employment, disease or death of a loved person, disappointment in married life, or dissension in the family," writes the doctor.

One man examined was sixty-eight, a prosperous draper. He began to lose money and became worried about possible bankruptcy. Heart trouble developed.

Another case was a woman, unhappily married, constantly quarrelling. Her son became ill, died in her arms. She developed heart trouble.

and, most important, it is pre-shrunk. Better shirts, too, are cut by hand to fit.

In patterned shirts, better grades show a symmetry of design that's particularly important in collars and cuffs, where the pattern comes evenly to a point and matches on each side.

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is the opinion of thousands of satisfied users of this wonderful Sewing Machine. It is definitely the lowest priced reliable sewing machine, and you are assured of a lifetime of satisfactory sewing because it is the only sewing machine guaranteed in writing for the purchaser's lifetime.

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RADIO STARS RISE To the Trickster's BAIT

2GB Announcer Who is Always "Had"

Have you ever been had? Well, ask Harry Dearth, of station 2GB, whose initials are H.A.D. — Harry Allan Dearth!

"I suppose it's simply asking for it," said Harry, "having initials like that, but I don't think I'm any more gullible than most people."

MR. DEARTH declares that he is always arriving home with bargains in lettuces and tomatoes and what-nots, only to discover that the lettuces have no hearts, and the tomatoes and what-nots could be bought by his wife more cheaply at the local stores.

Men are like that. They are almost as inveterate bargain hunters as the womenfolk, without their sense of values.

Harry's worst experience, however, was his first car. "I bought it as a great bargain for £80, and had to sell it a month later for £40."

The majority of 2GB's radio announcers have been "caught" at some time or other, although Jack Lumsdaine is always careful now, thanks to a lesson a trickster taught him as a young man.

"I met him down south," said Lumsdaine. "He picked three aces from a pack of cards three times running, and offered to bet anyone a pound he could do it a fourth time. When I noticed one of the local lads wink at me and shuffle the cards unknown to

The most vivid memory of Uncle George, the doyen of radio uncles, is a friendly game of cards on the Melbourne express. It was the old story. They let him win at first to encourage him, and he ended up minus £27 plus a good lesson.

"Cards," said Jack Davey. "That reminds me of the time I nearly tricked myself. I was new to Sydney, and a friend gave me an introduction to a bridge school. I dropped in one night, and three men suggested a game."

"What's the stake?" one asked. "The usual?" said another. "What's that?" I asked. "A shilling," they said.

"When the time came to settle up, imagine my surprise—I was handed a cheque for £84. It was only then I realised that we had been playing for a shilling a point. At one period of the night I'd been losing £100 without knowing it."

A Sleeping Part

"It wasn't a confidence man who tricked me," said Peter Pinch, one of the B.S.A. players, "but I fell just the same. A producer offered me the title role in a production of 'The Sleeping Clergyman,' by James Bridie, who wrote the original English version of the talkie, 'Storm in the Tea Cup.'"

"I was very impressed—until I started to read my part and found there wasn't any. All the sleeping clergyman has to do throughout the play is to sleep."

As a matter of fact, the trickster in some guise or other regards everybody as fair game.

Even Mrs. Stelzer, the President of the 2GB Happiness Club, has been imposed on. Her work naturally brings her into contact with people in need of help, but following an experience a few years back she is always careful to investigate fully all appeals.

"A woman brought me a letter from



HARRY DEARTH, of 2GB, who admits that he is always "had." Those are his initials—"H.A.D."

an acquaintance," she says. "Would you please help the bearer? She will explain what she wants," the letter read. It turned out to be a matter of a loan, but when repayment was not made I learned from the acquaintance that her letter hadn't referred to money matters at all. Money hadn't been mentioned."

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IF YOU HAVE
THOUGHTS
THEY ARE WORTH
MONEY

"I have received £5/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal.'"

"The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £5/13/8 from the 'Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, December 1:
11.45 a.m., Serial (a romantic thriller); 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 2:
11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, December 3: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, December 4: 7.45 p.m., The Music Box; 9.30 p.m., James Melton (tenor), Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra.

SUNDAY, December 5: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital, Sigrid Onegin; 6.15 p.m., Light Opera Orchestra with Joseph Schmidt.

MONDAY, December 6: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, December 7: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The "Homemaker," Mrs. Eve Gye.

the performer. I knew I was on a sure thing, and took the bet.

"But the old chap picked out the three aces just the same. I knew then that the local lad was in league with him. However, the old chap refused to take my pound."

"That will teach you a lesson, laddie," he said. "You can't trick the trickster." I've never tried since," said Jack.

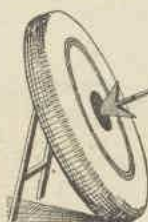
Albert Russell's experience had an equally fortunate ending.

"In the foyer of a New York hotel," he said, "I met a man who had a marvellous diamond ring for sale. It was a genuine diamond all right. I proved that by cutting glass with it."

"As I was about to hand over my money a friend walked in. 'Just a moment,' he said. 'Try that diamond again.' I did, and it wouldn't cut paper, let alone glass. At the last moment the vendor had substituted a brummagem ring."

"The strange thing is that of all people who should have come into the hotel at the psychological moment was a man who had once fallen for the same trick. Needless to say, the diamond vendor didn't wait to reclaim his imitation ring."

INDIGESTION



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Mr. D. Doly, 14 Glen Street, Milton's Point: "For years I have suffered from digestive troubles, mainly caused by duodenal ulcer. Doctors wanted to operate. Now, after taking BiSoDoL for a few weeks I feel a new man. I can eat anything I like and food never has any unpleasant effects. BiSoDoL has made me a healthy man instead of a permanent invalid."

B.S.T.12

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The AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

Continued from Page 5

PAULINE was a tall girl, with lovely slim legs. Her nails were too long and too brightly manicured, he thought, but there was very little make-up on her eyes and face. She was very chic. Her hair was lovely. He watched its sleek transversal ridges, with the hollows shining. Her teeth were the only defect in her appearance; they were quite white and not at all ugly, but the lower edges of the upper teeth were slightly, curiously rippled.

They had another bottle of wine, and her warm hand nestled in his comfortably.

It was two o'clock. Five minutes later it was three o'clock.

Of course he could take her home, she said openly and warmly, when he asked. But she was keeping him very late, she said; did he not have work to do in the morning and would he not prefer to make a rendezvous for some time during the day? No, he said, he would wait.

She offered no strenuous objection. At 3.50 she went to get her things. She was being rather sad, very graceful, and impersonally affectionate. He took out his pocket-book and gave her fifty schillings. She nodded thanks. They met outside and he called a cab. The stars were pale in the very pale blue sky. They rode almost in silence to her flat, near Mariahilferstrasse. He helped her out of the cab and walked with her to the door as she fumbled with her key. "Good-night," she said, giving him her hand to kiss. Then she disappeared inside.

Within a week Richard was madly, violently in love.

Pauline's history, he found, was typical of modern Vienna and its vicissitudes. Her father was a foreman in a timber factory, her mother had been a school teacher. She had gone to secondary school until it bored her. One of her classmates told her how to get a job posing for photographs. She had a younger sister, who was still in school, and a brother. He had only recently got a job. Pauline, who needed all her money for her dresses, would have been more generous supporting the rest of the family had not her mother so frozenly and bitterly opposed her working. After a year of modelling she had drifted to the Bazar.

Richard and Pauline went out to Kremsdörf to swim. Twice he took her for short flights in his aeroplane. They walked in the Wienerwald on Sunday afternoons. He called for her at the Bazar every night.

His work suffered; and both Sir Andrew and Lady Gripstead were delighted to see him hollow-eyed in the morning, tense, exalted, depressed. Obviously the boy was in love . . . at last. When Lady Gripstead smiled at him one afternoon, "Still looking for an ambassador's wife, Richard?" he turned crimson, then his heart sank; because already the idea of marrying Pauline had forced its way into his heart, because there seemed no other way to win her.

BUT obviously he could not marry Pauline. It would end his career. Obviously it was impossible. But when he stayed away from her a day, he discovered that she was the most important thing in his life. He desperately loved her. She was chic, charming, and beautiful, but everybody in the world would know that he had picked her up, or vice versa, in the Bazar; the thing was impossible, absurd, outrageous, he could no more marry her than he could marry his cook; she could not possibly be a future ambassador's wife; he would have to give up his career.

And then wanting Pauline became more important to him even than his career.

Pauline on her side liked Richard. In her impersonally affectionate way, she was very fond of him. But he puzzled her. He was, she thought, so queer and cold; he never approached her in the right way; he seemed to feel a sense of guilt at being with her. Whenever she felt warm towards him, he grew stiff and cold. And this was so foolish of him!

They met for tea at Gerstner's. Pauline told him that a German industrialist whom she knew had tele-

phoned her that morning asking her to leave Vienna and meet him in Berlin.

"Of course you can't go," Richard said coldly.

Pensive, moody, she said that she might . . . Vienna was a dead city, a dead end . . . the German was rich . . .

"You mustn't go, you can't go," he told her. "I love you too much."

Richard's anguish and distress moved her deeply. This strange young Englishman meant more to her than she had imagined. They had gradually become good friends. Pauline, startled, realised how close she was to being in love with him. Kurt was a play boy. Richard was something real.

The next day when Richard came to see her she knew that he was going to make or break with her. And the instant they met he said, "Pauline, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I have to tell you one thing. I never told you what work my brother does. He is a servant in the Greek legation."

If she had told him that her brother was a criminal; if she had said that he was a Bolshevik or Nazi agent-provocateur; if she had said that her brother had been hanged

GIRLIGAGS



"THERE IS nothing so cute as a woman who's a little bit terrible, and nothing so terrible as a woman who's a little bit cute."

for murder; had she said any of these things. Richard could have stood the shock better. But a servant in the Greek legation! A servant in any legation! Good heavens! He had dined with M. Constantinople, the Greek Minister, the week before. Perhaps that boy serving the sherry had been Pauline's brother! They would go there together some day, very soon in fact after their marriage; and he would be given soup or a soufflé by his brother-in-law. Good Lord!

Richard lifted his chin. "It's all right with me, Pauline. Let's marry next week."

The next morning Sir Andrew called Richard in.

"My dear fellow, are you tied up the next few days?"

"No, not at all, sir," Richard said.

"Well, there's this pouch to go to Constantinople, and the messenger from London went to bed last night with a sudden influenza. The dispatches, you know, ought to be on time. I wonder if you'd mind running down to Constantinople with them."

Richard spent a day and a half in the train; then several days in Constantinople. He found it a sudden blank relief to be away from Vienna and Pauline. He attended a great dinner-party given by the Ambassador, Lord Coldfield. Richard observed his hostess. She was ugly. She was a chatterbox. She had little social grace. But her people had been among the rulers of England for seven generations. She could make no mistakes; she was above error. And Richard was moved and impressed by the embassy building, set back in its great private park. This might be his own embassy some day, the mansion in which he himself would live. It expressed all that was nearest to him in life.

Please turn to Page 42

No. 12 Of Our Great Medical Series

YOUR APPENDIX — and
The Life IT LEADSHow a Common Operation Was
First Popularised By Royalty

By A SPECIALIST

Once a fashionable complaint, looked upon as an uncomfortable endowment of the "idle rich," appendicitis is now recognised as a world-wide disease which attacks all classes in civilised communities.

But it must be confessed that its origin is still a mystery, and (apart from surgery) its prevention is also a matter of uncertainty.

STATISTICS show that appendicitis has increased steadily throughout civilised communities since the European War.

The increase dates from 1920, and with this increase in prevalence has come an increase in mortality. Just on 500 Australians die each year from appendicitis; this rate is reckoned to represent 13,000 cases occurring each year.

No doubt better diagnosis has resulted in more cases being recognised to-day; but it should not be forgotten that physicians and surgeons were fully aware of the prevalence of the complaint and its dangers as far back as the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Many readers will remember the popular sensation caused by King Edward VII becoming the victim of a severe attack a few weeks before his coronation in 1901.

The ceremony had to be postponed, and an operation performed. (Actually the operation was a minor one—drainage of an appendix abscess.)

That "popularised" appendix operations, and in the early years of the century thousands of appendices, both normal and inflamed, were removed. It is a remarkable fact that appendicitis mortality dropped in the years 1904 to 1912, which may have been a result of this fashion; but in view of the uncertainty as to the origin of the complaint it is risky to theorise.

First a few facts concerning the tiny pouch which is the origin of so much pain and discomfort. The vermiform ("worm-like") appendix is a little blind tube or pocket springing from the bowel.

It is believed, on analogy, to be a rudiment of a longer, more complicated course of the intestine found in lower animals. Evolutionarily this longer section of the bowel has disappeared, leaving a blind pocket as a remnant, serving no practical use.

Useful or useless, however, the fact remains that this small closed tube is very liable to attacks of inflammation; that this inflammation is very liable to involve the delicate lining (peritoneum) which coats the abdominal cavity and is wrapped round the organs contained in it.

And finally such attacks are liable to end in suppuration of the appendix and its rupture, with disastrous consequences.

More Suffer

WHY should this particular spot be singled out for these attacks of inflammation? It was once thought that indigestible portions of food, such as fruit seeds or tough fibres of meat, accumulated there and set up irritation.

To-day the belief holds that the inflammation follows infection by germs. Of course, the lower intestinal tract swarms with harmless germs, even in the healthiest person; but the special germs which cause suppuration in the appendix are believed to get there from chronic septic throats, infected nasal passages, or from the teeth and mouth.

It should be kept in mind that all this is theory only, and does not explain why appendicitis is on the increase though the average civilised citizen bestows more attention on care of the mouth and removal of infected teeth than ever before.

Appendicitis occurs at all ages; but the majority of acute cases occur between the ages of 19 and 30. It is rare in infancy; but cases occasionally occur.

The symptoms of an attack of appendicitis vary according to the amount of inflammation involved.

Formerly it was customary to make a clear distinction between mild chronic attacks and a sudden severe acute attack.

But it is now recognised that mild attacks sooner or later end up with an "acute" attack; and that the acute attack has often been preceded by warning symptoms which have escaped notice or been disregarded.

Fatal Delay

SYMPTOMS of a mild uncomplicated attack are rise of temperature, persistent constipation, persistent abdominal pain, a quickened pulse, tenderness and swelling over the abdomen. There is frequently nausea and vomiting.

The pain is a dull ache, punctuated with sharper twinges, often spreading down the thigh and leg of the right side, and relieved by lying down with the right knee bent and the leg flexed at a sharp angle. Such attacks usually pass off within a few days or a week.

Sooner or later, however, those who suffer such attacks are liable to an acute attack, accompanied by minor peritonitis.

The onset is sudden (with a chill or rigor as a rule); the pain is intense, and almost unbearable, and while radiating over the whole abdomen and down the lower limbs there is a localisation at one spot (on a line between the navel and the upper point of the hip) which is also very painful on pressure.

There is fever, rapid thready pulse, vomiting, great distension of the abdomen, and persistent constipation. As a rule in such cases patients are sensible enough to call in a medical man, who diagnoses the trouble as appendicitis and advises whether immediate operation is necessary.

But in remote country districts, or in the case of people who stubbornly regard the attack as one of simple colic, resort is often made to doses of purgatives—the very worst possible form of treatment for a reason which will be explained later.

Finally there is the acute attack, due to suppuration and rupture of the inflamed appendix.

Added to the above symptoms there is profound collapse, with general pain over the abdomen, following upon a single sharp attack of intense pain (which may have caused the patient to fall in a faint).

The patient looks (as he is) at the point of death; he is usually rushed to a hospital for operation.

Skilled as surgeons have become at carrying out this type of operation, the condition of the patient makes it a risky procedure. Yet if it is not undertaken death may follow rapidly from general peritonitis.

If the appendix has got to the abscess stage, but has not yet ruptured, the outlook is much more hopeful.

Safe Operation

A SURGICAL operation is obviously the only rational treatment for appendicitis. If an individual suffers a mild attack which has been diagnosed as appendicitis by a competent physician, it is only common sense to remove the cause of the trouble, for experience demonstrates that in 90 per cent. of such cases the attack will be followed by others of increasing severity.

If the first indication of trouble is an acute uncomplicated attack, an operation is again the wisest course. When appendicitis was first recognised as a common complaint early in the century, operation was the rule.

Later there came a medical fashion

of "expectant" (or delayed) treatment, in the hope that the condition would pass off; an operation could then be carried out later, or perhaps dispensed with.

This policy of delay is now believed a mistake, except in special cases. In cases where diffuse peritonitis has set in after an abscess has formed, delay in hospital is sometimes necessary, to allow the peritonitis a chance to subside before the operation.

The patient is simply rested and starved. The battle is between the germ poisons and the natural resources and resistance of the body. As soon as the latter show signs of gaining the upper hand, the operation is carried out.

Perhaps reference to such extremely advanced and critical cases may scare the average patient who has been advised to have an appendix operation.

So it is as well to impress the reader at this point that the operation in uncomplicated cases is one of the safest, simplest, quickest, and most effective in the surgeon's repertoire.

Home Treatment

IN home treatment of a case of suspected appendicitis a great deal of serious injury can be done by the injudicious administration of purgatives.

It is, perhaps, only natural for an attack of appendicitis to be confused with an attack of colic by the householder and treated with a liberal dose of "opening medicine," such as some patent medicine or liver pill.

Yet any such treatment will not only add to the pain the patient is suffering, but may even jeopardise his life.

In an attack of appendicitis the bowel wall is paralysed. Whether this is a natural defence put up by the human body or the result of inflammation is disputed, but it serves one useful purpose—the normal waves of muscular contraction along the bowel cease. This relieves the pain and lessens the risk of rupture. If a violent purgative is given to relieve the constipation (which naturally results from this bowel-paralysis) not only is intense pain caused and the inflammation increased, but a ruptured appendix frequently follows.

In the opinion of many leading authorities a big factor in the increase in the Australian death-rate from appendicitis is due to home treatment of acute cases by laxatives. In the belief that the persistent pain is simply that of colic or indigestion.

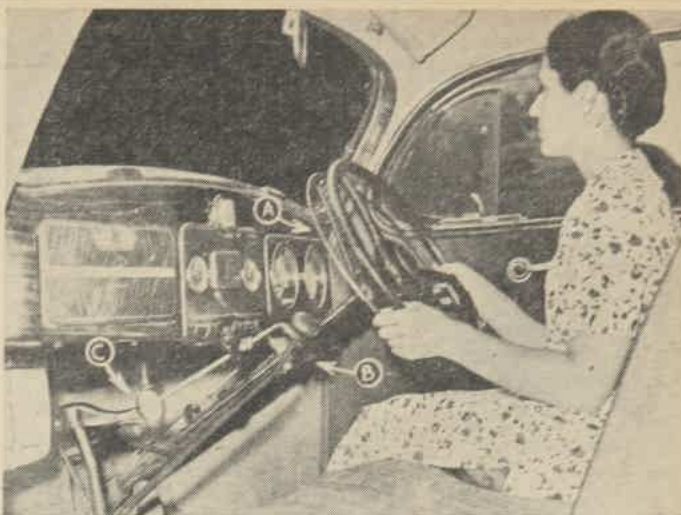
The other leading factor in the increased mortality is the postponing of an operation by those people who suffer recurrent mild attacks, and imagine that the condition can always be tided over, or will "cure itself."

Such persons often get accustomed to the chronic discomfort of an inflamed appendix, and put up with the bouts of pain, vomiting and mild fever, which they regard as "odious attacks."

With luck, such people may avoid an abdominal crisis, but too often it happens that an abscess has been forming, and the result is a sudden seizure demanding immediate operation, no matter what the patient's circumstances.

Where an operation could have been arranged so as to interfere little with job, business, or financial circumstances, neglect has now made it an immediate essential, no matter how it upsets the routine of life.

It will be seen that home treatment of suspected appendicitis can only



A PARALYSIS VICTIM driving her hand-operated car. She is Miss Rogosa, an American schoolteacher, whose car is equipped so that foot movements are unnecessary. Miss Rogosa got the idea first-hand from President Roosevelt. He is also a paralysis victim, and told her how he drove his specially-equipped car, which Miss Rogosa copied. The extra steering-wheel, "A," controls clutch, brake, and accelerator; "B" is the hand-operated self-starter; "C" is the emergency hand-brake.

be temporary, pending consultation with a doctor.

If any adult member of a household should be attacked by persistent abdominal pain, such as described above, accompanied by a rise of temperature, vomiting, persistent constipation, radiation of the pain down the right thigh and leg, and swelling and tenderness in the abdomen, do not give a purgative.

Rest in bed with little or no food is the best treatment till the doctor arrives. Water, of course, may be given.

Are there any measures which can be taken by the ordinary citizen to minimise the risk of appendicitis?

As the most recent view is that suppuration in an inflamed appendix is due to infection from germs present in

the tonsils, throat, back of the nose and mouth, one obvious safety measure is to get defective teeth attended to, any nasal or throat infection cleared up, any artificial teeth which are worn unclean and sterilised, and treatment obtained for hay fever, sinus trouble, or any other complaint that may be followed or accompanied by back-of-the-nose infection.

It need scarcely be said that over-eating is to be avoided in all cases. In fact, the main line of treatment in all cases is to rest the appendix as much as possible. Apart from operation, rest and temporary starvation have proved the only effective treatment of this perplexing complaint. Its future conquest is still a problem of medical research.



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The AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

Continued from Page 40

ORDER. Tradition. The punctilio of diplomacy. The great life of politics. The burly Scotland Yard man at the gate, brought with his family all the way from London, so that the Embassy in far-off Turkey should be policed, as was proper, by a Briton.

Richard walked to the telegraph office and wired Pauline breaking off their engagement.

In a week he was back in Vienna. For another week he restrained himself, forcibly, from getting in touch with Pauline at her home, or going to the Bazaar. Then, exhausted, he turned the familiar way down Karntnerstrasse. The doorman greeted him effusively, though, Richard thought, with a certain surprised curiosity. The girl who took the hats said, "Ah, kuss die hand." The head waiter bowed, smiled silkily, and led him to the usual loge. "Sie sind zurück, endlich, haben Sie eine gute Reise gehabt?" Richard sat down and looked about him. His heart pounded. He looked again. Pauline was not there.

Lili, a blonde girl whom he had never liked, told him all about it. "Pauline had gone to Berlin. Yesterday, she married the Herr En-

gineer-Industrialist Kurt von Salkind."

"Did she? Is that really true? How very interesting," Richard managed to reply. He drank his whisky as quickly as decency would permit—and left the establishment.

Richard came back to his flat in Strömgasse, locked himself in his room, put his forehead on his flats, and, for the first time for twenty years, wept.

Fool! Fool! He had lost her. He had lost all his hope of brightness in life and happiness. All because he was going to be an ambassador some day and had to have a proper ambassador's wife. Curse his career! Bury his career! Soak his career in benzine and burn it! On account of his precious, ridiculous career, he had lost Pauline, who was life to him. Lost her to a German who would doubtless desert her at the first opportunity. Fool! Fool!

HE poured salt in his own wound. He thought of Pauline and her charming ways.



THIS CHARMING Paramount player relaxes in an attractive play suit of white uncrushable linen patterned with orange and green flowers. Note the new halter neckline.

How she was totally unable to pronounce correctly the name Eustace. How, with the tip of her tongue, she licked the whipped cream from a cherry in an elaborate confection they consumed at Dehmel's. How sensible she was, and how kind. How she had kissed him in the woods at Cobenzl . . . Fool! Fool!

Early the next morning, Richard took the most sensational step of his life. He walked into Sir Andrew Gripstead's room and informed him of his determination to resign from His Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

With precision, concealing nothing, Richard told him the whole story.

"My dear old boy," Sir Andrew said, his hand on Richard's shoulder. "How perfectly shocking. Shall I tell you something? Between ourselves. My wife was a chorus girl."

At this precise moment four hundred miles away in Berlin, Pauline, in fur-bordered little negligee, wearing square-toed golden mules, turned to Kurt Von Salkind and spoke as follows:

"Darling, we have played enough. Thank you for having been so good to my family. I want now that we lead a serious life. I must tell you because we should always be truthful, that I married you because I had been flitted by a silly English boy. He was stupid and narrow in some ways, but he had a much better character than you, Kurt, and I was very fond of him. I told him a little lie about my brother so that he could find it easy to flit me. I was too fond of him, a little; but I knew that it would be hopeless for us to marry, we could never be happy for long together. With you I can be happy, I know. But now let us stop all this gambling and champagne and foolery and live good lives."

AFTER his resignation had been accepted Richard spent a few months in America, and then took up residence in London. His name, his connections were valuable to a new firm which had just been organised to manufacture American aeroplane motors, under licence, on the Continent. In two years he was offered a directorship. He was getting rich; he was powerful in his own sphere; before him was a magnificent career.

On the boat at Southampton the news boys were selling the last English newspapers he would see for five days. He bought a "Times." He always read the foreign news carefully, both because it reminded him pleasantly of his former life, and because developments on the Continent were strictly part of his present business. He saw a heading on the main news page which caught his attention, and he went through it carefully. He let the paper down, then folded it carefully, sighing. He stood at the rail, a curious emotion of irony, sadness, humor in his mind. The story was from Berlin, and read as follows:

Herr Hitler, immediately on coming to power, has taken a step which his followers had long foretold. He has ordered a thorough house-cleaning of the German diplomatic service. A good many ambassadors and ministers of the old regime have been dismissed. Among them are the German ambassadors in Lisbon, Rome, Tokio, and Washington.

Herr Hitler is filling these posts both with party members and non-political appointees.

The new ambassador to Rome, it is understood, will be the well-known Rhineland industrialist, Herr Kurt von Salkind . . .

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WHATEVER the cause, the feeling lasted. After he had unpacked he strolled down to the stable where Sue was measuring out oats and a slender boy was rubbing down a sweat-streaked horse.

"This is my brother," she said. "Charles, here's Mr. Gregory."

The boy nodded, holding up a wet hand. "Sorry. How are you?" Then he went on with his work while Martin watched him. He looked like his sister, but his face was more delicate, his mouth and chin less determined than hers, and his dark brows were drawn down in a nervous frown.

A tense lad, Martin thought that evening as they sat talking before the fire and Charles told him about the hunter trials at the club with Accolade winning the three-mile race and his plans to enter him for the Windham Cup next month.

Martin slid into the life quickly, and in a week he felt as if he had lived there for years. He worked on his novel in the mornings and in the afternoons he rode or helped Sue in the stable.

She protested at first, but soon she accepted his presence there shyly and gracefully, as she did everything. And to Martin there was a fascination in working with her, grooming horses, cleaning harness and putting down straw, talking sometimes, sometimes working in silence, but always in a oneness that was more romantic than any relationship he had ever known with a girl.

The night Heartbreak foaled he woke with a sense of something

THOROUGHbred

happening, to see a light in the stable; he dressed and went down. Sue was at the telephone. "It's Heartbreak," she said.

"Why didn't you wake me?" "I hated to, and Charles is dead tired after schooling the colt all day. I've sent for the vet."

Martin thought that he would always remember that night: the shadowy stable, and the old veterinary surgeon kneeling beside the mare. There was a magic in those hours with Sue and in their silent work together. They hardly spoke. They only exchanged smiles, and as time went on their smiles became anxious. Then came the moment when they looked down at the tiniest foal Martin had ever seen, a perfect little creature of palest gold, and Heartbreak turned a mild, astonished and yet proud eye on them as she licked the foal—and suddenly Sue was sobbing against his shoulder.

He did not speak. He only put his arms round her and held her closely. "It's silly of me," she murmured, trying to laugh. "But—oh, I don't know. It's so—so little."

He gave her his handkerchief. "If you hadn't cried, I might have," he said. "You're right—it's so very little."

She looked up at him. Her eyes were wide and grave, then they changed and met his with a new look—a look that set his heart pounding.

They stood gazing at each other, forgetting the mare and the foal and the stable, completely alone. And then the surgeon was beside them and they were back in the world again. But it was a lovely world, he thought, as they went silently back to the cottage in the faint grey light, a world of shy, wild, satiny creatures, of beautiful little things like that foal. It was her world, but he knew without question that it was his, too, whatever happened.

The enchanted days slipped by like the golden days in a medieval legend and Martin was too happy loving Sue and being with her to disturb their flow.

He loved her and he could not stay longer without telling her so. But what would happen when he did? The night in the stable he had thought she loved him; and at other times he could not tell. So, half-afraid to risk his new happiness he let the weeks go by.

THEY had stopped at the Hunt Club on the way home from a ride to watch Charles take Accolade over the outside course. The Windham Cup race was two days away, and Charles had worked with the colt ceaselessly.

They were sitting on their horses, so intent on watching the pair circle the field that neither of them heard

Continued from
Page 16

a man ride up beside them until he spoke.

"Hello, Sue." "Why, Tom! When did you get back? This is Mr. Gregory. Mr. Carver, Martin."

The newcomer nodded briefly. He was a small man, too small for the enormous hunter he was riding, but there was something compelling in his lean brown face and in his narrowed grey eyes.

He spoke rapidly. "You're looking grand, Sue. How do you like Rory? I brought him over from Ireland. Big enough, isn't he? Who's Charles on—your four-year-old? He's rushing him."

"No," said Sue. "You have to leave the colt alone. All you can do is steady him. We learned that at the hunter trials. We won the Hammond Plate, Tom."

"Good," said Carver. His eyes followed Accolade as he took the fences one by one, smoothly as a swallow. Charles brought him over the last, slowed and trotted towards them. He greeted Carver and they sat talking for a moment; then Sue said: "We must go—the colt's too hot to stand."

"You ought to let me ride him in the Windham Cup," Carver said.

Charles laughed. "Thanks, old man, but I'm counting on doing that myself. I've schooled him for weeks. No one else has been on him except Martin once or twice."

Carver looked at Martin for the first time. "We haven't met before, have we? Do you live here?"

"Mr. Gregory is staying with us," Sue said.

"Oh! Well, Sue, if you're going to be at home this evening, I might drop in and tell you about Ireland."

"Do, but come early. We're all stable-hands, you know, and we go to bed at sundown."

Carver laughed briefly, raised a hand, spurred the big horse and cantered off across the field. Charles looked after him.

"He's a splendid rider." Martin asked what else he did. "Nothing," said the boy. "Drops over to Ireland for some hunting, then back here, then up to London a bit, and perhaps some shooting in Scotland."

No, Martin thought, I don't like him. Yet he was attractive in a hard, taut way as he sat that evening talking about stud farms and the Irish hunting country. He had a



Red, white, and blue combine to create this ensemble chosen by Elissa Landi for sports wear. The white crepe skirt is topped with a cedar-blue and cherry-red plaid blouse.

restless driving energy that made Martin feel slow and heavy. Perhaps that was because Carver ignored his presence and talked entirely to Sue and Charles. Sue turned to Martin often, including him in the conversation, but soon he went up to bed. He was almost asleep when voices under his window roused him. Charles was speaking:

"It's nice of you, Tom, but I wouldn't miss riding him for anything in the world."

"Think it over. I'd give him a good ride. What are the conditions of the Windham Cup, by the way?"

"Three and a half miles over natural hunting country."

"I'm," said Carver. "Amateurs to ride?"

"Yes," said Charles. "Well, good-night, Tom. See you over there on Saturday."

Please turn to Page 46

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Germs get into the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary system, and because of the intense irritation produced are the true and underlying cause of much pain, rundown health, and distressing symptoms, such as: Gravel, Nightingale, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Appetite and Vitality, and Burning, Smarting, Itching passages.

Germs develop in the body during Colds or because of Bad Teeth or Tonsils or from diseases and fevers such as Typhoid and other bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they do not kill the germs that are the cause of your trouble.

Kill Germs Doctor's Way

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have supplies of a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex that is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in three ways to remove the cause of your trouble and thus restore vigorous health: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder Disorders. 2. It soothes and heals inflamed membranes and stops pain. 3. It helps Kidneys act naturally to remove excess Uric Acid and other Poisons from the blood.

DON'T BE OLD AT 30 or 40! You Should Be Alive Full of Pep—Even at 60!

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Cystex is scientifically prepared in accordance with the purity standards of the British and U.S.A. Pharmacopoeia to act as a urinary antiseptic or germ destroyer and as a gentle stimulating diuretic to the Kidneys. For this reason there is no long waiting for results. More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex with the greatest of success and are high in their praises of this wonderful two-way treatment. For instance, Mrs. L. H. recently wrote: "I had been sick for seven years. Terrible pains in my back night and day. I had to get up six times every night and then I would have to force and force to urinate. I was so bad three weeks ago that I just couldn't stand the pain and burning any longer. My husband got Cystex for me. I got relief from the first two doses. The pain is all gone now and I have no irritation and sleep sound all night. Now I enjoy life again and can sit in a cinema with no worry of getting up and going home before the show is over."

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You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

What Women Are Doing

Visitor from U.S.A.

RECENTLY visiting her sister in Melbourne, a prominent worker for the Y.W.C.A., was Dr. Emma Carr, of the United States, head of the chemical department of Mount Holyoke, an important women's college in Hadley, Massachusetts.

She has just been awarded the Francis Garvin gold medal given by the American Chemical Society to the woman who had accomplished the most distinguished piece of work in chemistry in the United States.

Dr. Carr is the first woman to receive this medal. She represented her State on the Council of the American Chemical Society when she was the only woman councillor.

Studied Acting With British Drama League

ADYED-IN-THE-WOOL Theoplain is Miss Bonetta Smith, who returned to Melbourne only this year after a period of study with the British Drama League, one of the amateur acting societies in England.

Miss Smith says this school is one of the best bases for future dramatic work, as it puts such emphasis on expressive movement of the hands and features.

Since her return from abroad she has been teaching drama in various Melbourne colleges, and she is appearing in "Illusions," one of the four provocative plays to be produced by Terence Crip at St. Chad's, South Yarra, for a short season commencing on December 4.

To Make Her Home in Melbourne

RETURNING very soon to Melbourne after an absence of many years is Mrs. Helen Pelham Webb, who will make her home to be near her son when he becomes an undergrad at Melbourne University.

During a number of years of very interesting work, Mrs. Webb has shown her ability to be Jill of many trades and master of most of them. A daughter of the late Dr. Lick, well-known Presbyterian minister, she has been successfully trained nurse, music teacher, and journalist.

Since she retired from active journalism a few years ago, Mrs. Webb has filled her spare time with short-story writing, and has also done broadcasting work.

Marie Ormston to Give Recital This Week

DURING the past two months Marie Ormston, Sydney pianist, has certainly qualified for the title of "Busiest Girl in Town."

Normally in a week her time and energies are devoted to her work in the professional department of a well-known music publishing firm, the playing of eight radio sessions on four different stations, taking private engagements, and—Raymond Sawyer, playing the organ at the local Kirk on Sundays; all this besides the inevitable quota of charity work and the constant practice and learning of new pieces which her radio work requires.

For the past two or three months, in addition to her other work, she has been extremely busy preparing and practising for a public recital which she is giving on Thursday of this week in St. James' Hall, Phillip Street.

The associate artists are Walter Kingsley, Reg. Willoughby, and as the second piano and accompanist, Mr. Lindley Evans.

Women's Cricket Carnival

AS the interstate women's cricket carnival to be held in Adelaide from January 10 to 15 will probably be the biggest in the history of Australian women's cricket and is the first to be held in South Australia, women cricketers in that State are working hard to ensure its success.

Each of the six clubs in the S.A.W.C.A. has undertaken to contribute £8 towards the carnival expenses besides selling association badges and helping with other joint money-raising schemes.

The organisation of the carnival, to which teams from each State on the mainland have been invited, is largely in the hands of Mrs. Ray Miller, the association secretary, who has had valuable experience in arranging carnivals in her position as secretary of the lower grades of the S.A. Women's Hockey Association.

Poems Published in London Periodical

MISS BERYL HALINBOURG, the Melbourne verse writer, has been achieving success with her poems overseas. A forthcoming issue of the "Poetry Review," published by the Poetry Society, London, will include a satire from her pen entitled "The Philistine Speaks," and four of her poems recently appeared in "Poetry of To-day," a new quarterly verse periodical also published by this society.

Mr. Douglas Shiden, an enthusiastic champion of Australian poetry, has given Miss Halinbourg's work high praise, specially singling out her bush poems which, he says, transport him back to Australia.

Versatile N.Z. Girl Succeeds in London

"I'm going to London for the Coronation," Miss Beula Hay said last year; "I haven't got my fare yet!—but I'll get it somehow!" And she did, too. Miss Hay was born and educated in Christchurch, where she made her debut, as it were, into journalism.

But she wanted to travel around New Zealand a bit, as she went north to Auckland, taking up advertising; and then later to Wellington. She crossed to Sydney in 1934, and the time of her arrival coincided with the jubilee celebrations of one of the largest emporiums, where her dramatised pantomime version of "Humpty-Dumpty" created interest.

After a spell on the air from Station 2FC, she joined the publicity staff of a film production company, and later indulged her love of flying, doing publicity work for a commercial aviation firm. Now, news has just come from London that Miss Hay is combining newspaper work with publicity-writing for Walton-on-Thames Studios, as well as "extra" roles.

She is planning to spend Christmas in Germany, so has started to learn German, expecting to have a working knowledge of it by then—and she will, too!

Ladies of the Grail Show Genius for Decoration

NOT very much more than a year ago, five Ladies of the Grail, with Dr. L. van Kersbergen as leader, arrived in Australia from Europe to establish themselves in an attractive home in a suburb of Sydney. Now, with its vividly-executed scheme of interior decorations, that architects from States even outside New South Wales are seeking permission to be shown over the house.

The Ladies of the Grail themselves designed the color-schemes and some of the furniture in the glorious colors beloved of people from Holland, which are so vivid that few Australians would think of trying to blend them.

In the latter part of October, two additional Ladies of the Grail arrived in Australia to join the little band that arrived last year.

Has Published First Poems

IN publishing a small book of verse entitled "Gum Blossoms," Miss Nita O. Thompson, of Malvern, South Australia, has a generously proposed that half the proceeds from the sale of the book should be given to the Returned Soldiers' League in South Australia.

Miss Thompson feels that as many of the poems commemorate events of the Great War, ex-soldiers will be most keenly interested in the book, and will be glad of the opportunity to help the less fortunate Diggers.

Although this is the first book of verse Miss Thompson has written, she already has two period novels to her credit. One, "The Crimson Falcon," was published in 1931, and the second is now in the hands of the publisher in England.

Topped the List at London University

SISTER GWEN BURBRIDGE, of Melbourne, who went to England about two years ago to study for her diploma of nursing at the University of London, has done remarkably well in her course, and is a very keen student.

At the recent examinations she topped the list as sister tutor. Sister Burbridge trained at Melbourne Hospital and then went to the Alfred as sister tutor before journeying to London.

During her studies she has done a housekeeping course at Great Ormond Street, and was also on the staff of St. Thomas' Hospital for a time.

She has now taken a position for six months as relieving administrative sister at St. James', Batham, one of the large London County Council hospitals, while writing a thesis and continuing her studies.

She hopes to complete her course next year.

Working for Eye and Ear Hospital

THE lower hall at the Melbourne Town Hall has been a hive of activity in preparation for the fair opened this Tuesday by combined auxiliaries of the Victorian Eye and Ear Hospital.

This is the first combined effort the auxiliaries have held for several years.

Mrs. H. P. Zwar, who has been president of the Central Council for over seven years, is president of the fair committee. In all there are 17 auxiliaries, eight situated in the hills.

Each auxiliary has its own proportion of the hospital to look after in the way of supplying equipment and necessities for the patients, and at Christmas they all give a certain amount from their own funds to the matron to distribute where she thinks fit; the sum usually amounts to between £50 and £60.

Bringing Christmas Cheer to Patients

THIS time of the year auxiliaries throughout Australia are working overtime to help provide Christmas treats for various institutions.

From the President of the Occupational Auxiliary of the New Mental Hospital (Mrs. A. F. C. Larcher), an appeal is being made for donations for extra cheer for the 1500 inmates of that institution.

The appeal is being made to all parts of Victoria for patients come from scattered districts, particularly the youngsters in the children's cottages.

Mrs. Larcher.

—Brentford

Has Invented New Craft For Her Art

IN an exhibition of her art work which Miss F. M. Peacock has been showing at her studio in Pirie Street, Adelaide, is a craft that Miss Peacock has invented and developed herself. She has moulded and colored designs from a form of paste to adorn various things.

Besides producing enough work in the form of china painting, pottery, and enamelling for a large exhibition, Miss Peacock has had a busy year doing designing to order, and she has arranged badges for numerous clubs, and also executed badges to given designs.

New Headmistress Has Distinguished Record

DETAILS of a brilliant scholastic and teaching career in England precede Miss G. M. Millington, who will arrive in Adelaide by the Stratheden to take up the position of headmistress of Woodlands, Glenelg.

She is an M.A. of Newnham College, Cambridge, has taken an active part in school games and plays, has travelled extensively on the Continent, and is president of the North-West Lancashire and Westmorland branch of the Association of Assistant Mistresses, and is on its national executive.

Miss Millington, who has also acted as commandant in large church camps for Tyneside girls, will be accompanied to Adelaide by her mother and sister, who are planning to make their home here.

Missionary On Furlough From Central Africa

AFTER doing deputation work in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, Miss Avis Richardson, of the Church Missionary Society, has returned to Perth, where she will spend the remainder of her furlough from the Central African mission fields. Miss Richardson, whose home is in Perth, has been teaching at the Missionary Society's boarding school for girls at Mvumi, Tanganyika, for the past four and a half years, and is on her first furlough.

She trained at the Melbourne Teachers' College and St. Hilda's Mission and Deaconess' Training Home, Melbourne, before joining the staff of the mission school, where she teaches baby welfare, personal and household hygiene, natural history, and other subjects to 120 girls of the Wagogo tribe. Miss Richardson will return to Africa next March.

Helping to Finance Social Service Training

TWO busy Melbourne girls are Miss Jessie Brookes and Miss Audrey Fink, who are the only women members on the recently-formed financial sub-committee of the Board of Social Studies in Victoria.

The work of training social service workers, which has been carried on by the Board since 1934, is in danger of being dropped unless Miss Audrey Fink together with other donors to lack of funds.

The financial sub-committee was formed with the idea of raising the necessary money to carry on, and the two girls are approaching private people with the idea of getting them to guarantee certain sums for several years.

Miss Brookes, who is a Bachelor of Arts, and Miss Fink both have their Diplomas of Social Work.

Miss Fink is herself an almoner, and Miss Brookes is to go abroad early next year to further her studies in England and America. Family welfare is to be her main interest, and when she returns she hopes to use her knowledge in connection with a clinic where all the people in a crowded district may come for advice.



Miss Thompson



Miss Beula Hay

—Paramount



Miss Bonetta Smith

—Brothers



Marie Ormston

—Raymond Sawyer



Mrs. H. P. Zwar

—Brentford



JOAN IS SO CONSTIPATED AND NOTHING I HAVE TRIED SEEMS TO SUIT HER. NURSE. WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?"

"I know, Mrs. Willis. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later. I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'. There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit."

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Willis.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realize that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

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M

MARTIN listened until the sound of Carver's car died away down the road. The man was in love with Sue—that was obvious. His narrow smiling eyes had never left her face all the evening. He loved her, and he was insistent about riding Accolade because he hoped that by racing her horse, and winning, he might come closer to what he wanted.

But what did Sue want? Not Carver, surely. He was rich, of course, rich and forceful, and hard as flint. Yet she might be fascinated by him, for he was just the kind of man who often appealed to sensitive women. And he was a brilliant rider. Carver did things while he, Martin, only dreamed them. What a fool he had been, letting the days slip by and losing the only girl he had ever really loved!

But two days later, as he drove with her to the race meeting through a cold rain, he was not thinking of Carver. They were both intent on the race. Charles had left very early that morning in the van with the colt, cautioning them to be on time. The Windham Cup race was scheduled for two o'clock, but they had been delayed by duties at the stable and by the rain, and it was after half-past one when they parked the car and made their way to the paddock. Accolade was there, bridled and blanketed, in charge of a strange groom who explained that Mr. Randall had been called into the clubhouse.

Sue called out, "I wonder what that means?"

THOROUGHbred

They had not long to wonder. Charles came towards them, his coat slung over his silks, his face white and drawn with anger. "I never knew anything so rotten in my life!" he said furiously. "That bunch of stuffed shirts—Sue—he took her arm—'Sue, you go in and talk to them!'"

"What do you mean? Talk to whom?"

"The committee. They won't let me ride. They say I'm a professional—that I make my living out of a stable. Oh, this is a nice mess!" The boy was almost sobbing with rage. "Why didn't they let me know before? What are we going to do now?"

"Wait," Sue spoke rapidly. Martin turned and saw a small wiry figure coming towards them—Tom Carver. And he knew, without asking, that Charles' ineligibility was Carver's doing. He had gone to the committee.

"Martin," Sue's voice made his pulse quicken. "Martin, will you ride?"

"Why—?" His brain whirled. "I've never ridden a race in my life."

"You've hunted. You can do it. The colt likes you—"

"Sue," Charles was protesting. "There's Tom—"

"No," said Sue clearly. And Martin knew instantly that she knew, or suspected, what Carver had done. He was beside them, his narrow

face smiling. "Tough luck, Charles, old man," he said. "Well, it's a good thing I'm here. How about letting me put on your silks?"

Sue spoke evenly. "Thank you, Tom, but Martin is going to ride. It's all arranged. They're going in to change now."

Carver stared in scornful amazement. Charles opened his mouth to protest, but something in his sister's look silenced him. "Come on," he said, and Martin went with him into the clubhouse.

He put on the green-and-orange silks, struggled into borrowed breeches and boots, and tried to keep his mind on what Charles was saying. "The parade first, past the stands and down to the post. Steady him! He's flighty, starting with other horses. Go wide on the turn at the top of the hill. Look out for an ugly bay, Johnny-Go-By. He's the favorite. It's twice round the course, remember. Here, I'll draw you a map—"

"No," Martin said. "It's too late for that. All I can do is ride the colt and not bother him."

Charles' tense young face relaxed. "You're a sportsman, old chap. That's right, let him do it."

Then he was out in the rain again, weighing in, putting six metal slugs into his pockets, hurrying back to the paddock. He had only a moment with Sue while Charles saddled the colt, and because there were so many things to say, he said only one. "You know I'll do my best."

"I know you will." She gave him a reassuring little smile, just as she had that first day. "You'll be all right."

CHARLES gave him a leg-up, handed him the reins. He looked back at Sue. She was standing very straight, watching him gravely, then she smiled and raised her hand in a quick, gay little gesture.

The colt plunged and he steadied him.

"Quiet, boy. Remember, I'm leaving it to you. This is your race."

And afterwards, when he tried to recall it, he knew that that was true. It wasn't his race; it belonged to Accolade. He only sat motionless, held fast in a grey web that was made of the rain and of his own numbness, while things went by like bits of a dream. Hoofs danced and colors floated to the post, taut bodies of horses and men sprang forward in the start, fell back, surged up once more and this time gathered and rushed onward in a great wave. And, like a dream, he saw only flashes of what followed. There was a moment after the first fence when he looked through a rift in the greyness and saw a big bay horse in the lead and knew that it was the favorite, Johnny-Go-By. Two others were ahead, a little black mare and another that he never really saw. He must be running fourth. Then the curtain of rain enveloped him again and he felt Accolade launch himself at an obstacle, clear it, land safely. There was another flash when the black mare carried off a top rail and ran beside him riderless, the swinging iron lashing her sides. They swept on and on, up a long slope, across a ploughed field, over a wall. A thousand drums sounded in his ears—the rain, or the pounding hoofs, or his heart.

The roar sounded louder in his ears. Something huge loomed on his right and he realized that it was the stands. They had gone once round. As he thundered past, he felt Accolade's great body spring under him. He was riding a horse, a gallant creature that leaped bravely, landed surely, more than himself—a man whose hands were made of fine steel and elastic, whose knees gripped the saddle, whose eyes were no longer blind, but watchful, peering through the rain. He was running second now. Johnny-Go-By was the only one ahead. Along and along, up and over and down, tearing along with the wet clouds flying in his face, out of the field and down the slope. Were there three jumps more, or only two? He leaned forward. "Come on, boy!" He tried to whisper it, but it was a shout, a cry that deafened him and rose to the low grey clouds, and he realised that people were shouting. "Accolade! Come on, Accolade!"

A dark line stretched in front of him and he remembered; it was a hedge with water beyond. Johnny-Go-By, a length ahead, hesitated, changed feet and bucked over, but the colt stood far back and flew it. He gained on the landing; his nose

Continued from
Page 44

crept to the brown horse's flank. Then the other man raised his whip. Accolade saw it and his eye rolled backward. He threw up his head with an angry snort and rushed at the last jump, the one by the stands. They would never get over it at this speed. Martin sat braced for the crash that must come. And then the ground slid smoothly under the colt's feet and they were thundering down to the finish. He thought the colt would never stop, but he could not halt those flying feet. He could only sit, blind and deaf and helpless while they bore him on and on in the roar of the crowd and the rain.

"It was the colt's race," he said.

It was all over; he had gone to the judges' stand with Sue, and stood shivering in his muddy silks while they presented the Windham Cup and everyone clapped and cheered. Charles, speechless with delight, had led the colt off to the stables, and now the next race was being run and he stood with Sue in the deserted paddock. The race was over and it was a tiny thing compared to the rest, all that he wanted to tell her, and that he could tell her now. But seeing her standing there, half-turned away from him, he felt suddenly shy and he could only say again: "It was Accolade's race. I just let him win—"

"Oh! Martin," she said softly. She turned to him and he saw that her face was wet, but not with the rain. There were tears in her eyes. "You might have been killed! It was dreadful of me to make you ride—"

"But it was what I wanted most." He drew a long breath. "No," he said. "Not most of all. There's something else, Sue, and I can ask you now—"

But meeting her deep, glowing look, he did not have to ask her. It was all there in her eyes, everything that he had wanted so long and feared he had lost, and even before she lifted her face to him he knew that it was all his.

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Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendocin, starts to work in 1 minute, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly at night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendocin is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 4 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendocin from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

Real Life Stories

How I Met My Husband

WE once lived in a house with a little look-out tower railed in on the roof.

To get to this we went up a staircase from a room inside the house, through a trap-door in the ceiling, then up a very steep ladder between roof and ceiling, and through another trap-door to the look-out itself.

Another girl and I were up in this special eyrie of ours, away from smaller members of the family, who were forbidden to go up, when we suddenly heard my little brother, aged five, call to us from the ladder beneath our feet.

We told him to wait where he was till we helped him, but before I could open the trap-door we heard him fall. Crash!

I was down that ladder two steps at a time. When I got to the bottom I saw he had fallen on to a flat board resting on two joists, and although crying lustily, was getting up.

I started across the ceiling to help him, stepped on two wooden joists, then forgot the thin plaster ceiling material between.

Bang! Down I went, first one leg and then the other.

Two long stockinged legs hung through the ceiling into the hall below!

What a sight for my father and a visitor from another State he was entertaining.

They rushed from the room where they were quietly smoking and stood ready to catch the owner of "legs," but she was stuck fast in that ceiling as though in the "stocks."

I had to be hauled up gingerly from that most uncomfy position. Excepting bruises and scratches, my little brother and I were not hurt.

But the hall in the house, with its litter of plaster, looked as if a bomb had exploded, and the "visitor" certainly had an unconventional introduction to his future wife!

5/1/- to Mrs. J. Blackwell, 44 Clifton Street, Hawthorn, S.A.

My First Snake

THIS many years ago, but I shall never forget it. It was in Central Queensland before the days of the railway.

I was only eighteen years of age, and I had just come to Australia to marry my sweetheart.

He had a team of bullocks, and used to carry goods from Rockhampton, 170 miles or so, to a little township called Banana.

We were married in Rockhampton, and I began my honeymoon trip on the front of a well-loaded bullock wagon.

That evening, about sundown, we stopped near the bank of a creek.

My husband unyoked the bullocks, and said he was going to put them for the night in a paddock not far away.

Telling me he would not be long, he also asked me to gather a number of sticks to make a fire to "boil the billy."

Sticks were plentiful, and I soon had a fine pile.

Suddenly, I came upon a reptile coiled round in the long grass. I could see its shiny skin, just as if it had just come out of the water.

Delighted with my find, I called out, "Pat, Pat, come here quick. I've found a lovely big eel!"

My husband hurried back, and pushing me aside he soon killed the reptile.

His face was white and drawn, as he said to me: "Darling, it's a good job you didn't touch that. That was no eel—it was a deadly black snake!"

5/- to Mrs. B. Barker, 3 Ferrett Street, Ipswich, Qld.

The Fatalist

ABOUT three years ago I went to spend a holiday on the farm of a friend. His property was partly bounded by a creek bed that was generally dry and passable, but owing to heavy rains prior to my arrival it was then running a four-foot depth of water.

The only means of crossing this creek at such a time was an old and unsteady footbridge. I remarked on

its obvious danger to my host, who was a confirmed fatalist.

He replied: "Old or new bridge, it is all the same when your number is up."

A few days later we decided to visit Currie, the nearest township. I called to him that I would walk on slowly.

As I crossed the bridge I noticed that it seemed even more unsafe than usual, and was inclined to return and warn him.

But I recalled his previous derision of my fears. I thought better of it and crossed to the shelter of some trees which hid the bridge from my sight.

After some time I became impatient at his delay, and returned to find him.

He was drowned in three feet of water under the broken bridge. He had struck his head a terrible blow in the fall.

I often recall his fatalistic words and wonder! You see, I weighed a full stone heavier than he.

5/- to Fred Williams, 26 Albert Rd., South Melbourne.

Comic Relief at Iceberg Disaster

FIFTY years ago, I was travelling with my parents from San Francisco to Victoria, British Columbia, on board the ship, Prince Alfred.

Half way on the journey, our ship struck an iceberg. Everybody became terribly excited and panic-stricken. The ship was filling rapidly and our position appeared hopeless.

The captain gave orders that all passengers assemble on deck. Each was given a lifebelt.

The crew meanwhile were working hard pumping out the rushing water, trying to keep the ship afloat until help came.

It seemed years waiting for another vessel to come to our aid. During the awful time of waiting the passengers prayed and sang, "Nearer My God to Thee."

Then, to our astonishment, up the hatchway stampeded a herd of pigs. In a moment we quite forgot our perilous plight watching the pigs, as they were amusing to see, regardless of our dangerous situation.

At last help came, and we were transferred to another ship.

We continued our journey happily, none the worse for our exciting experience. It had been a most anxious time, but we arrived safe and sound at our destination.

The Prince Alfred was repaired at Victoria, British Columbia.

It was well we did not return on her to San Francisco for she went down with 100 miners on board, and only one man was saved.

If my parents had not been detained, I should not have been here to tell this true story of pigs, which took our minds off calamity.

5/- to Mrs. M. Baillie, Florenceville, 16 Chestnut Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Stopping the Train

WHO has ever had the thrill of stopping a train by smashing the glass of the alarm signal?

I was travelling to Sydney one night by train, and was just dozing off when a woman schoolteacher who was lying on the seat which I also was occupying started to kick me.

I said: "Cut out the kicking there," jokingly. But still she continued to kick very hard. Then I heard her moan, and oh! I realised she was in a fit.

I hardly knew what to do, and the other woman in the carriage was more scared than I.

Eventually the woman in the fit became very still.

I became terrified, as I really thought she was lifeless.

Suddenly I thought of the alarm, and, forgetting that I had shoes on, smashed the glass with my flat. I pressed the button.

Oh, how I pressed it! And still the train roared on in the black night.

We were frantic. But I pressed, and pressed.

Finally, after what seemed a terribly long time, the train began to ease down.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

At length it stopped. I opened the door and jumped out into wet clay, falling heavily, but the thoughts of the poor woman spurred me on.

I raced along the line to the engine-driver and told him my story. They told me to go back, as the guard would be at the carriage, and when I did get back I was lifted into the carriage, where two guards were already trying to revive the woman.

After a while they succeeded in reviving her, but poor me had my name and address taken for breaking the glass.

5/- to Mrs. J. J. Cromarty, Nelson's Plains, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

A Daring Ruse

THIS happened to a friend of mine when she was alone one night in her home. She did not lock the door before going to bed.

She was expecting her son home late. She was not in bed long, however, when she heard the back door-handle turn.

She said, "Is that you, John?" but there came no answer.

Jumping out of bed, she stood at her door, and, looking down the passage, saw the figure of a man framed in the doorway.

With great presence of mind she raised her finger and pointed it at the man. "One more step and I shoot," she said.

The man, mistaking her finger for a revolver, said: "All right, lady, I only wanted something to eat."

Without another word the man leaped down the steps and disappeared into the night.

My friend waited till her son came home and told him of her adventure.

Next day they went to the police station and found that the man who had entered her house the night before was an escaped convict.

5/- to K. Shum, 19 Herries Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

The Watchdog

WHEN I was a little girl my parents were caretakers of a working man's club in London.

Of course, in the club room were many valuable cups and trophies. One day my mother, after finishing her work of cleaning up the main club-room, was walking through a dim passage to our quarters when she was attacked by a man.

Being of a fearless nature, but knowing she would be overcome eventually, she sang out to me to let the dog off the chain.

I naturally ran in the direction of her voice, knowing we did not even have a dog.

Imagine my horror when I saw the man give mother one final blow and rush out of the place.

Mother said it was not my arrival that scared him, but the fact that he thought the pitter-patter of my feet, and the whirlwind way in which I rushed in, must have been the dog released from the chain.

Mother said that in the dim light of the passage, being only small and dressed in a brown dress, I did look like a huge dog.

I will always remember my mother and I clung together, watching the man run the whole length of our street, pursued by that imaginary dog.

5/- to Mrs. E. Sweetman, Nambour, N.C. Line, Qld.



This Summer Keep him...

12° COOLER!

TESTS prove that the HAWLEY TROPPER is 12 degrees cooler than any other hat. With a Tropper, cool air constantly circulates between the head band and your head. You feel better because the HAWLEY TROPPER is featherlight... because it shades the eyes—protects the neck. You look better because the genuine Hawley Tropper is the one hat which suits every type and suits every head. INSULATED to keep out the sun... WATERPROOFED to resist rain. Prices 2/6d to 15/- at all leading stores.

INSIST ON A GENUINE HAWLEY TROPPER

There is only one size Hawley Tropper for men, one for women, and one for children. Hawley Troppers fit all heads perfectly, because the head band is adjustable to any size or shape.

Hawley TROPPER hat

There is only one genuine HAWLEY TROPPER—refuse all substitutes.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Mrs. Diana Mansfield, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of glycerine, 4 ounces of Glycerine and a small box of Olex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as indigestion, acidity, heartburn, dyspepsia, wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer, likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN SODA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.



You can't drug your way back to health

Are you wondering why that constipated feeling is getting harder to shake off? Are you being forced to take harsh medicines nearly every morning. It's time you knew the REAL TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION. Hundreds of thousands of people are being misled about "cures" for constipation. Actually there is a very real danger in the constant use of purgatives. If you have been taking them regularly the muscular action of your alimentary tract is, in all probability, seriously weakened. Only the heaviest dosing is giving you relief. If you are to avoid serious results the intestinal muscles must be restored to natural action by the gentlest exercise. There is only one way to do this. Get "bulk" into your diet, immediately. It is the lack of "bulk" in modern over-refined foods that is the very root of the evil.

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk"

This natural health food forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently sponges the system. This is an entirely different action to the vicious scouring that is the result of constantly taking purging medicines. As Kellogg's All-Bran passes through your system it gently exercises and gradually restores strength to the intestinal muscles that have become tired out.

ALL-BRAN IS A NUT SWEET BREAKFAST CEREAL.

Just sprinkle All-Bran over your favourite breakfast cereal or enjoy it simply with milk and sugar. Two table-spoonsful each morning are sufficient for most people. Within a week you should be normal—if not, you should see your doctor.



Getting Fat and Slack?

ARE YOUR LOOKS FADING AWAY?

Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, biliousness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat, and slackness.

Regain your bright and attractive appearance by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. Tiny, perfectly harmless, gentle yet absolutely effective, these famous laxative and liver pills exercise and strengthen the bowels, keep the food tract clean and active, stir the liver, and thus banish sick headache, bilious attacks, pimples, bad breath, and ungainly fat. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.

HE gave Andrew thumbnail sketches of the council of Maniac's Delight. Sir William Dewar, the doddering but indomitable nonagenarian chairman, he alluded to as Billy Buttons because of Sir William's propensity for leaving certain essential fastenings unlatched. Old Billy Buttons was chairman of almost every scientific committee in England, Hope told Andrew. In addition, he gave those riotously popular wireless talks: Science for the Children.

The days slipped past. While Andrew waited for the meeting of the Board, Christine and he discovered London. They took the steamboat trip to Richmond. They chanced upon a theatre named Old Vic. They came to know the windy flutter of Hampstead Heath, the fascination of a coffee-stall at midnight. They walked in the Row and rowed on the Serpentine. They solved the delusion of Soho. When

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

they no longer had occasion to study the Underground maps before entrusting themselves to the Tube, they began to feel that they were Londoners.

The afternoon of September 18 brought M.F.B. council together, and to Andrew, at last. Sitting beside Gill and Hope, conscious of the latter's foppish glances upon him, Andrew watched the members roll into the long gilt-corniced Boardroom: Whinney, Doctor Lancelot Dodd-Canterbury, Challis, Sir Robert Abbey, Gadsby, and finally Billy Buttons Dewar himself.

Before Dewar's entry Abbey and Challis had spoken to Andrew—Abbey a quiet word, the professor an airy gush of graciousness—congratulating him upon his appointment. And whenever Dewar came in he

veered upon Gill, exclaiming in his peculiar high-pitched voice:

"Where is our new medical officer, Mr. Gill? Where is Doctor Manson?"

ANDREW stood up, confounded at Dewar's appearance, which transcended even Hope's description. Billy was short, bowed and hairy. He wore old clothes, his waistcoat much dropped upon his greenish overcoat bulging with papers, pamphlets, and the memoranda of a dozen different societies. There was no excuse for Billy, for he had much money and daughters, one of them married to a millionaire peer, but he looked now, and he always looked, like a neglected old baboon. "There was a Manson at Queens

with me in eighteen-eighty," he squeaked benevolently by way of greeting.

"This is he, sir," murmured Hope, to whom the temptation was irresistible.

Billy heard him. "How would you know, Doctor Hope?" He squinted urbanely over the steel-rimmed pince-nez on the end of his nose. "You weren't even in swaddling clothes then. Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!"

He flapped away, chuckling, to his place at the head of the table.

Gill, who acted as secretary to the Board, rapidly intoned the minutes of the last meeting, while Billy, giving to this chanting no attention whatsoever, alternately pawed amongst his papers and let his eye twinkle benevolently down the board towards Andrew, whom he still vaguely associated with the Manson of Queens, 1880.

At last Gill finished. Billy immediately wielded the hammer.

"Gentlemen! We are particularly happy to have our new medical officer with us to-day. I remember, as recently as nineteen hundred and four, I emphasised the need of a permanent clinician who should be attached to the Board as a solid adjunct to the pathologists whom we occasionally flinch, gentlemen—hee! hee!—whom we occasionally flinch from the Backhouse Research. And I say this with all respect to our young friend Hope on whose charity—Hee! Hee!—on whose charity we have been so largely dependent. Now I well remember as recently as eighteen-eighty-nine . . ."

Sir Robert Abbey interposed:

"I'm sure, sir, the other members of the Board wish to join you wholeheartedly in congratulating Doctor Manson on his silicone paper. If I may say so, I felt this to be a particularly patient and original piece of clinical research, and one which, as the Board well knows, may have the most far-reaching effects upon our industrial legislation."

"Hear, hear," boomed Challis, supporting his protégé.

"That is what I was about to say, Robert," said Billy peevishly. To him Abbey was still a young man, a student almost, whose interruptions demanded mild reproof. "When we decided at our last meeting that this investigation must be pursued Doctor Manson's name immediately suggested itself to me. He has opened up this question, and he must be given every opportunity to pursue it. We wish him, gentlemen," this being for Andrew's benefit he twinkled at him bushily along the table, "to visit all the anthracite mines in the country, and possibly later we may extend this to all the coal mines. Also we wish him to have every opportunity for clinical examination of the miners in the industry. We will afford him every facility—including the skilled bacteriological services of our young friend, Doctor Hope. In short, gentlemen, there is nothing we will not do to ensure that our new medical officer presses this all-important matter of dust inhalation to its ultimate scientific and administrative conclusion."

ANDREW drew one quick and furtive breath. It was splendid, splendid—better than he had ever hoped. They were going to give him a free hand, back him up with their immense authority, turn him loose on clinical research. They were angels, all of them, and Billy was Gabriel himself.

"But, gentlemen," Billy suddenly piped, shuffling himself a new deal from his coat pockets. "Before Doctor Manson goes on with this problem, before we can feel ourselves at liberty to allow him to concentrate his efforts upon it, there is another and more pressing matter which I feel he ought to take up."

A pause. Andrew felt his heart contract and began slowly to sing as Billy continued:

"Doctor Bigsby, of the Board of Trade, has been pointing out to me the alarming discrepancy in the specifications of industrial first-aid equipments. There is, of course, a definition under the existing act, but it is elastic and unsatisfactory. There are no precise standards, for example, as to the size and weave of bandages, the length, material and type of splints. Now, gentlemen, this is an important matter, and one which directly concerns this Board. I feel very strongly that our medical officer should conduct a thorough investigation and submit a report upon it before he begins upon the problem of inhalation."

Silence. Andrew glanced desperately round the table. Dodd-Canterbury, with his legs outstretched, had his eyes on the ceiling. Gadsby was drawing diagrams upon his blotter. Whinney frowning. Challis inflating his chest for speech. But it was Abbey who said:

"SURELY, Sir William, this is matter either for the Board of Trade or the Mines Department."

"We are at the disposal of each of these bodies," squeaked Billy. "We are—hee! hee!—the orphan child of both."

"Yes, I know. But after all, this—this bandage question is comparatively trivial and Doctor Manson . . ."

"I assure you, Robert, it is far from trivial. There will be a question in the House presently. I had that from Lord Ungar only yesterday."

"Ah!" Gadsby said, lifting his ears. "If Ungar is keen we have no choice." Gadsby could toady with deceptive brusqueness, and Ungar was a man he wished particularly to please.

Andrew felt driven to intervene. "Excuse me, Sir William," he stammered. "I—I understood I was going to do clinical work here. For a month I have been kicking about in my office and now if I'm to . . ."

He broke off, looking round at them. It was Abbey who helped him.

"Doctor Manson's point is very just. For four years he's been working patiently at his own subject, and now, having offered him every facility to expand it, we propose sending him out to count bandages."

"If Doctor Manson has been patient for four years, Robert," Billy squeaked. "He can be patient a little longer. Hee! Hee!"

"True, true," boomed Challis. "He'll be free for silicone eventually."

Please turn to Page 49

WONDER HOW SHE ALWAYS KEEPS THAT COOL, FRESH LOOK!

THAT'S THE JOY OF BEING A "CHANGE-DAILY" GIRL!...

How pleasant to know that people like to be near you . . . that they're charmed by your daintiness . . . almost *refrained* by your radiant presence! Change Daily Girls are more successful in their jobs, more popular at parties, too! And what could be less trouble than Luxing undies every night, as you take them off?

...So easy to LUX undies... it takes ONLY 4 MINUTES!

4 minutes at bedtime to make sure of a whole day's immaculate daintiness— isn't that worth while? Toss your undies and stockings into lukewarm Lux suds, squeeze them through gently and rinse well. Ironing isn't necessary with modern undies! The important thing is to have them clean and fresh and sweet to put on every morning . . . to Lux away every trace of staleness overnight and save perspiration acids from fading the colours and rotting the delicate fabric. It must be pure gentle Lux—which contains no soda—for your undies and stockings. Avoid harmful cake soap rubbing.



A LEVER PRODUCT

LUX YOUR GIRL AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK

There's no excuse for wearing the same girle week after week without Luxing. Lux removes perspiration . . . restores sleek, firm fit. Leading Corset manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

G.394.10

The enjoyment of Life depends upon Fitness

BOVRIL

GIVES STRENGTH and VITALITY

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 48

WHINNEY cleared his throat. "Now," Hope muttered to Andrew, "the Nag is about to neigh."

Gadaby looked at his watch. "I have an appointment in Harley Street in exactly thirty-five minutes."

Whinney turned angrily to Gadaby. Co-professor Chailis supported him with a gusty:

"Intolerable impertinence."

Turnout seemed about to break.

But Billy's urbane yellow face peered from behind his whiskers at the meeting. He was not disturbed.

"I must tell you, gentlemen, I have already as good as promised Lord Ungar and Doctor Bigsby that we shall assist them in their difficulty. Six months ought to suffice. Doctor Manson. Perhaps a little longer. It will not be uninteresting. It will bring you into contact with people and things, young man. You remember Lavender's remark concerning the drop of water? Hee! Hee! And now, touching Doctor Hope's pathological examination of the specimen from Wendover Colliery in July last . . .

At four o'clock, when it was all over, Andrew threshed the matter out with Gill and Hope in Gill's room. The effect of this Board, and perhaps of his increasing years, was to implant in him the beginnings of restraint. He neither raved nor furiously split his infinitives, but contented himself merely with stabbing a neat pattern with a government pen upon a government desk.

HE went home to Christine. And the following Monday, since she resolutely refused to miss the gay adventure, they bought a second-hand Morris for sixty pounds and started out together upon the Great First Aid Investigation. It is to be admitted they were happy as the car sped up the highway to the North, and Andrew, having given a similar impersonation of Billy Buttons steering the car with his feet, remarked: "Anyway! Never mind what Lavender said to the drop of water in eighteen-thirty-two. We're together, Christ!"

The work was imbecile. It consisted in the inspection of the first aid materials kept at different collieries throughout the country; splints, bandages, cotton wool, antiseptics, tourniquets, and the rest. At the good collieries the equipment was good; and at poor collieries the equipment was poor. Underground inspection was no novelty to Andrew. He made hundreds of underground inspections, crawling miles along haulage ways to the coal face to view a box of bandages carefully planted there half an hour beforehand.

And then, in March, they returned to London, resold the car for only ten pounds less than they had paid for it and Andrew set about writing his report. He had made up his mind to give the Board value for its money, to offer them statistics by the tubful, pages of tables, charts and divisional graphs showing how the bandage curve rose as the splint curve fell. He was determined, he told Christine, to show them how well he had done the work and how excellently they had all wasted their time.

At the end of the month, when he had rushed a rough draft through to Gill, he was surprised to receive a summons from Doctor Bigsby of the Board of Trade.

"He's delighted with your report," Gill fluttered, as he escorted Andrew along Whitehall. "I shouldn't have let the cat out. But there it is. It's a lucky start for you, my dear fellow. You've no idea how important Bigsby is. He's got the whole factory administration in his pocket!"

It took them some time to reach Doctor Bigsby. They had to sit with their hats in two ante-rooms before gaining admission to the final chamber. But there was Doctor Bigsby, at last, thick-set and cordial, with a dark grey suit and darker grey spats, double-breasted waistcoat and a bustling efficiency.

"Sit down, gentlemen. This report of yours, Manson. I've seen the draft, and though it's early to speak I must say I like the look of it. Highly scientific. Excellent graphing. That's what we want in this department. Now as we're out to standardise equipment in factories and mines you ought to know my views. First of all I see you recommend a three inch bandage as the major bandage of the specification. Now, I prefer the two and a half inch. You'll agree there, won't you?"

Andrew was irritated: it may have been the spats.

"Personally, so far as the mines are concerned, I think the bigger the bandage the better. But I don't think it makes a lot of difference!"

"Ruh—what?" Reddening behind the ears. "No difference?"

"Not a bit."

"But don't you see—don't you realise, the whole principle of standardisation is involved. If we suggest two and a half inch, and you recommend three inch there may be enormous difficulty."

"Then I'll recommend three inch."

Andrew said coolly: "Doctor Bigsby's hackles rose; it was possible to see them rising."

"Your attitude is difficult to understand. We've been working for years towards the two and a half inch bandage. Why—Don't you know how much this matters . . ."

"Yes, I know!" Andrew equally lost his temper. "Have you ever been underground? I have. I've done an operation, lying on my stomach in a puddle of water, with one safety lamp and no headroom. And I tell you straight away finicky half-inch difference in your bandage doesn't matter a tinker's curse."

HE passed out of the building more swiftly than he had entered, followed by Gill, who wrung his hands, and lamented the fracas, all the way to the Embankment.

Towards the end of May, he was walking up Oakley Street above five in the evening when he suddenly saw a crowd of people gathered round a man lying on the pavement. In the gutter alongside was a shattered bicycle, and, almost on top of it, a drunkenly-arrested motor lorry.

Five seconds later Andrew was in the middle of the crowd, observing the injured man who, attended by a kneeling policeman, was bleeding from a deep wound in the groin.

"Here! Let me through. I'm a doctor."

The policeman, striving unsuccessfully

fully to fix a tourniquet, turned, a flustered face.

"I can't stop the bleeding, doctor. It's too high up."

Andrew saw that it was impossible to tourniquet. The wound was too high up in the iliac vessel and the man was bleeding to death.

"Get up," he said to the policeman. "Put him flat on his back." Five minutes later the ambulance arrived. Andrew went with it.

Next morning Andrew rang up the hospital. The house surgeon answered brusquely after the fashion of his kind:

"Yes, yes, he's comfortable. Doing well. Who wants to know?"

"Oh," mumbled Andrew from the public phone box. "Nobody."

And that, he thought bitterly, was

exactly what he was; nobody, doing nothing, getting nowhere. He endured it till the end of the week then quietly, without fuss, he handed in his resignation to Gill for transmission to the Board.

Gill was upset, yet admitted that a premonition of this sad event had troubled him. He made a neat little speech which concluded:

"After all, my dear fellow, I have realised that your place is—well, if I may borrow a wartime comparison—not at the base, but—in the front line with the—er—troops."

Hope said:

"Don't listen to the rose-cultivating penguin fancier! You're lucky. And I'll be after you if I keep my reason—as soon as my three years are up!"

ANDREW heard nothing about the Board's activities on the question of dust inhalation until months later, when Lord Ungar raised the question dramatically in the House, quoting freely from medical evidence afforded him by Doctor Maurice Gadaby.

Gadaby was acclaimed by the Press as a Humanitarian and a Great Physician. And silicosis was, in that year, scheduled as an industrial disease.

They began their search for a practice. It was a jagged business—wild peaks of expectation followed by wider plunges of despair. Stung by a consciousness of three successive failures—at least so he construed his departures from Blasenelly, Aberlawn and the M.F.B.—Andrew longed to vindicate himself at last. But their total capital, increased by stringent saving during the last months of salaried security, was no more than six hundred pounds.

Please turn to Page 50



SCHOOLDAYS, they say, are the happiest days of one's life. I wonder how many people think so? Schooldays are certainly the *busiest* days of a child's life. Why? Because during schooldays children are working, playing and growing.

Besides the extraordinary amount of energy they use up over work and games, extra energy

is used up in growing. Horlick's gives children nourishment in just the right form. It builds them up and helps them grow.

See that your child has his Horlick's regularly at mid-morning and at supper-time. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Horlick's Mixer, 1/-

★ SPECIAL OFFER! — 1-lb. tin Horlick's — Mixer — Measuring Spoon — all for 2/-.
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HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY



"Come into my parlour," said the spider (WILLIAMS FLY TARGET) to the fly . . .

And what a Spider! Kills flies wholesale, quickly and easily! Convenient . . . non-sticky . . . inconspicuous. Economical — lasts several weeks. Simply place target in small plate of water and say good-bye to flies.

At the end of the month, when he had rushed a rough draft through to Gill, he was surprised to receive a summons from Doctor Bigsby of the Board of Trade.

Targets Four Free to P.O. Box 12, Surry Hills, Sydney.

CLEAN . . . INCONSPICUOUS . . . ECONOMICAL

WILLIAMS FLY TARGET 3^d OR 5th FOR 1/-

RHEUMATISM SPREAD TO ALL HER JOINTS

Ordered to Bed After Months of Suffering

Here is a sad story of suffering, but it has a happy ending. This woman was attacked by severe rheumatism which spread to every joint in her body and finally crippled her. So great was her relief that she wrote this enthusiastic letter:—

"I feel it my duty to my fellow beings to proclaim in a loud voice the merits of Kruschen Salts in bringing wonderful relief from a severe and obstinate attack of rheumatism. I had rheumatism in my legs and knees, later spreading to every joint in my body. This lasted over a period of 14 weeks. I was then ordered to bed with acute rheumatism. I was recommended to try Kruschen and before finishing the second bottle I was able to perform my normal duties."

(Mrs.) I.D.
Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric crystals. Other ingredients in these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST
Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

All Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, year and stamped Addressed Envelope.

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G.P.O., SYDNEY.

*RAMON

Step Out And Say GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE By Nightly Using

Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along... light of step... and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same. A nightly rub-over with Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, during these long tiring days.

First, bathe your feet in warm water, and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters are healed and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made cool and comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk for healthy feet all Summer.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists and Stores.

Rub In ZAM-BUG Every Night

THOUGH they haunted the medical agencies and reached for every opportunity offered in the columns of the "Lancet," it appeared that this sum was scarcely adequate as purchase money for a London practice.

And then, after two months, when they had reached the point of desperation, all at once Heaven relented and allowed old Doctor Foy to die, painlessly, in Paddington. Doctor Foy's obituary notice, four lines in the "Medical Journal," caught Andrew's eye. They went, their enthusiasm all spent, to No. 9 Chesborough Terrace. They saw the house, a tall, leaden-hued sepulchre with a surgery at the side and a brick garage behind. They saw the books, which indicated that Doctor Foy had made perhaps £500 a year, mainly from consultations, with medicine, at the rate of 3/6. They saw the widow, who assured them timidly that Doctor Foy's practice was sound and had once been excellent with many "good patients" coming to the "front door." They thanked her and left without enthusiasm.

"And yet I don't know," Andrew worried. "It's full of disadvantages. I hate the dispensing. It's a baddish locality. D'you notice all these moth-eaten boarding-houses next door? But it's on the fringe of a decent neighborhood. And a corner situation. And a main street. And near enough our price. One and a half years' purchase—and it was decent of her to say she'd fling in the old man's consulting room and surgery furniture as well—and all ready to step into—that's the advantage of a death vacancy. What do you say, Chris? It's now or never. Shall we chance it?"

Christine's eyes rested upon him doubtfully. For her the novelty of Surgery had worn off. She loved

the country, and now, in these drab surroundings, she longed for it with all her heart. Yet he was so set upon a London practice she could not bring herself to try, even, to persuade him from it. She nodded slowly.

"If you want to, Andrew."

The next day he offered Mrs. Foy's solicitors £600 in place of the £750 demanded. The offer was accepted, the cheque written. On Saturday the 10th of October they moved their furniture from storage and entered into possession of their new home.

Monday morning, at nine o'clock sharp—he decided he must not be early or they would think I'm too eager!—he opened his surgery. His heart was beating with excitement and a greater, far greater expectation than on that almost forgotten morning when he took the first surgery of all at Blacnelly.

Half past nine came. He waited anxiously.

HE had no visits to make, for the old doctor had been dead nearly three weeks now, and no locum had kept the practice going in the interval. He must wait till the calls came in. Meanwhile, aware from her mood that Christine wished to wrestle with her domestic worries in solitude, he occupied the forenoon by walking round the district, prospecting, viewing the peeling houses, the long succession of drab, private hotels, the sooted, grimly arborescent squares, the narrow news converted into garages, then, at a sudden turn of North Street,

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 49

a squalid patch of slum—pawnpops, hawkers' barrows, pubs, shop windows showing patent medicines.

THAT night in the surgery there were three patients, two of whom paid him the three-and-sixpenny fee. The third promised to return and settle up on Saturday. He had, in his first day's practice, earned the sum of ten and six.

But the following day he took nothing at all. And the day after, only seven shillings. Thursday was a good day, Friday just saved from being blank, and on Saturday, after an empty morning, he took seventeen and six at the evening surgery though the patient to whom he had given credit on Monday failed to keep his promise to return and pay.

On Sunday, though he made no comment to Christine, Andrew morbidly reviewed the week. Had he made a horrible mistake in taking this derelict practice, in sinking all their savings in this tomb-like house? What was wrong with him? He was thirty, yes, over thirty. He had an M.D., honors, and the M.R.C.P. He had clinical ability, and a fine piece of clinical research work to his credit. Yet here he was, taking barely enough three and sixpences to keep them in bread.

Never before had the financial side of practice so obtruded itself upon him. And no subtler method of converting him to materialism could have been devised than those genuine pangs of appetite—the euphemism was his own—which he carried with him many days of the week.

About a hundred yards down the main bus route stood a small delicatessen shop kept by a fat little woman, a naturalised German, who called herself Smith but who, from her broken speech and insistent a's, was obviously Schmidt. It was typically Continental, this little place of Frau Schmidt's, its narrow marble counter loaded with soured herrings, olives in jars, sauerkraut, several kinds of wurstels, pastries, salami, and a delicious kind of cheese named Libtauer. Also it had the virtue of being very cheap. Since money was so scarce at 9 Chesborough Terrace and the cooking stove a choked and antique ruin, Andrew and Christine dealt a great deal with Frau Schmidt. On good days they had hot frankfurters and apfelstrudel; on bad they would lunch on a soured herring and baked potatoes. Often at night they would drop into Frau Schmidt's after scanning her display through the steamed window with a selective eye, and come away with something savory in a string bag.

FRAU SCHMIDT soon got to know them. She developed an especial liking for Christine.

Most of Andrew's calls, infrequent though these were, took him to the boarding houses of the neighborhood. It was difficult to collect the fees from such patients—many of them were seedy, even doubtful characters, and adept in the art of bilking. He tried to make himself agreeable to the gaunt females who kept these establishments.

HE made conversation in gloomy hallways. He would say, "I'd no idea it was so cold! I should have brought my coat," or "It's awkward getting about. My car's laid up for the moment."

One afternoon, about a month after their arrival when Andrew got home—he had been calling on the chemists of the district, inquiring brightly for a special 10c.c. Voss syringe which he knew none of them would keep in stock then casually introducing himself as the new and vigorous practitioner of Chesborough Terrace—Christine's expression apprised him of some excitement.

"There's a patient in the consulting-room," she breathed. "She came by the front door."

His face brightened. This was the first "good" patient who had come to him. Perhaps it was the beginning of better things. Preparing himself, he walked briskly into the consulting-room.

"Good afternoon! What can I do for you?"

"Good afternoon, doctor. Mrs. Smith recommended me."

She rose from her chair to shake hands with him. She was plump, good natured, thickly made up, with a short fur jacket and a large handbag.

"Yes?" he inquired, his expectation sinking a little.

"Oh, doctor," she smiled diffidently. "My friend just gave me a nice pair of gold ear-rings. And Mrs. Smith—I am a customer there—she said you would pierce my ears for me. My friend, he's very anxious I don't get done with a dirty needle or something, doctor."

He took a long steady breath. Had it actually come to this? He said:

"Yes, I'll pierce your ears for you."

He did this carefully, sterilising the needle, spraying her lobes with ethyl chloride, even fitting the gold rings in for her.

"Oh, doctor, that's lovely." Peeping in the mirror of her handbag. "And I never felt a thing. My friend'll be pleased. How much, doctor?"

The statutory fee for Foy's "good" patients, mythical though they might be, was seven and six. He mentioned this sum.

She produced a ten shilling note from her bag. She thought him a kind, distinguished, and very handsome gentleman—she always liked them dark somehow—and she also thought, as she accepted her change, that he looked hungry.

To Be Continued Next Week

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



"Glorious feet and a glorious walk is the result of bathing them and rubbing Zam-Buk on the soles and between the toes before setting off. No more aching or tiredness, now, thanks to Zam-Buk."—Mrs. M. Freeman.

"For softening corns and hard growths and for relieving the constant pain, Zam-Buk was wonderful. This shoe preparation gave me a pair of sound, comfortable feet."—Mrs. S. Easter.

NO GREASY WASHING-UP NOW - I USE RINSO



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as CLOTHES



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A LEVER PRODUCT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 4, 1937

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

GOOD CARRIAGE Aids BEAUTY

It improves face and figure and makes you look well dressed too!

IF you want your figure and face to look their best—if you want to appear well dressed in simple clothes—then you must learn to stand well and walk well with head high and shoulders straight.

THERE are some women who look poorly dressed in a fifty-guinea model. Others can look Parisian in a little something they've run up themselves.

It's all a matter of deportment—of good carriage—of the way you stand, hold your head and your shoulders.

Fashion models, designers, smart socialites all tell you the same thing—asset number one in this business of looking your best, of being able to wear the simplest frock and look well dressed, is good deportment.

Have you ever given a moment's thought to how you stand, how you walk, how you sit down? It all matters so much.

Standing up straight makes the best of your clothes and of you. The minute you begin to slouch or to stand with your weight on one leg you get a slack, uncaring appearance. The thing to do is to stand straight but not stiff. It's harder than it looks.

Standing properly is easier if you walk correctly. Every woman has been walking all her life, but very few walk well. Rules of balance apply as in standing. The weight should be carried on hip bones and back of spine.

Legs must be moved from the hips, not the knees, in walking. Above the waist the body must be still, though not rigid. Weight must be firmly planted on to the flat part of the foot, not toe or heel.

Two mannequin exercises for standing and walking are (a) stand with heels an inch or two away from wall, shoulders touching, head touching, waist touching. (Feel with hands to make sure they are). Then move heels back till they touch wall, too.

(b) The old stunt of walking with large book on head. There's nothing better for cultivating poise. Try it with the telephone book. A mannequin school says when a girl can do ten lengths of a long hall with book on head she's beginning to grasp the idea of how to walk.

Bag Carrying

THE head, you see, must be up, chin in, shoulders straight; walk free from hips down, controlled above. Shoulders are often a bit down. The mannequin school attributes this to bag carrying.

The woman who carries her hand-bag under her arm is apt to hitch up left or right shoulder according to which arm she carries the bag under. To avoid this, also for general smarter appearance, carry bag in hand.

Gloves should never be carried in the hand. If they are they give a laden, untidy, fidgety look. The saying speaks, alas, for itself, that the French woman puts her gloves on in her bedroom, the American woman in the hall, the English and Australian women in the street.



THIS SMART ENSEMBLE looks doubly attractive because the wearer—Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros. star—is standing correctly with body straight but not stiff, shoulders back and head well poised.

Two other things that need attention in walking are going up and down stairs and bowing to friends. Most people going up and down unfamiliar stairs tread gingerly on the edge of the treads.

This won't do. The feet must be planted firmly in the middle of the treads and in a straight line with each other. Coming down, don't look at the steps, but straight ahead. There must be no sign of nervousness.

Bowing to friends when walking is easier said than done—that is, gracefully. For you must not pause in your walking or give a curt nod. Either spoils the natural grace of the well-turned-out figure.

A deportment teacher advises counting steps while walking as practice. You make your bow on alternate numbers, first to the right several times from the right foot, then to the left from the left. There must be no full stop.

She also has a few words to say on the art of sitting down and getting up from sitting down. The principle is a curtailed curtsy. Set one foot be-

hind the other and melt into the chair gracefully. Never dump down. To get up, don't pull on the chair arms, use your back foot as leverage.

When sitting, clasp the hands in the lap. Don't make a practice of crossing the legs; remember it's a position that easily looks ungainly, and there's nothing untidier than a showing petticoat.

Different Deportment

FINALLY, bear in mind that different clothes and occasions and moods suit different deportments. Sporting suits when walking or at race meetings allow greater freedom of manner, length of step, use of hands, than a slinky dance frock at a party.

Different clothes and occasions, too, require different make-up. A leading model, who is always doing a quick-change act at dress shows told me she keeps fourteen different shades of lipstick handy.



LEARN HOW to carry your head with chin up like pretty Joan Perry, the Columbia star above, if you want your new summer hats to look attractive.

Get WELL the Modern Way!



• If you suffer from headaches, nerve pains, fatigue, sour stomach, fits of depression, etc., buy a bottle of Salda Seltzer TO-DAY. At the first sign of trouble drink a glass of this new, sparkling restorative! It's the MODERN way to get relief.

• Most of our every-day ills are caused by excess acid in the system. Salda Seltzer immediately neutralises this condition, thus removing the CAUSE of your complaint. Salda Seltzer also contains certain pain-relieving analgesics that banish headaches, relieve nerve pains, and nip colds in the bud, FASTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TRIED. No laxatives—no harmful drugs. Perfectly safe for both young and old. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

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THAT VOICE and that SMILE of YOURS!



THERE IS MUCH in the old saying, "Smile and the world smiles with you—weep, and you weep alone." Smiling faces attract everybody.

As for your voice: It means more to your success as a business woman, as a social personality, than you are perhaps aware of. A beautiful voice is a priceless asset in itself.

THE reputation of certain women for having the gift of fascination is perhaps due not to prettiness of feature more than to the sweetness of their ready smiles and to their golden voices.

Laughing eyes and smiling faces, how much more they attract everybody. Frowning, sulky, discontented, and worried-looking faces never did and never will attract.

So smile and be beautiful. When I say smile, I do not mean

"grin." Smiles and grins are poles apart, yet so many do not realise the difference. There is nothing lovely behind a grin. Nothing has less allure than a mechanical grimace.

And nothing is flatter or more irritating than laughter that is lacking in mirth. If you only laugh because something is irresistibly funny, the chances are your laugh will be irresistible, too.

In the same way your smile should be spontaneous, because you feel happy and pleasant.

Of course, I know, as you know, that it is not easy to smile in the face

Know this: a lovely smile and a musical voice are priceless assets.

IT has been said that a ready smile is more valuable in life than a ready wit; the latter may sometimes bring enemies, but the former always brings friends.

By
EVELYN



A RADIANTLY lovely Australian girl greets you with a smile like sudden sunshine. Don't you agree that it's wiser in the interests of charm to smile and leave the frowns behind?

of adversity. It is difficult to smile when your plans go awry; more difficult still to smile when the very heart within you feels dead.

But say to yourself: "Well, even though things look pretty black, they could be worse. Perhaps to-morrow, or the next day, everything will be well again. So why should I fret and

worry—make myself old, unattractive and unwanted?"

Then lift up the corners of your mouth—and face the world with a smile.

By the way, I was visiting a friend in a London hospital a few months ago, and on entering the vestibule saw a card hanging on the wall, and bearing these words:

"Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places. If you can't smile, don't go in."

Cultivate Your Voice

DO you envy the girl or woman with a beautiful voice? Don't envy. Cultivate a charming voice of your own.

Not by merely wishing you had a better speaking voice do you get one. You did not get your better figure that way, nor your nicer complexion or more lustrous hair.

Much can be done by any one of us to improve our speech, convert a very ordinary voice into an instrument of great beauty.

Of course, you must work conscientiously. Even if you are born with good vocal "equipment," the voice has to be trained for good speech the same as it must be trained for singing.

Clear your speech of blurred, indistinct tones, of "sloppy" delivery, and faulty diction.

If you can't afford to take lessons, try out speech exercises yourself.



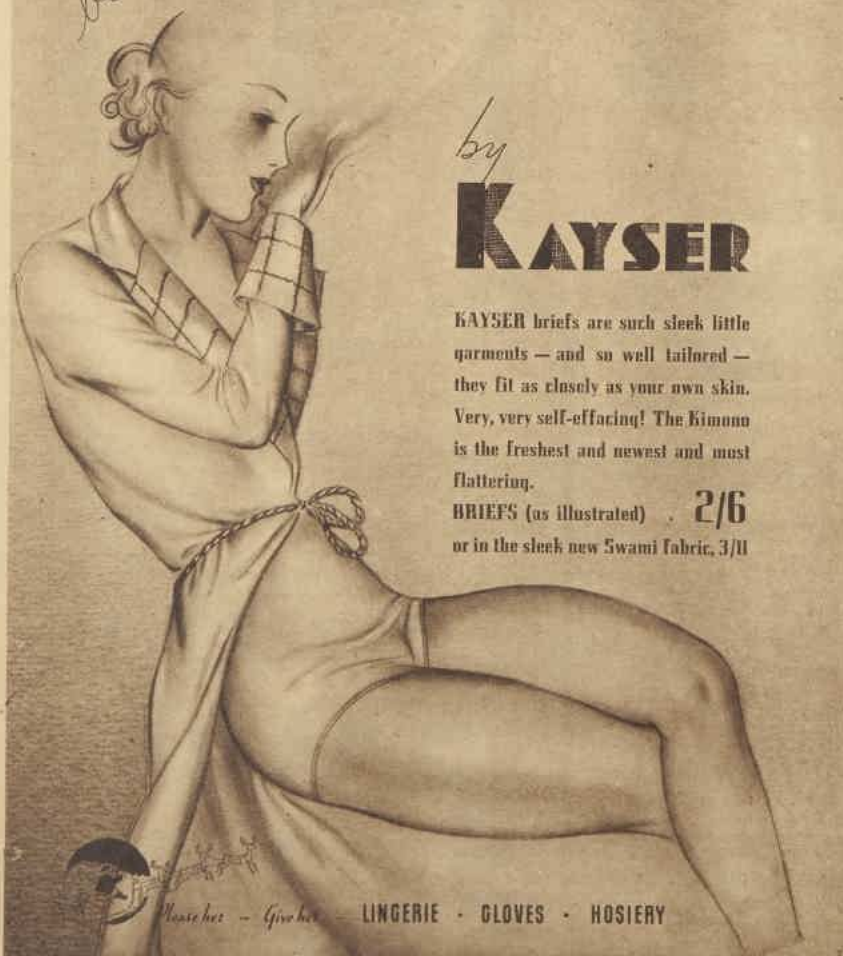
GINGER ROGERS, of R.K.O. picture fame, smiles awhile. How attractive she looks! And, by the way, note her page-boy coiffure.

Beauty and the Briefs

by
KAYSER

KAYSER briefs are such sleek little garments — and so well tailored — they fit as closely as your own skin. Very, very self-effacing! The kimono is the freshest and newest and most flattering.

BRIEFS (as illustrated) 2/6 or in the sleek new Swami fabric, 3/11



Please see — Give her — LINGERIE • GLOVES • HOSIERY

These are Good Exercises — Stretch Your Way To Greater Loveliness

VERY often an appearance of insignificance is caused by that habit of slumping. Stretching is an excellent means for discouraging "slump." Assume the normal, correct standing position, so that all muscles from feet to shoulders are uniformly tensed. Stretch your arms straight up above your head, and in this position stretch the whole trunk upwards, taking great care to preserve square shoulders. Then, keeping the trunk stretched, bend over and place your hands on the back of a chair. Your back should be kept naturally straight.

The next exercise, also simple, serves to stretch the body in the other direction. For this purpose, lie down on your back with knees drawn up. (See below), and fold your hands comfortably under your head. Then raise your right foot and push it from you, so that you feel your body being drawn from the floor. Repeat the movement with the left leg. Whereas in the first exercise the back experienced the main tension, this time it is the abdominal muscles that are involved.

Both exercises are designed to develop a natural "muscle corset."



LIGHT WALLS Make Bright ROOMS

WALLS and floors and ceilings are the starting place for all re-decorating. They represent the largest decorative area in a room, and must be settled first.

One of the most valuable modern contributions to home decoration has been to abolish the vogue for dingy-hued walls or violently-patterned wallpaper, and to reveal the beauty of light-toned walls.

NOW, if you are planning to repaint even one room during the next week or so, heed these little hints in respect to color and treatment of walls:

Light walls give an impression of spaciousness which is a precious asset in a small room where the furniture is rather crowded.

Height can be added to rooms by using the same color from floor to ceiling, over skirting boards and picture rails, even for the ceiling. On the other hand, too great an expanse of wall can be "broken down" with mouldings and panellings in contrasting colors.

Pastel walls reflect the maximum of light in a dark room, though stark white walls have an unfortunate effect of being harsh and glaring.

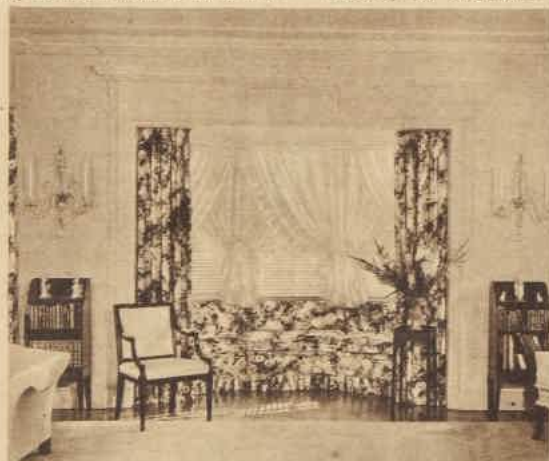
Ivory, cream and pastels are usually the happiest choice, especially for rooms where a lot of time

If you are planning to freshen up the home for Christmas, look first to the walls of your home.

— By OUR HOME DECORATOR —



LIGHT WALLS make a restful background for the smart, up-to-date furnishing of this dining-room. It is a small room, but a charming one nevertheless.



A MOST INVITING CORNER in a living-room. It shows you just what can be done with a bay-window.

is passed. Walls in these shades are an attractive setting for nearly every type of furniture, except where a very studied effect is desired. Cream or buff-toned walls are favorites for lounges and breakfast rooms; delicate pinks, greens, lilacs and blues for bedrooms. Light and medium blues are to-day considered very smart for dining-rooms.

Just as light walls can make one room look larger and lighter, so a whole series of rooms can be "expanded" by having every one of their walls the same tone.

This is a trick well worth remembering in small houses or tiny flats, though it might strike a somewhat monotonous note in a larger place. All the same, it is necessary to relate the wall colors of separate rooms to some extent to avoid a jar between adjoining rooms, entrance halls, and passage-ways.

Walls, therefore, deserve careful study. Their size and lighting, the number of doors, cupboards and other interruptions, must all be taken into account before deciding on any particular color or effect.

The newest ceilings are not in-

variably white. White reflects the light best, but in large rooms where this is not a problem very delightful ceiling effects can be achieved by using the same color as the walls.

In rooms that are very high, a ceiling slightly darker than the walls will diminish the height.

Modern Floors

NOW here is a word of advice in regard to floors:

Linoleum or carpet with a lot of pattern breaks up floor space and interferes with the designs of furniture and hangings.

Monotone carpets or painted floors are smartest nowadays, because modern decoration stresses simplicity. A plain floor gives a uniform color base to the decorating scheme, at the same time permitting more variety and vividness in furniture.

Padded linoleum, by the way, need not worry you. Provided it is in reasonably good condition, you can double its lifetime of service by giving it an occasional coat of good paving paint.



HERE YOU GLIMPSE part of a charming living-room. Creamy walls and ceiling (the beams of which are painted a little deeper in tone) and beige and brown covered floor make a perfect setting for the furnishings. Note treatment of spacious windows.

THE NEWLYWEDS FIND A WAY!



TAUBMANS DULSETTA is an exclusive new semi-flat enamel with a dull satiny finish for doors, woodwork or walls. Goes right over old stained woodwork—transforms them completely, and one coat will do a thorough job. Dulsetta couldn't be easier to use—just flows on smoothly, never leaves any brushmarks and dries to a hard, washable surface.

Taubmans Dulsetta in white and 14 delicate pastel shades is available at all leading paint and country stores. See the Color Card.

ANNE STEWART'S BOOK TELLS

"The Colorful Home", famous 24 page full color book by Anne Stewart, is full of practical suggestions for making YOUR home more colorful and modern. Mail off this coupon for free copy to-day!

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Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 2UW 10.20 a.m., 3AW 11 a.m., 4BK-AK 10.45 a.m., 5AD-MU-PI 11.30 a.m.

TIME to MAKE THESE for CHRISTMAS!

Bright Ideas from
Our Needlework Dept.

(1) Loveliest of tea-table or supper sets to decorate tables at Christmastide, and after.
(2) Very newest ready-cut blouse and waistcoat fashioned from fine Irish linen or Swiss pique organdie. Both traced for dainty, swiftly-worked embroidery.

And now a few words about the enchanting set pictured at right: First and foremost, this design is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly. Created for you by one of the world's needlework experts, it is one of the simplest and most effective designs we have featured.

It is a set that will grace any linen chest — any home. And the woman who entertains, whether simply or elaborately, will adore using it.

Even though you may have a tea or supper set already, it is an excellent plan to supplement the linen chest when opportunity occurs. Sets are such lovely things to make. Furthermore, they make an enchanting gift for Christmas, for a glory-box, for a present to a home-loving friend.

The daisy sprays and little motifs scattered over the cloth are simple and easy enough for the beginner or for the busy housewife to embroider. French knots, sloping satin-stitch, stem and daisy stitches were used for the working of the original cloth.

Cottons required to work this design: any one of the cloths, 3 skeins Anchor stranded cotton, F.500 (grass-

green), 2 skeins F.601 (pale cream), 1 skein each F.582 (straw-yellow), F.537 (light marigold), F.487 (canary-yellow), and F.443 (buttercup).

Although the edges of the original cloth shown in the picture are left plain all the edges of cloths and other items, priced below, are spoke-stitched in readiness for crochet or lace finish.

The complete set (or any one piece) is obtainable in the best quality linen, in white, cream, blue, pink, or green.

Following is the price list. We pay the postage:

36-inch x 36-inch cloth, 7/- each;
45-inch x 45-inch cloth, 9/6 each;
54-inch x 54-inch cloth, 11/6 each;
serviettes, 11-inch x 11-inch, 1/- each; d'oyley, 8-inch x 8-inch, 1/- each; tea-cosy, 13-inch x 10-inch, 2/6 each; sandwich d'oyley, 5-inch x 11-inch, 1/- each.

We would like readers to know that no C.O.D. orders can be accepted for linens.

Make your choice and send to our Needlework Department. Remember, we pay postage.



IF YOU LOVE NEEDLEWORK—and the majority do nowadays—you will get much enjoyment from embroidering the simple but exclusive set pictured above. The work may be picked up at any old time, providing restful, profitable minutes. So send for the set and start on it at once.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

New, Smart Blouse and Waistcoat



WE FEEL SURE that every girl will want the smart blouse or the snappy waistcoat pictured here—probably both. Seeing that they are ready-cut for making and traced ready for embroidery, they can be made so swiftly. Read about them below and then send at once for one (or both) to our Needlework Department.

FOR SUMMERY WEAR

You simply must have one—or both—of these smart little affairs pictured above . . .

Up-to-the-minute blouse and waistcoat, cut ready for making, and traced with adorable motifs in readiness for hand embroidery. Choose between linen and Swiss pique organdie.

THERE is a classic simplicity about the short-sleeved blouse which will make instant appeal to every girl.

Imagine it! All you have to do is to embroider the little motifs and then run up the blouse.

Buttonhole around the cuffs of the sleeves and around the collar. The small motifs are worked with round eyelet holes for the petals, stem-stitched veins, and small satin-stitched leaves.

It may be had in three sizes: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, and in white, pale blue, or primrose colored linen, of a lovely, fine quality, or in white Swiss pique organdie.

Price, 7/11, post free.

You will be thrilled to work and wear one of these charming waistcoats. The pattern is cut all ready for you to sew, and is traced with a very neat and easy design for embroidery.

Look Crisp and Cool

IT is obtainable in sizes, 32, 34, and 36-inch bust—in white, pale blue or primrose fine quality pure Irish linen, and white pique Swiss organdie. These materials wash and launder beautifully.

These eyelet motifs are worked in both types of eyeletting, oval and round. Satin-stitch the small leaves, and use french knots or satin-stitch spots for the dots. After completing the eyeletting, push stiletto through from the wrong side. This gives a raised and better finish.

Make your choice and send to our Needlework Department. The price is 6/11, in linen or organdie.

A HOLIDAY IN SUNSHINE and SNOW!

When mid-summer heat makes you feel that it is time for a real, energy-recuperating holiday . . . plan a trip to New Zealand. Here, even in mid-summer, mighty alps rear snow-capped peaks to the sun, sun-kissed lakes look cool and inviting along their bush-fringed shores—wherever you go the climate is refreshing and energizing. There is much to see—glorious fiords, underground caverns, lovely glowworm grottoes, inspiring grandeur of lakes and mountains, great glaciers grinding slowly seawards, and changing panoramas of bush-clad slopes and fertile farmlands.



New Zealand

★ For the sportsman—what a paradise . . . trout and salmon flash in lake and stream . . . giant swordfish and mako sharks test the deep-sea fisherman's skill to the utmost . . . picturesque, well-kept links make summer golf really pleasurable . . . game, big and small, give ample scope for shooting . . . while hikers and mountaineers find scenic trails of surpassing beauty and alpine peaks to extend the most experienced climbers.

FREE TRAVEL SERVICE. Let the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau relieve you of all the little annoyances and irritations of travel. Transport and accommodation arrangements made and assistance freely given throughout the whole tour. You will find our Special Credit System invaluable. Write, call, or phone—

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14 MARTIN PLACE (opp. G.P.O.), SYDNEY. Phone, R7043. Colonial Mutual Bldg., 318-320 Collins St., MELBOURNE. Phone, Cent. 3310. Ring House, 79 Queen St., BRISBANE. (And all Travel Agents.)

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Hinders Lane Melbourne

FOR YOUNG Wives & MOTHERS

The Facts Concerning Natural Feeding

It is gratifying to know that an increasing proportion of our population is realising the value of natural feeding of infants.

THE latest report of the Australian Mothercraft Society (Truby King System), shows that 71.4 per cent. of mothers paying their first visits to the society's nurses were fully breast-feeding their infants, while 12 per cent. were partly breast-feeding, making a total of 83.4 per cent., as against only 16.6 per cent. of artificially-fed babies.

Each year, as the value of natural feeding is more fully understood by parents, this proportion of artificially-fed babies is being lowered.

The first nine months of baby's life are so important, from a nutritional standpoint, that every mother should realise that feeding with cow's milk is a very bad second best to feeding with the milk created within herself for the individual needs of her own child.

This does not mean that the 16.6 per cent. of mothers who feed their babies artificially from birth (on

their doctor's advice, because of some valid reason), need feel that they have entirely failed their children. This is not so. IF THEY TAKE THE TROUBLE TO ENSURE THEIR BABIES A FOOD OF NORMAL PROTEIN (FLESH-FORMING) PERCENTAGE, WITH THE OTHER ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS MAINTAINED AT THE RATIO FOUND IN AVERAGE HUMAN MILK.

Help Awaits You

ALL this sounds technical and beyond the knowledge of the average mother to achieve; but the present-day mother is fortunate in not having to do over-much thinking where artificial feeding is concerned.

She need merely turn to the skilled advice of trained Mothercraft Nurses at any of the centres provided by the State or private organisations. All she has to do is to carry out faithfully the detailed and simplified instructions given to her.

If more mothers would avail themselves of the services of pre-natal instruction, this 16.6 per cent. of artificially-fed babies could be

materially decreased; for much can be done in the waiting months to ensure a normal supply of human milk for the child after birth.

We are often asked whether or not baby should be put to both breasts at the one feeding. Most decidedly to both. The period of feeding will be short at first. Under two minutes at each side the first day, at each feeding-time, about three minutes the second day, and longer on the third day (provided the milk is coming in).

Baby should empty the one breast before being put to the other. If, by emptying both breasts, baby would receive too much milk, baby need not remain so long on the second side, but just be allowed to remain until he has had the amount required.

Babies vary in their methods of feeding. Some are vigorous and get all they need in from 10 to 12 minutes. Others are less vigorous and may require 20 minutes in all (10 minutes at each breast). Some women "give up" their milk more easily than others. All these things have to be taken into account when deciding how long baby is to remain at the second breast at each feeding.

The Value of Scales

ACCURATE scales are a great help, especially in the first two months. These can be hired, very cheaply, from Mothercraft Societies. One can then, by test-feeding, tell to within 1 ounce how much milk baby takes at each meal. This helps to regulate supply and demand, and is a good check against over-feeding, and consequent stomach troubles.

If baby tends to feed greedily, gulping down the milk, withdraw the breast from his mouth occasionally during the feed. If, on the other hand, he tends to get lazy, stroke his head gently and do not allow him

By
Mary Truby KING

to go to sleep at the breast. (N.B.: It does not matter if baby gets drowsy at the very end of his meal, when he has about had his allowance, for he will naturally be tired then, after so much hard work, and ready to fall asleep till the next meal-time).

When will mothers give up the idea that it is cruel to wake a sleeping baby when the clock says that it is his feeding time? Regular habits should be established at the dawn of life. The meal-rhythm is most important, as regular feeding is a preventive of digestive ailments. By all means wake baby. You will probably have to do it only a few times. After that, HE will become your clock!

Baby will take his feed more happily if your position is comfortable. While in bed, lie slightly on one side. Later on, when you are permitted to get up, sit on a low chair and cross one leg over the other. Use a footstool if this is a help to you.

Always be careful that baby's head and back are well supported. Quietness is essential.

Hard-working mothers may find it useful always to nurse their babies lying down. This provides them with at least 15 minutes of very necessary relaxation at regular intervals. Try this if you are feeling at all worn out, and note what a difference it makes.

If you put baby to the left breast first at 6 a.m., put him to the right breast first at 10 a.m., and so on, so that each breast gets the same stimulation. If you are feeding baby five times in the 24 hours (i.e., 4-hourly), begin each morning at alternate breasts.

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Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of surgical dressings.

WHAT MY Patients Ask ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Do children grow out of the habit of mouth-breathing?

HOW often have you overheard a parent say of his child, "Johnny is a mouth-breather"? He attempts to reassure himself by adding, "It is a habit which Johnny will soon out-grow." Unfortunately, unless special measures are taken to help Johnny, he will continue to be a mouth-breather.

There are great disadvantages in this form of abnormal breathing. But let me tell you first why mouth-breathing is not the result of a habit which can be corrected by proper discipline. In the vast majority of cases there are obvious physical defects which are responsible for the trouble.

The most common cause of mouth-breathing lies in enlarged tonsils and adenoids. The child afflicted in this way is unable to obtain sufficient air through the nose; naturally he resorts to the mouth passage for that essential air. As a rule, these children are backward in their growth, as well as slow in their progress in school.

When the enlarged tonsils and adenoids are removed it is amazing to see how great is the improvement. With the mouth-breathing overcome, the child sleeps better, eats better and shows marked advance in growth and development. The change is so marked as to seem almost miraculous.

Septum Explained

THE nasal septum is the partition between the two nostrils, running back to make two nasal passages. Some children are born with crookedness of the septum. This may be sufficient to obstruct one or the other nasal passage and make it difficult to breathe through the nose. In such a case, the ill effects of mouth-breathing affect the health. When the deformity is corrected, improvement is noted at once.

Occasionally mouth-breathing accompanies chronic nasal sinusitis, as infection of the sinuses is called. This disorder is likely to be of long standing, and the victim resorts to mouth-breathing because of chronic nasal

catarrh. The tissues are swollen or thickened, and difficulty in breathing is the rule. The treatment of such cases is more prolonged, and the beneficial effects occur only after a long period of time. But neglect will make cure more difficult.

CUTS

A nasty, painful cut! Look after it. It takes only a minute or two to soothe the pain completely and make sure that no infection can result.

Rexona Ointment takes the sting out instantly, and prevents the danger of festering or poison. Rexona heals the skin tissues rapidly, and prevents ugly scars. **TREATMENT:**—Wash thoroughly with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water (cold where there is much bleeding), and apply Rexona Ointment on a piece of lint, gauze or clean old linen. Bandage in position firmly.

Rexona Medicated Soap is highly recommended, because it contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment, and has been specially prepared to assist healing.

CUT HEALED QUICKLY.

Mrs. E. Campbell, Oaks Avenue, Dee Why, writes:—"My little girl kicked her toe on the rocks and cut it badly. I used Rexona Ointment, with the very best results. It took better in no time and now she's back at school again."

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The Rapid Healer

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Why not... PLAN a Little GARDEN, CHILDREN...

During the School Holidays?

It is a wonderful way of filling in the time—and here is help for you. —Says The Old Gardener

IN a very short while schools will be filled with excitement. There will be speech-making, prize-giving, with honors to some for splendid work done. And then 1937 will pass on, and thousands of children will be home for the long vacation.

WHAT are you going to do, children, to fill in your time? We know there'll be swimming, fishing, boating, picture shows, and a hundred and one forms of amusement. But how many of you are going to help mother? Of course, you all will find some little job to do for her, but the greatest job of all and one that she will be thrilled with—and appreciate more than anything—will be a garden.

How lovely it will be for her to walk round the home grounds and see that little garden taking shape. And what joy and gladness it will give YOU to be able later on to go into that garden in the early morning, while mother is busy with indoor work, and select for her the choicest bunch of

flowers possible to grow. And will not your mother feel PROUD of you?

Children, every one of you should have a garden. It is a "laboratory" wherein may be studied all classes of plant life. You sow the seed and then you wait and watch for the tiny plants to make their appearance. Each day you go along with a watering can and you water those tiny plants. It's amazing how rapidly they grow under careful attention. Then you watch for leaves to appear. When three leaves appear on the plant, you get some boxes, small ones of course, about a foot or eighteen inches square. Next, cover the bottom of the box with small stones, cinders, pieces of broken flower pots. Over



experience. Then as you become successful you can sow your own seeds, following out the directions I have already given you.

Every one of you should own your own garden. You must do all the work possible in it yourselves. Do not be afraid to ask those who have been successful for any advice they may be able to give you. I am sure that if you are only successful with some plants it will give you a sense of joyful achievement during your first year, and must lead to a permanent future interest in gardening.

Now here are some of the plants that can still be planted out in your garden—Petunias: Rosy Morn, Rose of Heaven, Violacea and the fringed, bedding type. Zinnias of all kinds, snapdragons. Dahlias can still be planted, as well as many other of the summer bedding varieties.

Just before your school holidays are over you can sow the seed of Iceland poppies, stocks, cinerarias, a few calendulas, pansies, violas. Then, while you're at school, all these will be growing for a grand display later on.



these, place a layer of old grass—even leaves will do. This stops the soil from mixing with the corks. Then you fill the box with nice, fine, loamy soil. Press down and make level.

The next thing to do is to prick out those tiny plants with three leaves and plant them in rows in the boxes, spacing about an inch apart. Each box should be large enough to hold, say, ten plants each way, making one hundred for the box.

Now you water these plants each day. While they are growing, you get the beds ready. Get some well-rotted animal manure, or fowl manure. Spread this over the bed, then dig it in. When you are digging, keep the bed nice and level. When the whole plot has been dug, rake it level and let it lie for a while.

When the plants are ready to go into this little bed, just work it up lightly with a fork, rake again, then get a piece of string to act as a garden line.

In transplanting, keep the plants even and space them according to size when full-grown.

Keep this bed watered from time to time, when necessary. As the plants grow, spread some well-rotted manure to the depth of about two inches over the bed and around the plants. This will act as a mulch. It will keep the roots of the plants cool and moist by imprisoning the moisture during hot summer days. Keep the weeds down, and in a very short while you will have plenty of flowers for mother to decorate the home.

Remember, children, that when you commence to make a garden you should start that work full of interest and be bright and cheerful about it. And let me tell you this, children: If, in your first attempt, you do not succeed, do not give up hope, but try again.

The first garden that you make need not necessarily be grown from seed. Perhaps mother or father will buy a few plants and allow you to gain your



"—and I don't seem to be so kitchen-tired either, since the woodwork was finished with 'QUICK' Enamel!"

Needs only a whisk with a damp cloth to be kept immaculate. Its sparkling colours reflect joy and happiness—and it is so easy to use!

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ESCAPE WAS QUITE A SQUEEZE...



HAD A BIT OF BAD LUCK
GETTING DOWN AGAIN



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MARY ELLEN, ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY PACKET OF JUICY FRUIT?



Parents and all adults please note! Stop taking the youngsters' Juicy Fruit! Ask for your change in Wrigley's new Penny Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum and have an easy conscience.

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THESE *Excellent* RECIPES from READERS—

Have Won Cash Prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly Best Recipe Competition

Send in Your Entry—Prizes Awarded Every Week!

Time yet to win extra cash for Christmas and New Year holidays. All you have to do is to select your very best recipe and send it with your name and address to us.

You see on this page some splendid recipes sent in by other readers. We feel sure that you will want to try these out and add them to your collection of "family-favorites."

THE two-way pudding, which was awarded first prize of £1, is delightful. It should be a favorite in every home.

The recipe for wheat coffee is another one that will be welcomed by many housewives. All the other prizewinning recipes listed offer happy variety to the daily menu.

Now send in your recipe!

RUSSIAN PUDDING

This is a two-way pudding. Mix 11oz. of plain flour in a little cold

milk, add a half-pint of boiling milk, stir well, and add 1 oz. butter and the same of white sugar. Boil all together, stirring all the time, and set aside to cool. When cool, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and lastly the stiffly-whisked whites. Beat well and flavor with vanilla to taste. Butter a mould thickly and stick all over it chopped crystallised fruits—lemon, orange, cherry, also citrus peels. Then shake over crushed nuts, or browned breadcrumbs, and pour in the prepared mixture.

If desired as a cold sweet, set aside and when required demould and serve with whipped cream.

If wanted as a hot sweet, place in a basin, three times its size, and steam for one hour. Serve with hot custard or white sauce.

The pudding must not be steamed for more than one hour, or it will flop. It should rise to at least three times its size in the cooking.

First Prize of £1 to Margery D. Bolland, 35 St. Mark's Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

ITALIAN CHEESE

One pound veal, 1 lb. calf's liver, 1 lb. ham, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 2 tablespoonsful chopped parsley, 1 pint of gelatine, 1 teaspoonful black pepper, pinch of cayenne.

Wash liver, then cover with boiling water. Let it stand five minutes, remove from water, and dry on towel. Chop liver, veal, and ham (all uncooked) very fine; add sage, parsley, salt, black pepper, cayenne, and onion, grated; mix well.

Grease a plain mould well with butter; press meat tightly into mould, cover, boil (or steam) 3 hours. Remove lid, and you will find the meat has shrunk, leaving a half-inch of space partly filled with liquid. Carefully drain this liquid off, put it in a saucepan over fire, add to it gelatine (which must be covered with cold water and soaked half-hour), and sufficient water to fill the space to cover the cheese.

Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add salt and pepper to taste, pour back into mould around the cheese, stand in cold place. When cold, turn out. Garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rosewall, Rosetta Rd., Nelly, S.A.

SCOTCH STEW

Five small onions, 1 pint cold water, flour, 11oz. butter, 1 cupful gravy, 1 tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, 11 tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, parsley, salt, pepper, cold roast mutton, nutmeg, 6 boiled potatoes, bread-crumbs.

Chop the onions, add cold water and cook for one hour. Strain the water, thicken with flour and butter, add gravy, sauce, parsley, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Mix well, and pour over mutton (cut into pieces) with six boiled potatoes. Cover with bread-crumbs and cook for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Thompson, 151 Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

LIFEBUOYS

Three eggs, 1 cup butter, 1 cups light-brown sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy, flour, chopped almonds, cinnamon.

Carefully separate the whites and yolks of two eggs. Drop the yolks into a small saucepan of boiling water, simmer till solid, then drain and rub through a sieve. Cream butter and sugar, add the sifted egg-yolks, the other whole egg, and the brandy.

Beat well, add enough flour to make the dough just stiff enough, roll out



IF YOU HAVE A REALLY GOOD RECIPE for a summer-time sweet, for a thirst-quenching fruit drink, or a good cake, etc., send it to us. It may win you £1 in cash.

and shape into rings with a cutter. Brush over with the beaten egg-whites, and sprinkle thickly with a mixture of almonds, cinnamon, and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven. These cakes will keep a long time.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Offord, Bouldercombe Rd., Rockhampton, Qld.

WHEAT COFFEE

Four pounds wheat, 1 lb. sugar, 2 tablespoons salt.

Wash the wheat thoroughly and then drain. Put the wheat, salt, and the sugar in a baking-dish and cook it in a slow oven till all the moisture is gone. Stir the mixture frequently so as not to let burn. The darker the mixture the better. Use as ordinary coffee to strength desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. M. Knight, Bank St., Cobram, Vic.

FROSTED BUTTER BARS

Four ounces butter, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 eggs, 1 lemon rind (grated), 1 cup castor sugar, 1 lb. almonds (chopped).

Beat butter to a cream and stir in egg-yolks. Sift flour and baking-powder and stir into butter and eggs. Mix till smooth. Chill till firm, then turn on to a lightly-floured board and roll out. Cut into bars. Beat egg-whites until stiff, stir in sugar, almonds and lemon rind and pile on the bars. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and a golden color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Ronald, 45 Evans St., Mackay, Qld.

GRILL PIQUANTE

A thick rump steak, 6 large mushrooms, 1 eschalot, 1 tablespoon fine breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1oz. butter, a little milk, salt and black pepper, 1 tablespoon parsley.

Mince the stalks of the mushrooms, chopped parsley, and eschalot. Cook gently in the butter for 5 minutes. Cover the crumbs with a little hot milk, let them soak a minute. Stir them into the mixture. Add the beaten egg, stir over gentle heat till thick, but do not let it boil. Fill the mushrooms with this mixture. Put a tiny piece of butter in each and bake in a hot oven for five minutes. Grill the steak and place mushrooms on top, and serve hot. This dish would tempt the most jaded appetite.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Kath Duffield, 195 Cowper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

SAVORY OMELETTES

(1) Lightly fry half a pound of minced bacon, take out of the pan, and in the hot bacon fat fry two onions minced finely. Put bacon back

DISCORD IN A FLAT



Only young tender leaf-buds are picked for Bushells Blue Label Tea, and slow, careful curing imprisons the rich flavor.

The more sap-juice contained in the leaf the less tea is required to make a cup. That is why Bushells Tea makes more cups to the pound than ordinary tea, while it is cheaper to use, and you have the flavor as well.



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MACARONI DISHES... Just for a CHANGE!

Here is a Page of
Delicious Recipes!

SOUP, tempting savories, puddings, pies, custards . . . made with this highly nutritious food as the basic ingredient give pleasant variety to the daily menu. Happy choice is offered here.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A SPECIAL flour is used in the preparation of macaroni. After it is made into a thick paste, machinery forces it through tiny holes in metal plates, or stamps it into various shapes. It is then treated, dried and packed.

In cooking macaroni, it must not be soaked or even washed with water beforehand, but must in all cases be plunged into a large quantity of fast-boiling, salted water, and rapidly boiled about 20 minutes.

MACARONI RISsoles

Two ounces macaroni, 2oz. minced ham, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 6 tablespoons thick white sauce, salt, cayenne, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat. Cook macaroni and drain well. Add ham, macaroni, mustard, salt and cayenne to the white sauce, mixing in well. Turn on to a plate and leave till cold and set. Divide into eight or ten portions. Form into cork shapes, using a little flour on the hands. Dip in egg-glazing, then toss in breadcrumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain and serve very hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

MACARONI PIE

Three ounces macaroni, tomatoes, 1lb. cheese, 1 1/2 cups milk, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, butter. Break macaroni into inch lengths. Place in boiling water. Boil 20 minutes. Drain. Butter pie-dish, sprinkle with crumbs, then add layer of macaroni, tomato, cheese. Continue till full. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Pour over milk, then sprinkle with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve very hot.

MACARONI AND MINCE

Cooked macaroni, cold cooked meat, brown gravy, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, little butter. Mince the meat finely, add to the gravy, with salt and cayenne to taste. Grease an oven pie-dish well. Put in a layer of macaroni, then the meat mixture. Cover completely with macaroni. Dot top with butter, sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven till thoroughly heated through and the top brown. Serve at once with hot gravy.

CURRIED MACARONI

Macaroni, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, cayenne, lemon juice. Break macaroni into equal lengths. Place in large quantity of boiling water and boil for 20 minutes. Drain, return to the saucepan with 1 cup water in which macaroni has been boiled, add butter, curry powder, salt and cayenne. Mix well. Allow to cook for five minutes. Serve on hot dish. Garnish with lemon.

MACARONI CROQUETTES

Two ounces cooked macaroni, 1 good ounce plain flour, yolk 1 egg, salt, 1 oz. butter, 1 fill milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, cayenne. Chop the macaroni into small rings. Melt butter and add the flour and stir off the gas until smooth, and free from lumps. Return to stove and cook for one minute. Add milk and stir until it boils and thickens. Add yolk of egg, cheese, macaroni, salt, and cayenne. Turn out on to a plate to cool. When cold, shape into croquettes, using a little flour. Dip

How to Preserve Parsley

● During summer months parsley is plentiful, so why not preserve it for winter needs? Here is the way:

Wash it perfectly free from dirt and grit. Put into boiling water which has been slightly salted and then let it boil for two or three minutes. Take out, let drain, and lay on a sieve in front of the fire. Dry as expeditiously as possible. Store away in a very dry place in bottles, and when wanted for use pour over a little warm water, and let stand for about five minutes.



MACARONI COFFEE PUDDING is an easily prepared and most economical dessert. The simple recipe is given below. Try it!

MACARONI COFFEE PUDDING

Two ounces macaroni, 1 1/2 oz. butter, 1 oz. plain flour, good 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 oz. sugar, vanilla. Boil macaroni for 20 minutes. Draw well. Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour (away from heat) and beat till smooth. Cook 1 minute. Add milk and essence and stir till it boils and thickens, then add sugar and macaroni. Pour into greased fire-proof dish. Thoroughly reheat in oven and serve at once.

MACARONI PUDDING

Four ounces macaroni, stewed fruit, boiled custard, 2 egg-whites, sugar, pink sugar. Break macaroni into small pieces. Boil in plenty of water for 20 minutes. Drain. Put a layer of fruit in glass oven dish, then layer of macaroni, and so on till dish is full. Pour the custard over. Decorate with whisked whites of eggs, sugar added. Just before serving, sprinkle with pink sugar.

MACARONI CUSTARD

One pint milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. cooked macaroni, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, nutmeg. Beat the egg very well. Add sugar, milk and vanilla. Put the macaroni into a greased pie-dish. Pour over egg mixture. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Place the pie-dish in sandwich tin of cold water. Bake in slow oven till set. Serve hot or cold.

NOTE on Milk Puddings: Remember always to fill pie-dish, otherwise the top will not brown nicely.



MACARONI PIE cooked and served very hot in individual dishes gives a piquant touch to the meal. Try it this way—family or guests will give you extra praise for this delicious, savory dish.

part of the sides of a greased pie-dish with it. Ornament paste, using spoon, fork or scissors. Cook macaroni in usual way. Drain well. Beat yolks of eggs well, add milk, sugar, essence and macaroni. Pour into pie-dish. Bake in slow oven till set. Beat egg-whites, add sugar and heap roughly over the custard. Return to oven to brown slightly. Serve hot or cold.

MERTON PUDDING

Four ounces macaroni, stewed fruit, custard, white of egg, pink sugar. Break macaroni into inch pieces and boil for 20 minutes in plenty of water. Strain. Put a layer of stewed fruit in glass dish, then layer of macaroni and so on, till dish is full. Pour the custard over, decorate with stuffy-beaten white of egg (sweetened with sugar), and sprinkle with pink sugar.

MACARONI CUSTARD PIE

Shortcrust, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, essence, 1 tablespoon small macaroni. Make the shortcrust. Roll out into a long strip, and line the edge and

For the Christmas Festivities . . .

Rosella

Puddings — Sultanah, Ginger, Date, Fig, Fruit Mincemeat, Candied Peel, Cut Mixed Peel, Crystallised Ginger, Ginger in Syrup, Crystallised Cherries, 6 Fruit Juice Cordials.



Rosella
PLUM PUDDINGS



● Christmas fare is full of good things, but king of it all is the Pudding. Rosella Puddings save time and trouble, ensuring a delightful Christmas Plum Pudding carefully prepared from choicest ingredients to an Old English Recipe and sold in tins and glass jars.

NOTE on Milk Puddings: Remember always to fill pie-dish, otherwise the top will not brown nicely.

New Kraft Delights

FOR SUMMER DAYS!

IT'S Kraft Cheese that's three parts of the magic in tossing up a successful summer salad.

It's Kraft Cheese that adds zest and food value, inexpensively, to a hundred and one light-hearted summer menus.

And speaking of food values, remember Kraft is rich in protein, energy units, Vitamin A and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. It takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese and it's as digestible as milk itself. Children as well as adults should have some Kraft Cheese every day.

So clip out these brilliant new recipes now and use them often all summer through!

CLIP THESE RECIPES OUT AND SERVE THEM OFTEN



ASPARAGUS SUPREME

Make a cheese sauce by melting half pound packet of Kraft Pimento with a little milk on a double boiler. For each serving place several stalks of asparagus on fresh buttered toast and pour over it a generous amount of hot cheese sauce. Altogether, a luscious dish to serve for luncheon or for special suppers—try it next time you have some friends around.



SWISS TOMATO SALAD

On a large flat salad platter arrange a circle of crisp lettuce leaves. Peel some tomatoes. Cut each tomato into petals and place in the centre of the salad platter. Fill each tomato with shredded Kraft Old English Cheese. (Use a medium-sized shredder). Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Here's a simple but exciting salad that will win you congratulations—from even your own family! The combination of Kraft Old English, lettuce and tomato is one of the most effective possible, in flavour and food value.



THE FOUR FAMOUS KRAFT CHEESES

CHEDDAR, smooth, mellow and delicious.

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FOULW LACART
1 OCT 1937
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE Emerald CLASP

A Complete
Book-Length Novel



By FRANCIS BEEDING

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

THE EMERALD CLASP

By FRANCIS BEEDING



MRS. HAVILAND looked vaguely at an angry face glaring back at her over the edge of a big car. These motorists were really impossible. The man had all but murdered her and now he was loudly asking whether she usually went to sleep on her bicycle in the middle of the main road. And his car was raising dust enough for two.

Mrs. Haviland pressed the pedals firmly. It was a warm day and the July sun fell without stint upon the swelling shoulder of downland in front of her. She could scarcely remember when she had not looked at that smooth crescent of green turf. She had passed all her maiden days in Lavington—days before the Rev. Percival Haviland had come into Sussex as a fledgeling vicar. Percival had been looking for a wife. Ethel Medway, as she then was, had not, of course, been waiting. But she had not been far to seek.

So now, at the age of forty-seven, she could still gaze at those familiar grey-green shapes, pied with the shadow of running clouds, or, on such a day as this, veiled with a faint haze tremulous above the thyme.

Recovered from the shock of her escape, Mrs. Haviland returned, incorrigibly, to her thoughts, which centred about the girl with whom she would shortly be having tea. She must still think of Rosamund Shipley as a girl—though Rosamund must be getting well into the thirties and was now the mistress of Ravenstoke.

It was odd to think of Rosamund as a mistress. For fifteen years—ever since her father's death from pneumonia—she had waited on her invalid mother and had allowed herself to be systematically neglected so that a feckless young brother at Oxford might learn both more and less than was right and proper. No one had ever noticed Rosamund Shipley except as an angel in the house.

Then had come that dreadful accident, barely three months ago. Archibald Shipley, adding himself to the reckless company of motor-cyclists who tore blindly through the land, had found Death, prompt and inevitable, waiting for him round a blind corner on the radiator of a gigantic lorry.

Mrs. Haviland hastily checked a thought unsuited to a vicar's wife. This tragic exit to another world of Archibald Shipley was really no great matter, even though the shock had killed his mother.

What would Rosamund do? How would she meet a situation utterly different from anything she had known? For here she was, quite suddenly, owner of Ravenstoke and of twelve hundred a year besides—a very comfortable income even in these hard times, and a dangerous inheritance for a single woman without experience of the world.

Rosamund would be exposed to temptations. The world was full of temptations and Rosamund, not having had them as yet, would be peculiarly liable. She was not, of course, as young as she was, but a girl who was not positively bad-looking and had £1200 a year could never be altogether safe. Rosamund was not—so far as anyone knew—the sort of girl to look for trouble, but after fifteen years of self-suppression she might not take all the necessary steps to avoid it.

She was in any case making a bad start. Percival had brought the news to the vicarage only that morning. He had spoken to Miss Shipley of the Garden Fete to be held next Thursday fortnight. Rosamund had always devoted herself heart and soul to the Garden Fete. But it seemed that this year—when as mistress of Ravenstoke she might have done so much—she was in fact proposing to do nothing at all.

Rosamund was going away. Not only that. Rosamund was going away to the Continent.

The girl needed perhaps a holiday. But there were English places. Rosamund had seen next to nothing of her own country. Yet she must go abroad—at a time, too, when it was almost a duty to stay at home. For what was the use of a National Government if young people with money to spend must be running off to foreign lands just as soon as they had the chance?

Mrs. Haviland pressed her lips more firmly together, as her bicycle, having climbed the hill, began to roll more swiftly over the level ground towards a sensible villa, with a red roof, standing in its own garden, now not more than a hundred yards or so away.

Mrs. Haviland descended from her bicycle. Her face was flushed with exercise and her greying hair lay in wisps across her forehead. The fact that one side of her frock was considerably lower than the other troubled her not at all. She wheeled her bicycle briskly up the drive. It was tiresome of Rosamund to keep the oak gate half-shut, so that it was impossible to ride right up to the house. A gate should be either closed or open. That, she seemed to remember, was the title of a poem or play. With a double meaning. By a Frenchman.

And Rosamund was going abroad. Propping her bicycle against one of the white pillars of the door, Mrs. Haviland pulled the bell smartly. Presently she rang again. Thus to be kept waiting was unusual. The second ring was followed, after a further pause, by the sound of hurried footsteps. The door was flung open and a slight figure stood on the threshold.

"My dear Ethel," said Rosamund Shipley, standing aside. "Do come in. I am sorry you have been kept waiting."

Mrs. Haviland, somewhat bewildered, entered the hall—cool, with black and white tiles, blue Japanese prints on the walls and polished bowls on the sideboard. There were no flowers, she noticed, in the Chinese

vases. There had always been flowers, but things would be different now.

Even Rosamund herself was different. Mrs. Haviland stealthily surveyed her as she passed into the hall. Rosamund was wearing a frock disclosing bare arms almost to the shoulder. Her face was flushed and she turned from closing the front door with a swing that had about it the emphasis of youth. The sun shone on her light hair of a straw color, very fine and abundant, with no sign of grey—though grey there must be.

"I'm alone in the house to-day," said Rosamund as they crossed the hall. "Laura has gone away."

"Gone away," echoed Mrs. Haviland, pausing in astonishment.

"On holiday," said Rosamund. "I thought it was about time the poor old thing had a change of air. It's the first for seven years."

"Laura," said Mrs. Haviland, "is a good servant. I hope you are not going to lose her. Holidays are always so unsettling, don't you think? I never send my maid away for a holiday without expecting her to discover an invalid mother or a widowed uncle with children. And one has to believe them, of course."

"WE'RE having tea on the terrace," said Rosamund, firmly refusing to be entangled. "So please sit down in one of those basket-chairs out there and make yourself comfortable. It must have been hot riding up here and it was charming of you to come. I shall be back in a minute."

Rosamund turned lightly away with a smile and, as she turned, the sunshine from the great window on the hall-stairs caught her face.

"Heavens!" thought Mrs. Haviland. "Cosmetics. . . . Is it possible?"

Mrs. Haviland pushed open the door which led to the garden. She knew her way well enough and soon found herself upon the terrace with the lovely view. There she sank gratefully into a comfortable basket-chair drawn close to a tea-table, upon which, in addition to the necessary preparations for tea, her astounded eyes perceived a bottle of gin, two bottles of vermouth and a cocktail shaker.

Mrs. Haviland pursed her lips. Here was confirmation indeed. A girl who brought a cocktail shaker to the tea-table was obviously quite capable of wielding a lip-stick. Rosamund, emancipated on the wrong side of thirty, was clearly determined to assert herself as one of the younger generation. Drink. . . . cosmetics. There might even be men in the house. Rosamund had in any case made up her mind to be as attractive as possible. And the worst of it was that she might succeed. Light hair and hazel eyes were a curious and disturbing combination.

There came a rattle of teacups and Rosamund appeared carrying a Sheffield plate tea-tray, with a kettle.

"So you have sent Laura away for a holiday," repeated Mrs. Haviland.
"For three months," responded Rosamund brightly. "I find that she has relatives in Cumberland. It just shows how little one knows or cares about one's servants in the ordinary way. The dear old thing protested, of course, that she could never leave the house, but she was really frightfully pleased when she went off and you have no idea of the things she succeeded in cramming into her basket bag."
"Three months?" said Mrs. Haviland.
"Can she afford so long a holiday as that?"
"Board wages," said Rosamund recklessly.
"Tea?" she continued. "Unless, of course, I can persuade you to a cocktail. I'm not yet very good at them, but this is a useful little book and I am improving every day."

HERE she held up a slim volume, brightly bound in scarlet and gold. It flashed and sparkled in the sun.
"Tea, if you please, Rosamund," said Mrs. Haviland sharply.

There was not a doubt of it. A very definite change had come over Rosamund Shipley. She was wearing a white frock, too—not even in mourning.
"I met your husband to-day," continued Rosamund, handing her visitor a cup of tea.
"I suppose he has told you the news. I am leaving Ravenstoke on Saturday."
"Percival did mention it," said Mrs. Haviland. "I need hardly say that I was surprised, though I had already heard rumors."
"There are always rumors," said Rosamund sweetly.

"I think," pursued Mrs. Haviland gently, "that you might have told me a little sooner of your plans. After all, my dear, I have known you for many years."

From somewhere behind them an electric bell sounded faintly.

Rosamund sprang lightly to her feet and while she went to answer the bell Mrs. Haviland gazed once more across the terrace to the Downs spreading graciously towards the Devil's Dyke and Wolstanbury. Clearly there was nothing to be done and it was useless now to bring up the subject of the Garden Fete. Rosamund had made up her mind. One could only do one's best to feel charitable about it. Rosamund deserved a holiday, if any woman did. She had looked after her mother for more than fifteen difficult years, leaving her own youth gradually behind.

There was not a doubt of it, Rosamund deserved a holiday.

Mrs. Haviland turned her head. Rosamund was coming back. Beside her walked Dr. Thorpe in his neat grey suit. Dr. Thorpe was always neat and he had other and more sterling qualities. He worked very hard for one thing. And he had a heart of gold. Everyone liked Dr. Thorpe—not exactly brilliant, but it was hardly fair to expect a country doctor, with a wide practice, to do more than keep his head above the medical waters and as a practitioner he gave every satisfaction. There was no nonsense about Dr. Thorpe.

"How do you do, Mrs. Haviland," he said. "Well as ever, I suppose. If everyone in Lavington had your constitution I should soon have to go after another practice."

He sank into one of the basket chairs.

"Tea, doctor?" said Rosamund.

He looked aside at the cocktail shaker.
"Tea," he said defiantly. "I may be old-fashioned, but at my time of life it is dangerous to change old habits, good or bad."

He looked steadily at Rosamund.

"Confess," he said. "You don't like gin to your tea."

"Not yet," admitted Rosamund hopefully.

"Bravado," retorted the doctor. "One in the eye for the parish. But you can't shock me, my dear. For one thing I'm a doctor and for another . . ."

He broke off and stared rather pensively at the Downs.

"Yes?" prompted Rosamund.

"I've known you for more than twenty years," he concluded.

"I suppose you've heard the news," put in Mrs. Haviland.

"I expect so," said Dr. Thorpe. "I usually do—sooner even than the postmistress, and what she doesn't know . . ."

"Rosamund is leaving us," said Mrs. Haviland. "I had it from Percival this morning."

"And I had it from the postmistress two days ago," said the doctor. "It seems that Rosamund has made up her mind to go gadding . . ."

"Gadding," protested Rosamund.

"The Continent," nodded Mrs. Haviland.

"Wish me joy, doctor," said Rosamund.

"With all my heart," said the doctor.

"Any objections?" Rosamund inquired.

"None whatever. So long as the drains are adequate."

"I'm going to stay with Marion in Savoy. You remember Marion?"

"Of course I remember Marion."

"She has always liked living abroad. She is now at a little place called Talloires on the Lake of Annecy. It's very beautiful, I am told—mountains and rivers and meadows and castles and the most wonderful sunsets."

"Never been to Savoy myself," said the doctor. "Once had a trip to the Engadine—a bit hot in August and swarming with German tourists. But the sunsets were fine. I envy you the sunsets. There is a thing they call the Alpine glow."

"I envy myself," said Rosamund, setting down the teapot. "It is rather wonderful—getting right away after all these years."

"And afterwards?" inquired the doctor.

"That will depend on Marion. Venice, perhaps."

"Venice in July?"

"Perhaps not Venice. What does it matter? Anywhere will do. We shall wake up one fine morning, open a big map, shut both eyes and take a dab at it."

Mrs. Haviland, defeated, rose suddenly from her chair.

"I hope you will have a very pleasant time," she said evenly.

"Not going?" protested Rosamund.

"I'm afraid I must," said Mrs. Haviland. The doctor also rose.

"May I give you a lift," he suggested dutifully.

"No, thank you, doctor. I came up on my bicycle. Don't trouble to see me out, Rosamund. Stay and give the doctor his tea. Look me up, my dear, before you go."

The two ladies kissed and Rosamund turned back to the tea-table.

Dr. Thorpe was looking absently at the delphiniums.

So Rosamund was breaking loose. Not a bad thing in a way. It was time she began to think less of other people and more of herself and, if she should find things not quite so easy as she expected—well, there were worse things than getting into a scrape.

"Penny for them," said Rosamund gaily.

Dr. Thorpe started.

"I was only thinking what fun you will be having out there," he said.

That was not entirely true. For he had also been counting the years he had been in love with Rosamund Shipley and how hopeless had been his case. For Rosamund had taken it for granted that her mission in life was to look after her mother. And now that she was free, with money and the brave world awaiting her on the farther side of the Downs, it was not easy to see where he came in or what he was going to do about it.

He glanced at his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "Old Stibbles wants to consult me about his wife."

"What, again?"

Dr. Thorpe nodded.

"The seventh. Or is it the eighth?"

They walked in silence to the end of the terrace.

The doctor turned suddenly to take his leave, looked at Rosamund very straight and smiled.

"Good-bye, my dear," he said. "Enjoy yourself."

He paused a moment and added with an awkward gesture at the line of the Down and the blue Weald lying at its feet: "Don't forget all that too soon."

As though to give point to his words, there came from far away the note of a church bell ringing.

Dr. Thorpe turned away.

"Nice old thing," thought Rosamund, as she watched him striding easily down the garden path.

ROSAMUND yawned and looked at her wrist-watch. It was about ten-fifteen, the hour at which old Mrs. Shipley had invariably gone to bed on the days when she had admitted to being well—the ultimate hour at Ravenstoke. Therefore at ten-fifteen Rosamund must yawn, not because she was really tired but because for fifteen years she had ended her day at that hour.

She moved across the drawing-room and closed the windows.

The stars were still pale, but the great shoulder of the Down was black velvet against the sky. It lay along the horizon with its companions, leopards of the south, lean and vigilant, guarding the green lap of fair King Richard's land. She played with the idea—the Leopards of England on the Plantagenet shield.

Then she turned away and pulled down the linen blinds.

Her foot struck against something on the floor. The book she had been reading lay on the carpet by her chair. She stooped and picked it up: "Dangerous Ages," by a woman who knew her sex and wrote of it in a spirit of friendly malice. Apparently all ages were dangerous—her own included.

She closed the drawing-room door softly behind her. Bessie the cook had gone to bed long ago. But Bessie rose every day at six while Rosamund could get up any hour she liked—at ten o'clock if the fancy took her. She had done it once just to show that she could if she chose. But not again. She had simply waited for the clock to strike. Besides, lying in bed was bad for the figure and she had decided, on going into the matter, that her figure would pay for keeping.

She sat down at her dressing-table, and, switching on the light—its installation had been her first extravagance—she examined her face long and carefully.

Undoubtedly she was improving. Still too heavy with the pencil, perhaps—which was a pity, for her eyes were perhaps her best feature and needed no artifice to set

them off. And the rouge was still quite obvious. Ethel Haviland had noticed it at once. But her hand would grow in cunning and in France, where they did these things so much better, she would be able to get expert advice. There, too, she would go seriously into the question of her hair. She had refused to have it touched by the local man though he had cleverly assured her that wonders might be effected.

France...with Marion waiting to welcome her into a new life.

She opened her handbag and drew from it Marion's enthusiastic letter. She read it again, for the third or fourth time:

"I am so delighted that you have really decided to come. This place is too wonderful. The scenery is a dream and there is a Casino only a few miles away, where you can gamble, my dear. Also there is here a perfectly gorgeous hotel; it was once a real Abbey with monks and it has a garden which goes right down to the lake so that people can wear the loveliest things for bathing all day long. I advise you to take the Golden Arrow, which leaves Victoria at 11.15. You can easily afford it, and it will save you a lot of trouble with the Customs and all that sort of thing."

There were at least four pages of friendliness and enthusiasm. Marion at her best could be quite remarkably sweet and a good companion.

Marion had not married. There had been a man of course. But he was lying, above the marshes of the Somme, in that great cemetery at Thiepval. Yet she had been luckier than Rosamund. She was not rich but, with £300 a year, and the family jewels against a rainy day, she had always done pretty much as she pleased.

Marion, reflected Rosamund, as she slipped off her frock, must now be quite a woman of the world. She had wandered about all over Europe since the War—Italy, the Riviera, France. She had seen much of the earth, and now Rosamund would see it too.

Rosamund sighed deeply, switched off the light and, a moment later, was sound asleep.

THE narrow seas were unexpectedly kind. Rosamund would rather have liked to discover whether she was, or was not, a good sailor. But the Channel was smooth—the proverbial mill-pond, and proverbs were disappointing.

The bustle at Victoria had left her a little bewildered, though outwardly calm. Who could fail to be calm in a travelling-cost purchased in Bond Street? She lived instinctively up to appearance and no one, seeing her in the corner of her compartment, would ever, for a moment, have imagined that this was her first journey from England.

The sharp thrill of seeing the war cemeteries around Etaples left her sensitive to small impressions and she recalled more sharply the sense of disappointment with which she had read a second letter from Marion. Her hand went uncertainly to her leather hand-bag and once more she read the rather florid page:

"So you see how it is. I don't want you to be disappointed. So sprinkle my previous raptures with a load of salt. It is now stiflingly hot here and I must warn you that there is scarcely any shade, except, of course, in the cloisters. I can stand it myself, being seasoned, but for you, fresh from a temperate land, it might even be dangerous.

Rosamund skipped several paragraphs.

"I must also warn you that the food here isn't really up to standard and the bathing—well, of course, it isn't like the sea."

Rosamund allowed the sheets to fall on her lap.

Why was Marion blowing cold? Was it merely an attack of nerves and would she be in quite a different mind again by the time her visitor arrived at Talloires?

SHE slept badly in her wagon-lit. It was hot and she had never before gone to bed in a train. Also, by some error, she had to change at Culoz, where she was to arrive at five in the morning—a thought that might have sufficed to keep even a seasoned traveller awake. What sleep she had was shot with dreams—as meaningless as they were fearful.

Descending from the train at Culoz she was informed that a breakdown had occurred on the line. For what reason she could not discover. But it would be some time before she could proceed.

Her first act was to send a wire to Marion, saying that she would not reach Annecy much before four-thirty and asking to be met at the railway station. She then discovered that there was an hotel near by. There she had a bath and her first continental breakfast of coffee and rolls.

She left the hotel and wandered down the road. It ran across a plain between high mountains and, in the middle distance, a river wound its way through marshes. That must be the Rhone and she decided on the instant to walk to it, for more than two hours must pass before her train would leave Culoz. Presently she found herself on a long bridge spanning the marsh.

Behind her and beyond, the peaks stood up in the summer air. Here was a second thrill—born of high rocks, clear sunlight and the swift river. It was a thrill more keen, more quick with promise, than the thrill of Paris—as different from that as the green saplings in the marsh from the prophets and saints and kings of Notre Dame.

It lingered and recurred all that afternoon as the train carried her at last through gorge and meadow down to the lake-side town of Annecy.

On the platform at Annecy she looked eagerly for Marion, but no one came to meet her. Perhaps the wire from Culoz had miscarried. She collected her belongings and was driven to the lake, where she was inducted into the small paddle-steamer which was to take her to Talloires. The boat chugged its way softly across the placid lake.

"Talloires."

The name was cried by an old man in a pair of dirty blue trousers, captain and crew of the little steamer, and she perceived a small bay, with a jetty and one or two houses, their gardens coming down to the edge of the water. To the left was the grey stone pile of the abbey.

That, of course, was her hotel.

But where again was Marion?

Rosamund, suddenly feeling a little tired, walked across the gangway. The old man followed, carrying her suitcases. The hotel porter, in a green balze apron, stood upon the jetty and, beyond him, was an open space set about with plane-trees and ending in a terrace. Rosamund climbed the terrace, followed now by the man in the green balze apron. Groups of people were sitting

under the trees and she heard the shrill voices of French children at play.

Then, at last, she perceived her friend. Marion wore a bathing-dress with very little back to it, and she was sipping something green from a cocktail glass.

Opposite Marion, at the table, a man was sitting.

Rosamund stopped abruptly on her way to the hotel door and stared. Swiftly the thought had struck her and would not be suppressed.

Had Marion found romance?

MARION KNOX had not noticed the steamer. On receiving the wire which Rosamund had sent from Culoz she had been resolute to go into Annecy to meet the train. But Guy had wanted her to swim with him in the lake and, once you have got into a bathing-dress and swum yourself tired and lain in the warm sun, duties recede. Then, being hungry, she had eaten a heavy lunch. The afternoon was hot; Guy still appeared to like her company and Annecy seemed a long way off. It would be just as nice for Rosamund to be welcomed at the hotel door as at the station gates.

Then, all at once, there stood Rosamund coming from the jetty—looking very English and not a little forlorn. And for a moment Marion felt uncommonly mean, especially as Rosamund had stopped on her way to the hotel door and was looking in her direction.

Marion rose.

"Guy," she said, "it is Rosamund. I had no idea it was so late."

"A compliment to me," he said, getting to his feet. "But now I will make myself scarce."

"No need to do that," said Marion.

But he had turned away and was gone. This was what she had feared.

Marion felt a sudden prick of intense exasperation.

She took a step forward. On her face was a set smile. She hoped it looked kinder than it felt. It would be hard on poor Rosamund, who had been up all night in the train and had found no one to meet her at the station, to be made to feel that she was in the least degree unwelcome.

"Rosamund, my dear," she exclaimed.

They kissed.

"I wasn't expecting you for at least an hour," Marion continued.

"You got my wire?" asked Rosamund, a little stiffly.

"Yes," said Marion, "I got your wire. But I really didn't feel equal to the trip. This hot weather—it has rather knocked me over. And the extra bit from Annecy on the steamer is so simple. I was sure you would understand."

"Of course," said Rosamund.

They stood awkwardly a moment.

"Let me take you to your room," continued Marion. "Or perhaps you would like a cocktail? It's pleasant here in the garden, in spite of the heat."

"You look cool enough, at any rate," said Rosamund, falling into step.

They sat down at a table under the trees and Marion beckoned to a waiter.

"I do my best," she said. "Here one simply lives in a bathing-dress and as little of that as possible. What will you have? A green devil would be amusing."

"You know best," said Rosamund.

"Two green devils," ordered Marion and then looked sidelong at her companion.

Rosamund, perhaps, was hurt. Or was she simply tired?

"Well, dear," she said, as the waiter de-

livered the cocktails. "How do you like this place?"

"It looks pretty good," said Rosamund. "Wait till you've had a bath and changed into something flimsy. The evening is the best time here—in this weather."

"Heavens," added Marion to herself. "This is awful. We're making conversation."

How differently, a week ago, had she pictured the coming of Rosamund. But that was before she had met Guy Harden. She had thought it would be fun showing Rosamund about. Marion knew the ropes. And Rosamund was comparatively rich. They might have done all sorts of things together—things Marion could never have afforded to do by herself.

Marion rose to her feet. "Let me take you along," she continued. "I'll help you unpack."

"Please don't trouble Marion. Just give me time to cool down and I'll join you here in an hour."

They stood for a moment on the lawn. "Dinner at a quarter-past seven," said Marion. "You come to my table, of course." She pointed to a table, a dozen yards away, under the plane-trees. It was laid for two.

Rosamund felt a sudden impulse of affection. After all, why should Marion have come all the way to Anney merely to meet her about twenty minutes sooner.

"Marion, how sweet of you," she said. "Sweet?" echoed Marion, taken aback.

"The table, I mean," said Rosamund brightly. "I see you've got a place for me ready and waiting."

"Er . . . yes," said Marion, "of course." Rosamund turned with a light wave of the hand.

"The cocktails are on me," she said. Marion watched her friend pass through the green door above the flight of stone steps.

Then she moved away in the direction where she had last seen Guy Harden disappear.

ROSAMUND pushed away her finger-bowl and delicately brushed a few drops of water from the tips of her fingers.

The long meal had drawn somehow to an end. She had come down to it in the mood of her parting with Marion, ready to blame herself for being difficult, and to make amends for having been needlessly waspish over the *creme de menthe*. But Marion had not easily responded, and it had not been difficult to locate them. At a table some twenty yards away was dining the man with whom she had been sitting when Rosamund had first arrived. Rosamund felt that Marion was continually aware of him, though he rarely looked in her direction.

"Who is he?" Rosamund demanded at last, rather suddenly.

Marion started, laughed uneasily, and then became nervously voluble.

"It is a Mr. Harden," she said. "We've been going about together; bathing, walking, meals—all that sort of thing. You must meet him after dinner. We might take coffee with him. He's rather nice."

Rosamund looked steadily at Marion.

"Meals, did you say?"

"Usually."

"So that accounts for this friendly little table for two. I think you might have told me, Marion."

"Don't be silly, Rosamund," said Marion sharply. "Mr. Harden naturally didn't want to dine with us on our first evening together. He knows that we are old friends."

"A tactful person."

"Don't be horrid, Rosamund."

"Sorry, Marion. Take no notice, there's a dear. Just order coffee and bring forward the paragon."

Marion turned and caught the eye of the man at the table. He rose and came towards them.

"Rosamund, dear, this is Mr. Harden."

"Delighted," said the newcomer.

Rosamund saw before her a man just below middle height. He was dark, but had more than a little grey in his hair. His face was pleasant, but not remarkable—straight nose; chin rounded with a small cleft in it; brown eyes, rather prominent.

He bowed and took her by the hand. His grip was firm. His voice, even though it delivered but the single word, had a rather fascinating quality. As he bowed Rosamund noted a bald patch on the top of his head.

"Sit down, Guy, and have some coffee with us, won't you?"

He pulled forward a chair.

"Sure I'm not in the way? Two old friends . . . You must have a lot to say to one another."

Rosamund felt it necessary to be gracious. "Marion and I have said quite a lot already," she replied.

Harden sat down.

Marion wore her customary fixed smile. In the garden, with its shaded lights, she looked well.

"Doing her utmost," thought Rosamund, not unkindly.

Marion was even wearing her famous pearls with the emerald clasp.

"There are castles all round the lake," he was saying. "And, a few miles beyond, is the little St. Bernard, a twisting road to Italy. Behind us, on the lower slopes of a great hill, is the Castle of St. Bernard—Bernard of Menthon, who founded the monastery on top of the pass. The family have lived there for a thousand years."

Rosamund felt she ought never to look at him, but just listen. It was a voice to draw three souls out of one weaver and he was performing for their pleasure.

The coffee came and still Harden talked. His talk was commonplace—of the moon that was rising above the Semnoz, of the wooded hills and green valleys towards Thomas, of the Casino at Anney where he must persuade them to try their luck, of his place in Norfolk and its country pleasures. Marion listened eagerly and Rosamund allowed herself to be lulled.

"Tired?" asked Marion suddenly.

"No," she said. "Not a bit."

Then she realised that, perhaps, she was meant to take a hint.

"But I've had a rather heavy day," she added. "And I have not yet properly unpacked. I think perhaps I'll go to my room."

She rose from the table.

"See you again in the morning, Marion."

Good-night, Mr. Harden.

Harden jumped to his feet.

"Good-night, Miss Shipley."

He bowed and she had another glimpse of his bald patch.

Rosamund went to her room on the second floor, overlooking the lake. There she leaned for a moment, her elbows on the window-sill, gazing into the quiet night. From the terrace below came a subdued chatter. Somewhere, perhaps in the cloister—for the hotel, she remembered, was an abbey transformed—a gramophone was playing softly—an air from "The Magic Flute."

Two figures moved across the terrace, a man and a woman. The woman's hand was

on the man's arm and, as they moved into a patch of light, Rosamund caught sight of a bald patch.

"Yes," thought Rosamund, "Marion has found romance."

ROSAMUND, feeling vaguely that she was about to wake up, suddenly opened her eyes wide with alarm. A man was standing by the bed.

Then she remembered that she was abroad and must be prepared for anything. The man set down a breakfast-tray on the table beside her and withdrew without seeming to notice that she was there.

On her plate was an envelope. Letters already, she thought; but then perceived that the envelope was not stamped and that it was addressed in the hand of Marion. She picked it up and read that Marion, assuming that Rosamund would be tired after her journey, and would wish to sleep late, had gone for a walk, and would, of course, be back for lunch.

Rosamund attacked her breakfast. It was just as well perhaps that Marion should make it plain at the outset that they were not to be inseparable.

"I am not so much afraid of being neglected as of being most horribly in the way," reflected Rosamund.

"Live and let live," she concluded, attacking her second roll.

She dressed quickly, putting on a linen frock of pale blue, and walked down the ancient stone stairs to the cloisters. There she paused a moment before moving through a Gothic doorway to the terrace. She felt like an intruder into alien sanctities.

Rosamund moved into the morning sunshine where green tables stood beneath spreading plane-trees, pruned in the continental manner to give the maximum of shade. She chose a table near the lakeside, sat down and placed her despatch-case upon it. She intended to write letters until Marion returned.

"Fine morning."

Rosamund looked up. An elderly man, with a tall forehead, thin hair, ruddy cheeks and a nondescript moustache, dressed in grey flannels, well-pressed and cut, his shirt open at the neck and a small flower in his buttonhole, was standing beside her.

"Lovely," she replied.

"You arrived last night, did you not?" continued the man.

Rosamund nodded.

"May I sit down?"

"Certainly," said Rosamund, pointing to the second chair.

The stranger seated himself.

"I wonder," he said, with an odd mixture of apology and defiance, "are you interested in dreams?"

"Dreams?" echoed Rosamund.

"Dreams," repeated the stranger. "A fascinating subject. I've studied 'em all my life."

"Indeed."

"I dreamed last night," he continued, "that the Prince of Wales rode Little Jack Horner in the Cesarewitch and won at five to two. I must have a look at 'The Times.' If Little Jack Horner is running, I shall put a fiver on it."

Rosamund, looking round for help, suddenly saw the small steamer splashing its way round the promontory.

"Excuse me," she said. "That is my steamer, you know."

"Allow me," he said, "to accompany you to the jetty."

For a moment Rosamund thought that he meant to accompany her farther. She had decided on a sudden impulse to go to Annecy. She must buy a bathing-dress.

"My name is Filby," pursued the stranger, "Major Filby."

"Good-bye, Major Filby," said Rosamund firmly, as she set her foot upon the gang-plank. "It was nice of you to come to the jetty."

Rosamund went aboard and half-an-hour later she was walking in Annecy.

She found it a pleasant town. The main streets were arcaded with here and there some lovely seventeenth-century houses. Turning a corner she found a river, really more like a canal, with little stone bridges crossing it. In the middle of the river was a round medieval building, an ancient prison. She walked round the town for perhaps half-an-hour and found the kind of shop she wanted near the Casino, a rococo modern building by the lakeside. Presently there was spread before her a bewildering array of bathing-dresses, of all shapes and colors, each one seeming more scanty than the last.

"Madam," said the assistant, "would doubtless like to be fitted."

Rosamund had never thought of trying on a bathing-dress. The assistant, however, was moving to an alcove screened by a curtain and Rosamund presently found herself slipping on a succession of swimming suits. It was so necessary, the assistant explained, that the costume should fit properly. Madam had such a beautiful figure. Rosamund looked at herself complacently in the long glass. She hoped it was true and not merely sales flattery. Eventually she chose a bathing-dress of apple green, with a green cap to match. It had forked lightning worked in silver on the left hip, and was, the assistant assured her, extremely smart—the latest from Paris. Rosamund, paying a hundred and fifty francs, again hoped it was true. But what a price! She had never before paid more than five shillings for a bathing-dress.

Outside in the sunshine she paused a moment, uncertain what to do next. Her boat left at a quarter to twelve, but it was only a little past eleven and really too hot to continue walking round the town. Across the road she espied the terrace of the Casino, set with large umbrellas and small tables. About the tables flitted waiters in white coats.

Seated at the end of the terrace overlooking the lake were Marion and Mr. Harden.

Rosamund instantly made up her mind to retreat, but it was too late. Marion had caught sight of Rosamund at once and, for a moment, had looked annoyed; but immediately her expression changed and a quick smile crossed her face. She raised her hand and beckoned.

Rosamund moved forward.

"How delightful, my dear," said Marion.

"How enterprising," added Harden.

"I had some shopping to do," said Rosamund lamely.

She was furious with herself for having blundered into them. They must be wishing her to Jericho. Or was it, perhaps, ridiculous to be so sensitive? For they both were smiling an obvious welcome.

Harden beckoned to a waiter.

"I recommend a Champagne Cobbler," he said.

"Really, my dear," said Marion, "shopping already."

"Only a bathing-dress," pleaded Rosamund. "I didn't bring one out, you know."

"Is it a nice one?"

"It was expensive," said Rosamund.

"Quite right," said Harden. "Always buy the most expensive. It pays in the long run."

At that moment a Champagne Cobbler, full of crushed ice, was put before her. Rosamund, as she drank, decided that Guy Harden was not such a bad fellow after all.

The Champagne Cobbler was certainly delicious.

ROSAMUND left her room that afternoon not without a secret tremor. It was four o'clock and blazing hot. The new bathing-dress was in position and the exiguous mirror in her bedroom had seemed to show that there was no back to it at all. About her shoulders she had thrown a cape of rainbow towel-ling. On her head was the green rubber bathing-cap. She walked a little hesitatingly down the broad stairs. She was to meet Marion and Mr. Harden on the terrace at four o'clock.

After lunch all three had slept. The weather was too hot for any kind of expedition. They had decided that at four they would bathe in the lake.

Passing through the hotel on her way to the landing-stage, from which they were to bathe, she perceived that her misgivings about her dress were quite unnecessary. Everyone in the hotel wore costumes as cool and as sketchy as her own. Two French girls, with attendant youths, who had been playing tennis on the court behind the abbey, were running across the terrace to the water's edge. After them drifted Major Filby, arrayed in a striped bathing-suit. He moved a hand as though to raise a non-existent hat.

"Going to bathe?" he shouted gaily.

"Yes," admitted Rosamund.

"I've been dreaming again," said Major Filby. "Most extraordinary, I always dream after lunch."

"There you are, Miss Shipley," came a voice from behind her.

She turned with relief to see Guy Harden. He was wearing a black swimming-suit and, to Rosamund's surprise, it set him off to advantage. He had a slim and wiry figure, with more than a hint of muscle in the forearm and thigh.

"Tell me about it this evening, Major Filby," said Rosamund.

"Delighted," said the Major.

"Poor old thing," said Harden. "Just potters about, you know. Nothing else left for him to do."

They were walking towards Marion, who was standing already by the brink of the lake, watching the French visitors who, with much splashing and shrill cries, were entering the water.

Rosamund nodded.

Guy Harden gave a sudden grin and, running lightly across the terrace, took a header into the lake. Rosamund, as she followed, drew level with Marion, who was gazing into the water.

"He swims well," said Rosamund.

Marion started and flushed slightly.

"He does, doesn't he?" she responded.

Rosamund stood for a moment enjoying the scene. She was at the edge of the plank, her toes gripping the rough wood. She stretched her arms, flexing the muscles of her body, shot forward and passed the green water.

"A perfect dive, Miss Shipley," came from near at hand.

Rosamund turned to see Guy Harden a yard or two away.

"Do you swim much?"

"Once upon a time," said Rosamund. "I haven't had much chance lately."

"Your friend prefers the mountains," said Harden, a little dryly.

Rosamund looked over her shoulder. Marion was swimming cautiously close to the enclosure. She waved a hand at them and shouted something which Rosamund did not catch.

Harden turned to Rosamund.

"I am teaching Marion," he said.

Rosamund swam to the raft. There was a little pair of steps which led down to the water. Up these she walked and seated herself at one corner as far removed from the French young things as possible.

Suddenly she heard a shrill scream from the bank.

"Au secours! Au secours!"

A woman was standing by the water's edge, screaming at the top of her voice and Rosamund perceived that the other bathers, who had previously taken not the slightest notice, were now alarmed.

Fifty yards away, perhaps, two small hands, oddly helpless, were thrust from the surface of the lake and, even as she watched, struck incapable, she perceived a face congested and drawn, the face of a small boy, breaking the water. For a moment it gleamed and then disappeared.

At that instant she saw the small black head with the greying hair of Guy Harden, in a smother of foam, darting swiftly to the spot. The commotion on the bank continued, but she did not heed it. She was watching the swimmer as, with swift over-arm strokes, he made for the drowning boy. Then she, too, was roused to action. She scrambled hastily to her feet and dived swiftly, coming up in Harden's wake. She pursued him as fast as she could, but realised, after the first stroke, how much faster he was than she. Already he was quite thirty yards ahead. What would he do? . . . Duck-diving . . . The boy had gone right under, then.

She saw Harden's feet thrust above water for a moment as his strong arms pulled him down into the depths. Then, as she still made towards the vacant scene of these activities, he came up suddenly and with a gasp of sheer relief she saw that he had his arm under the shoulders of the child, trying to support him.

Rosamund arrived.

"Well done," she said. "Can I give you a hand?"

"Hold him up," said Guy Harden. "I'm done for the moment . . . Not used to this."

Rosamund placed her hands under the shoulders of the boy, whose head lolled back upon her neck. Guy Harden, red in the face, was floating beside her, breathing heavily.

"That's better," he said. "I'll help you now to get him to land."

Swimming slowly, side by side, supporting the boy between them, they made for the shore. Over the water came a loud divided chorus from the bank.

Guy Harden gave a sudden smile.

"Is he all right?"

Rosamund's voice was urgent, but, as she spoke, the still form between them moved. The boy gave a gasping sigh. His eyes opened and he began to struggle.

"Steady," said Harden sharply.

"Sols tranquille," said Rosamund.

The prow of a rowing-boat came thrusting alongside. A young man from the raft was rowing it and Rosamund perceived that

they were close to the shore. She reached up and clasped the gunwale while Harden caught hold of the other side.

A moment later they were in shallow water and Rosamund felt the hard gravel beneath her feet. She stood up. Harden was standing, too, with the boy in his arms. They waded towards the steps leading down to the lake. The commotion on the bank was by this time seismic and overwhelming. The whole population of Talloires seemed to have assembled. There were shouts and cheers as Rosamund climbed the steps and as the shrill mother came rushing towards them.

ROSAMUND, in a frock of pale orange, was walking before dinner in the Abbot's garden.

She was glad to be out of the noise and to forget the fuss they had made, the forced congratulations, the voluble thanks. Anyone would have imagined that she had rescued the boy herself. She had done next to nothing at all, but Mr. Harden had run away and refused to be a hero. They had fallen back on her. And now he was sitting on the terrace with Marion, drinking the "green devils" which were so amusing.

Rosamund suddenly felt forlorn. She wished there were someone with whom she could share the fun. For the affair had not been without its lighter side.

She continued her walk. The declining light lay softly on the old walls. Almost one could imagine the monkish figures, in their black robes and the click of their beads.

Then, abruptly, she stopped dead in her walk and put out one hand to rest against the rough bark of a tree. Was she dreaming? Twenty yards away perhaps, in the angle of the wall, a black-robed figure had taken shape. Or was it a trick of the shadows? She moved forward. Beyond doubt there stood the figure, in funeral black. Dripping folds of black fell from shoulder and wrist.

Rosamund took no further notice but walked on past the woman who looked at her for a moment.

Presently she heard footsteps behind her. "Excusez-moi," said a voice with a strong British accent.

Rosamund turned. The woman who thus addressed her looked old and ill. Her mouth was set in a hard line.

"Do you want to speak to me?" said Rosamund.

The eyes of the woman brightened. "English, thank Heaven," she said. "I can't get my tongue round this foreign stuff."

"What can I do for you?" asked Rosamund.

The woman looked at her sidelong. "Not many English people about, I dare say," she inquired.

Rosamund looked suspiciously at the speaker. She could hardly be a guest. Nor did she look like a maid. Rosamund could not place her.

"The people here," she said, "are mostly French."

"A bit lonesome, isn't it?" asked the woman. "None of your own kind about."

Rosamund looked at the woman in surprise. Who on earth could she be? Was the woman impertinent or merely nervous? Rosamund turned on her heel but heard the stranger moving behind her.

"Is there a gentleman named Rivers staying in this hotel?" came the voice of her subtle follower.

"I really have no idea," said Rosamund over her shoulder.

"Just a minute, miss. No offence, believe me."

Rosamund turned and faced the woman. "Mr. Rivers?" repeated the woman.

"Small...dark...going grey."

"I don't know anyone of that name."

Rosamund turned abruptly away and walked towards the hotel. The spell of the place was broken. She saw only a summer garden in the late after-glow of sunset.

"No offence, I'm sure."

The tired voice floated after her. Rosamund, shivering slightly as she went, remained oddly conscious of the dark figure standing squat, black and inconspicuous in the path.

Monsieur Guise hovered in close personal attendance, surrounded by respectful acolytes, to ensure that no item of the protocol should be omitted. The little dinner thus assumed the aspect and quality of a rite.

They were sitting—Guy, Rosamund and Marion—at a table with shaded lights beneath the trees, and Marion was driven to admit that seldom had she been better served. From the opening dish of chicken-liver patty prepared with champagne, to the final triumph of the soufflé au Grand Marnier, perfection was achieved.

But Marion that evening was ill to please. Her thoughts must needs return continually to what had happened that afternoon: Guy was a hero and Rosamund had been his right arm. Together they had been acclaimed and petted and she, Marion, had been distinctly out of it.

"Penny for them."

It was Rosamund speaking and Marion pulled herself up with a start.

"I was wondering what we are going to do next," she said.

Guy relaxed into his chair.

"The night," he said, "is young."

"So are we all," said Rosamund and felt that it was true.

MARION looked resentfully at her friend.

"But you must be tired, Rosamund darling," she said persuasively, trying to infuse regret rather than hope into her tone.

"Not a bit," said Rosamund decisively.

"And even if I were, nothing would induce me to admit it—not on a night like this."

"What shall we do?" asked Marion.

Guy Harden sat back. His shirt-front creaked a little. That again, thought Marion, was so nice of him: he always wore evening clothes, not like these slovenly Frenchmen, who thought nothing of dining in an open shirt, with not even a tie.

He looked at them both. Was it imagination or did he seem oddly impartial, uncertain of himself?

"Why not the Casino at Annecy?" he was saying. "There is a steamer in ten minutes and we can come back by taxi if we find it amusing and stay late."

Marion looked up doubtfully.

"Are you sure you are equal to it, Rosamund?" she asked almost desperately.

"Quite sure," said Rosamund firmly. "I have never been to a casino in the evening. I shall expect to see vamps in black velvet and all the men will be very foreign and of course too utterly incognito."

Guy Harden laughed.

"You must go to Hollywood for that," he said. "At Annecy you will see one or two dyspeptic old gentlemen playing baccarat, with lots of Americans and a few cautious and respectable fathers and matrons. But it is very pleasant on the terrace there and we might tread a measure."

He looked at Marion as he spoke, but she did not respond. He had never suggested dancing till Rosamund had come upon the

scene and Rosamund in the old days at St. Leonards had been accounted the best dancer of the class. Still Rosamund must be a bit out of practice and certainly out of date. She could not have had much opportunity at Ravenstoke.

ROSAMUND walked alone with Marion to the jetty, for Guy had left them to fetch his hat from the hotel. The steamer had not yet arrived, but was to be observed, a string of lights, more than half a mile away, moving across the water. It was then that Rosamund discovered that her powder-compact was missing from her bag. Where had she left it? On the table at the restaurant, perhaps. Was there time to go back?

"What have you lost now?" asked Marion irritably.

"No powder," said Rosamund. "You will have to give me some of yours."

"Of course," said Marion, "if you think it would suit."

Rosamund looked at her companion.

"No," she said. "I don't think it would."

Marion had an admirable complexion, pink and white, and was powdered accordingly. Rosamund needed a very different tint. She glanced across the lake. The steamer still seemed quite a distance away.

"I will go back," she said.

Marion looked at her with sharp suspicion. Guy, too, had gone back to the hotel.

"Is it necessary?" she asked.

But Rosamund was not listening. She was already moving quickly across the terrace of the hotel, towards her bedroom. It would be quicker to get a fresh stock of powder than to go back to look for the missing compact at the restaurant.

She climbed the stairs, reached her bedroom, found what she wanted in a top drawer and began to descend again. The stairs were dark. There was but one light, a very ancient bulb, which glowed dimly in a vast cavern of stone—romantic, no doubt, but inconvenient for people in a hurry. There was, however, plenty of time, for she had looked across the lake from her bedroom window and seen that the little boat was still some distance away.

She moved along the dark corridor to the head of the stairs.

As she reached them she heard voices, low and urgent, coming from somewhere down below. She would not have paid attention, but the voices were English and one of them was certainly Guy Harden's.

"Quite impossible," she heard him say.

"Five hundred," said the other voice.

It was a woman's voice and Rosamund recognised it, too. It spoke in the slightly common accent of the woman in black whom she had seen in the abbey garden before dinner.

Then she suddenly realised that she was standing at the top of the stairs listening to a private conversation. The blood flooded her cheeks and she descended the steps quickly.

"Mr. Harden," she called. "We shall be late."

She could see two figures now, but dimly, for it was really abominably dark on the stairs and, for all her desire for haste, she could not go very fast. She went down cautiously. At the sound of her voice the two figures had moved apart. Harden's shirt-front gleamed as he turned towards her. The other figure glided away and became a shadow in the background.

"I shan't be a second," said Harden, as he met Rosamund on her way downstairs.

"Wait for me at the door."

Rosamund continued to go forward. Footsteps were dying away behind her, and instinctively she glanced over her shoulder.

The shadow in the background was disappearing in the direction of the serving-quarters, and here was Guy Harden flying down the stairs.

Really, in that black cloak of his, lined with silk, he looked almost distinguished. He was smiling as he came.

"Come along," he said. "Marion will not bless us if we miss the boat."

THIS, thought Rosamund, was life.

They were standing on the steps of the Casino. The building was commonplace by day, but by night it was anything that fancy might suggest. The night was warm and the lake, which they had just crossed, was so still that the stars were held as in a green mirror.

Guy had said he would wait for them at the door.

She passed with Marion into the first of the rooms, where a game of boules was in progress. She felt a light touch on her arm and looked round to find Guy standing beside her.

"Have a shot at this, if you like," he said, "but one hasn't a hope really, you know. The chances are all in favor of the bank."

"Not nearly so expensive as baccarat," said Marion.

Guy led the way to a door at the farther side of the room and paid money for their admission—quite a lot of money it seemed to Rosamund. But she did not like to protest.

The baccarat-room was more exciting. A number of persons, thirty perhaps, all in evening dress, were seated round three long tables. Rosamund heard a jargon which she could not understand.

"Banco . . . le six . . . La Banque passe . . ."

Under Guy's direction she sat down at one of the tables. She staked against the bank, twenty francs, and won. A wooden shoe containing cards was under the hands of the banker, a slim young man with a bored, pale face. He pushed the cards away from him.

"La Banque est libre," came the voice of the croupier.

"Who will take the bank? One louis."

Desultory bidding started.

"Come on," said Guy, "let's take the bank together."

They bought the bank for three louis. Rosamund watched the cards, fascinated. She had a five. Would she draw another? Guy urged her to do so. The second card was an eight. She had lost. The table had won.

"No luck," said Guy. "Shall we try again?"

"This is rather fun," said Rosamund. "I won something from you that time, my dear," said Marion with a sort of sour glee.

Rosamund flushed. "I will take the next bank alone," she answered, and presently with a recklessness which in her sober moments would have appalled her, she found herself paying eight louis or 160 francs. She watched the cards—a six and a three and then a nine. She had won. Would she keep the bank? Yes, of course. She held the bank six times, winning each time. Gradually a pile of fifty-franc plaques grew up in front of her.

Marion plucked her by the sleeve. "Time you were coming," she said.

"Certainly not," said Rosamund.

Her eyes were bright. This was fun! It might be bad to gamble, but still she had already won enough to pay for dinner. Guy was standing behind her. She felt his hand on her shoulder.

"Another coup, dear lady," he was saying. "You are invincible."

A little Frenchman with a forked beard turned with a smile to Rosamund.

"Madame a de la chance," he said.

Rosamund flushed brighter than ever. She felt a glass touching her hand and looked up to see Guy standing above her.

"A drop of the old and bold," he said.

Rosamund laughed and drank. She staked again this time without success.

"Now we must really go," said Guy in her ear. "The luck is beginning to turn."

Rosamund rose from the table.

"I will get your winnings for you," said Guy. He picked up her counters as he spoke and moved across the room.

Rosamund found that Marion was looking at her with an expression of almost open disapproval.

"I should recommend a little powder, my dear," she said, as Rosamund drew back from the table.

Rosamund strove for some reply which should not too openly indicate the state of her feelings. Really, Marion was intolerable. But nothing came, and Guy was now at hand.

"Well done," he said. "One thousand four hundred and fifty francs."

"And now," he added, "what about the ballroom?"

They moved towards the door. Rosamund walked beside Marion and in an access of good fellowship gave her companion's arm a squeeze.

"Enjoying yourself?" she asked.

"You are, at any rate," said Marion bitterly.

"I have made up my mind to enjoy myself," said Rosamund smoothly.

"Sure I'm not in the way?" asked Marion.

Rosamund looked at her friend. There was no doubt about it. All the symptoms were there—flushed face, glassy-bright eyes, pinched mouth. Marion was in for one of her old fits—a royal fit. As a child she had on such occasions locked herself in a cupboard. Later the cupboard had been exchanged for her bedroom.

Rosamund had an impulse to hold out an olive branch. Marion, in these moods, was a misery to herself. But the look on her friend's face was not encouraging.

Rosamund hardened her heart.

"Don't be absurd, Marion," she said sharply and moved into the room with Guy.

The ballroom was full of swaying figures. The band was perched upon a dais at the farther end. Small tables were set under the walls and to her left as she entered was a cocktail bar, to which Guy Harden immediately repaired.

"Come," he said gaily, "three orange blossoms to celebrate your good fortune, Miss Shipley."

"Not for me," said Marion.

"Too late," said Guy. "The order has gone forth. Either you or I will have to drink it, Miss Shipley. Which shall it be? Let's play poker dice for it. Barman!"

Somehow Rosamund found herself perched on a stool beside the gleaming bar. The barman in his white jacket and perpetual smile, with olive face and gleaming teeth, was busy with a shaker.

This, said Rosamund to herself again, is life.

Marion stood, stiffly upright, beside the bar. Her rather full figure showed to

great advantage in her black evening frock as the soft lights swept across her face and bosom. Really, thought Rosamund, Marion was looking very handsome. Her suits even became her in a way, giving intensity to the full mouth and to the bright eyes under her heavy brows.

Rosamund started at a touch from Harden. He was holding out to her a little leather cup. "For the dice," he said.

She shook and threw the dice on the glass-covered bar. The principle of the game defeated her, but it was amusing and the prize gleamed orange in its slim glass, to be seized a moment later by Guy.

"I can always win a drink," he said as he lifted the glass. "It's the money that passes me by."

A note of melancholy in his pleasant voice disclosed him suddenly as a human being. He ceased to be the casual stranger with thinning hair and a slight limp—Marion's last chance. He became for Rosamund the first man who had taken her into the gay world. He was the first man who had stood her a cocktail.

But he was getting down from his stool.

"I must see about a table," he said.

Two minutes later they were seated at a table on the terrace, a few yards from the dance floor. In a large bucket beside them reposed a magnum of Lanson '21.

Guy rose and asked Marion for a dance. Marion seemed for a moment as though she were going to refuse, but finally rose and moved slowly away on his arm.

Rosamund sat at the table, sipping champagne which the waiter had poured out for her.

MARION danced well. She had evidently taken pains and had at any rate kept level with the times. That was a rumba they were dancing now. Rosamund began to wonder about herself. She mistrusted her ability to cope with the latest measures, though in her heart of hearts she knew that she was naturally a good dancer.

What were Marion and Guy saying to each other? Marion was making amends, Rosamund hoped. Anything else would be too silly for words. Or had Marion quite made up her mind to spoil the party? Surely she would not give herself away quite so badly as that?

The pair returned to the table as the music died away. Guy was smiling, but the smile was not a happy one, and Marion was not smiling at all.

"Marion," said Guy, as he sat down, "is tired."

Rosamund looked at her friend.

"I'm sorry, my dear," she said quietly.

"Perhaps we had better be going."

"Certainly not," said Marion quickly. "I am not as tired as all that. You must have a dance, Rosamund. Besides, we can't possibly waste all this champagne, not at the price it is. Go along, Guy. Ask Rosamund for a dance."

At that moment the band struck up another waltz. Guy smiled and nodded. Rosamund stepped on to the floor and faced him.

Rosamund discovered at once that it was going to be easy.

"How beautifully you dance. How lovely this is."

"Commonplace perhaps, and yet it was rather thrilling to hear such things. And his voice was really most attractive."

She leaned back just a little. His strong arm was about her waist. Now they were reversing, slowly, down the length of the ball-room. The lights had gone down

again and the glass ball was weaving patterns, entangling the dancers in a net.

She opened her eyes. The music had stopped and the applause was faint. Richard Strauss did not seem to be so popular as jazz and the tune was not repeated.

Rosamund found herself by a door leading to the terrace. At the far end of it was their table with Marion beside it. She felt Guy's hand upon her arm.

"Through here," he said. "It is cooler." Rosamund passed with him through the door.

"That was quite wonderful," he said, and the pressure on her arm was not relaxed. She turned and looked at him.

"You are very kind and flattering," she said, "but I was lucky. The waiters are always possible. Now if it had been anything original, you would just have had to set your teeth and pray for Marion."

"My dear Rosamund," he began impatiently and then stopped. "I may call you Rosamund?"

He paused and looked at her and she tried to return his gaze steadily. He was Marion's friend, but he was also the first man in eleven years who had asked to call her by her Christian name.

"Certainly, Guy," she said a little doubtfully.

He drew his arm into hers.

"Marion is a good dancer," he said, "but you have it in the blood."

"Where are we going?" she asked suddenly, as she found herself at the top of a short flight of stone steps.

"Into the gardens—just for a minute," answered Guy.

"We can't leave Marion alone."

"Only for a minute," he pleaded. "Time to recover. I just can't go back and make pleasant conversation all at once."

This was more subtle.

Rosamund descended the steps.

"NOT a bit," Marion was saying. "The gardens are lovely and naturally you wanted to cool off after the dance. But if you don't mind, I think we really must be going soon."

Rosamund, flushed and uneasy, was back at the table.

They rose. On a sudden impulse Rosamund thrust her handbag into Harden's hand.

"Pay the bill, Guy, will you?" she said.

She saw Marion stiffen as she used his Christian name. There was a crackle of notes. Waiters were bowing to right and left.

Rosamund and Marion, their wraps about them, stood for a moment in silence.

"We shall have to take a taxi back to Tallioires," said Marion.

Marion, sitting back in the taxi, allowed herself to smoulder, as they rolled through the soft night to Tallioires. Perhaps she had been to blame early in the evening, but now she was justified.

She lay back in the taxi nursing her grievance. There would be a scene. She had not had a good scene for years, and this was going to be a real devil of a scene. Rosamund, the country mouse, tucked away down in Sussex all these years, fresh from her harvest festivals and village hopes—how dare she blossom out like this? It was intolerable.... Intolerable.

There was a smarting behind Marion's eyes and she found it difficult to keep control.

Guy was sitting between them, on the back seat of the taxi. She was on his right. His right hand was on his knee, not on hers, and he had made no movement to seek her

hand in the darkness. There was something cold, strange and non-committal in his attitude.

The taxi stopped with a jerk outside the sleeping hotel. Marion got out stiffly. She was tired, but her mind was alert and she knew well enough that there would be no sleep for her that night.

Rosamund was paying the taxi-man. Rosamund had paid for everything and it had cost her nothing—thanks to her incredible luck with the cards. That in itself had been almost the last straw. The devil himself was fighting for Rosamund.

They crossed the hall, where a dim light was burning, and began slowly to climb the wide stairs. Marion kept close to Rosamund. Guy's room was on the first floor and, as Rosamund and she had rooms on the second floor, separated by half the length of the corridor, there would be no chance of an affectionate good-night—not if Marion could help it.

"Sleep well," said Guy.

How soft and pleasant was his voice. "Good-night," said Rosamund.

"Good-night," said Marion, and felt that she would shriek aloud if she stood there a moment longer.

Guy's hand came forward to hers in the gloom. She touched it coldly and stood firm. She would not be the first to go. She would follow Rosamund. Guy stood a moment uncertainly, while Rosamund waited with one foot on the stairs. There came from Guy the suspicion of a sigh.

"I will see you both in the morning," he said.

Rosamund began to go upstairs and Marion followed.

"A delightful evening," said Rosamund, as they reached the landing. "It was good of you, Marion, to invite me down here."

She opened her door as she spoke, switched on a light and turned with a smile to Marion.

"Good-night, my dear," she said.

"One moment," said Marion.

Rosamund looked at her friend in alarm. Marion was breathing hard, and her voice was out of control.

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself," continued Marion. "I'm glad you and Guy had such a fine time. I'm so glad."

"Why, Marion, what's the matter?"

"I say that I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," said Marion, and her voice echoed shrilly down the corridor.

"I'm going to bed, Marion," said Rosamund firmly.

She walked into her room, hoping to avoid the scene which now seemed inevitable. She reached her dressing-table and switched on another light, when, turning, she saw that Marion had not only followed her through the door, but had closed it behind her and was standing with her back to it.

"Marion," said Rosamund sharply. "What do you want?"

"I'm glad you had such a good time," repeated Marion.

"Naturally," said Rosamund quietly. "It was all quite new to me. Don't forget that it was my first visit to a casino."

"For heaven's sake," burst out Marion, "don't play the country miss. It's too ridiculous at your age."

"Don't you think you had better go to bed, Marion? You will be sorry for this in the morning."

"I should drop that schoolgirl stunt if I were you, my dear," persisted Marion.

Rosamund faced her opponent squarely.

"Look here, Marion, what is all this about? You have been funny all the evening."

"Funny all the evening?"

"Yes. For some reason or other you made

up your mind from the very first to spoil things. You'd better go to bed."

Rosamund began unfastening her frock as she spoke.

Marion was fighting for words. That she should be accused of spoiling things. She gazed speechless at Rosamund, who now stood, her frock about her ankles, in underclothing engagingly flimsy and incredibly rich.

"It's you that is spoiling things," said Marion at last.

Was her voice shrill? What did it matter who heard?

"What is Guy Harden to you?" she continued. "Why must you come here showing off like a girl of seventeen? Guy Harden is my friend—do you understand?"

"Marion, I don't think you are well."

Marion stood still for a moment. Then, suddenly, she gave a choking sob, and the tears poured down her face.

"Now will you go to bed?" said Rosamund sternly.

Marion turned and ran, crying, from the room.

ROSAMUND awoke to find the sun pouring in through her open window. She yawned and stretched her arms before she remembered anything. Then she sat upright. It was a wonder that she had been able to sleep at all. She had got into bed quite convinced that sleep was impossible after the scene which had taken place—here she glanced at her wrist-watch—barely four hours ago. Nevertheless, she had somehow dropped into oblivion.

Rosamund slipped from the bed and stood a moment pushing back her hair, her body taut and slim in her thin nightgown, the sunshine of a gorgeous summer day playing warmly upon her even at that early hour. She sighed.

"The only thing to be done must be done at once. She must pack up and go away—clear out and leave Marion mistress of the field."

Rosamund began to dress. Then, before putting on her frock, she dragged from the cupboard three large suitcases with which she had travelled and set about her packing, folding frocks and underclothes, stuffing pairs of stockings into odd corners, her mind running with an increasing uncertainty upon her next step.

To go to Italy in August was impossible. She would die of the heat. Switzerland perhaps? Charming? Somewhere high and bright and cool? But where was the fun in travelling by oneself? Should she send a wire to Phyllis Langdon? Phyllis was an old friend of hers, but Phyllis was always broke. To have Phyllis would mean paying for two.

How tiresome it all was.

She could not, however, succeed in being really angry with Marion. On the face of it Marion had behaved quite outrageously. There came a knock upon the door.

"Come in," said Rosamund.

Marion herself stood upon the threshold. With great difficulty Rosamund suppressed a gasp of astonishment. For this was not Marion of yesternight. Of the miserable, angry woman of a few hours before no trace remained. Gone were the tears, the bright eyes, the pinched mouth. Marion stood, in the sunlight, in a striped frock of blue and white, cut to show the lines of her full figure. A scarf was about her throat. She was smiling.

"How much longer are you going to stay moping up here?" demanded this surprising vision.

"How much longer?" echoed Rosamund stupidly.

"Do you know that it is past eleven o'clock, my dear?" continued Marion.

Rosamund glanced at her watch. It was indeed eleven o'clock.

But Marion was now regarding Rosamund's preparations for departure with a genuine astonishment.

"What on earth are you doing?" she inquired. "I thought you unpacked your bags ages ago?"

"I am not unpacking," said Rosamund helplessly.

"Not unpacking?" Marion exclaimed.

"No," said Rosamund sharply. "I'm going away."

She drew herself up, acutely conscious that she was not wearing a frock and that, despite the elegance of her princess slip from Bond Street, she was at a serious disadvantage in the matter of dignity.

"I can't very well stay here, after what happened last night," she said a little lamely.

"But Rosamund, my dear," protested Marion, "you're surely not worrying about that."

Marion was approaching her friend with hands outstretched.

"Well," said Rosamund doubtfully, "if you really didn't mean what you said . . ."

"Sorry if I was peevish," said Marion. "But, after all, I was feeling rather neglected."

For a moment Rosamund looked at Marion in bewilderment. Could this be the person who had abused her like a pickpocket?

Then she laughed. She suddenly remembered how Marion had more than once reduced her entire household to a state of panic and misery and then turned up in just this casual, smiling fashion. "Hullo, people," she would say. "What's the matter? You all seem to be a bit upset."

Meanwhile Marion continued to plead. "You cannot possibly go off and spoil your holiday," she urged. "I'm sorry if I said anything to hurt. But you know what I am. Come, Rosamund, darling. Let's make it up as we used to do at school."

Marion stood now with her head tilted back and her rather full lips invitingly offered.

"If I were a man," thought Rosamund, "I should have to kiss them."

For an instant she hesitated, but it was overwhelmingly borne in upon her that she need not any longer go on with her packing or think of trains and strange places, crowded and hot.

"All right, Marion," she said. "I'll stay and we won't say any more about it."

HALF an hour later Rosamund and Marion, affectionately linked, passed down the broad stone stairs towards the terrace of the hotel. Twenty yards away, Guy was waiting them under a plane-tree. A waiter hovered in the background.

Guy, looking pleasantly cool in grey flannels, got to his feet when they appeared in the doorway. A second man, sitting beside him, also rose from his chair.

Rosamund realised without enthusiasm that it was Major Filby and her enthusiasm drooped still further when he made it clear that he was waiting specially for her. Was this Marion's revenge? Rosamund dismissed the thought. Marion was hardly subtle enough for that.

The waiter was at hand with the familiar "Green Devils."

"Have one, Major?" Guy was saying, in that soft voice of his that Rosamund found so attractive.

"Well, you know," said Major Filby, "I don't usually drink in the morning—bad for the liver. Except now and then a whisky-and-soda."

"Walter," said Guy, "a whisky-and-soda."

"Well," added Guy with a smile, "as my mother used to sing:

"What are we going to do to-day,
To do to-day, to do to-day,
What are we going to do to-day,
So early in the morning?"

Marion laughed.

"How ridiculous!" she said.

"Thank you for laughing."

"Thank you for nothing," said Marion pertly. "I could laugh at anything this morning. That is how I am feeling."

"And looking perfectly charming, if I may say so," said Guy.

Rosamund breathed her relief. That was better. If Guy took that line, there would be no further difficulty.

"I should like to photograph you in that frock," he continued.

"Why not?" said Marion.

Guy took up a camera which lay beside him on the table. Then he looked at Marion whimsically.

"There's something wrong," he said at last. "I wonder what it can be."

"I know," said Major Filby. "She isn't wearing her pearls. Always wears her pearls."

"You've hit it, Major," said Guy.

"Must I?" Marion inquired.

"My great-aunt," said Major Filby, "maintained that a woman always looked dressed if only she wore a pearl necklace."

"Only a pearl necklace," murmured Guy. The Major's face reddened and there was a little pause.

"I think it's going to be very hot to-day," said the Major suddenly.

"Will you have me with the pearls or without?" demanded Marion.

"With the pearls," said Guy. "It will be more life-like."

"Then I shall have to get them," said Marion.

The waiter appeared with a whisky-and-soda for Major Filby. Marion rose and, as the Major lifted his glass, disappeared in the direction of the hotel. Guy busied himself in the sunlight with his camera.

"Too young for me," muttered Major Filby, looking after her absently.

Major Filby, in the garden of the hotel, looked at his watch and frowned with impatience.

"Weak," he muttered. "I ought never to let myself in for this sort of thing."

But having been weak he must now be strong. He had given his word. He must go through with it—as on that dreadful day on Laffans Plain, when the Colonel had gone sick and he had found himself in charge of the 4th Loamshires. That was a nightmare—one of his worst. There had been in particular one ghastly moment when the Loamshires had charged despite the appeals of the umpire and a Brigadier-General had fallen from his horse.

Major Filby looked again at his watch. Perhaps they had changed their minds. It was clearly too hot to walk—uphill, too; though these young people seemed pretty strenuous. Or perhaps, if they hadn't changed their minds, they would offer to let him off. They couldn't possibly want him—neither that Miss Shipley nor Miss Knox.

But Harden wanted him perhaps—some-

one to take the odd girl off his hands. But which was the odd girl? First it seemed to be one, then the other. Why couldn't the fellow make up his mind? For the last four days the three of them had been inseparable, wandering about the mountains like goats or bathing in the lake. It was time Harden declared himself one way or the other.

Major Filby hoped it would be Marion, though the Shipley girl was rather nice. Not bad-looking, come to think of it. He might even be tempted to have a shot himself. On the other hand . . . matrimony at his age—a very serious step. Besides . . . out there in Jullundur . . . the lonely grave . . . poor Letitia.

THE castle which he understood they were to visit was situated upon a high hill—not at the top, but some little way up, and quite unapproachable except on foot or in a very expensive motor-car.

So they were to walk, perhaps two miles or three, and it was uphill and he had said that he would be delighted.

Here they came at last, laughing and chattering. Miss Knox, as usual, was wearing her pearls with the emerald clasp. She probably slept in them now that they had been so much admired by Harden. Not a very wise thing to do—for they must be worth a cool thousand, and to go about with a cool thousand or so round her neck was tempting Providence.

"There you are, Major," said Guy.

Harden was speaking and Major Filby rose slowly to his feet.

"Present," he said, "and waiting."

"I'm sorry about the waiting," said Rosamund with a smile that almost rewarded him.

Rosamund was an attractive girl. She dressed well, too, and paid for dressing: a slim figure—none of that incipient middle-aged spread.

"My fault entirely," she was saying. "I could not make up my mind which frock to wear. I've never been to a mystery play before. Is it the church or the theatre?"

"Bless my soul," said Major Filby. "I never thought of that."

"I should not worry," said Guy with a smile. "On an afternoon like this one simply dresses to be cool."

Major Filby rose from his seat, clapped a Panama hat on his head and stepped manfully forward.

"One moment," said Marion. "Here's something for somebody."

The chasseur was coming towards them from the hotel. He handed to Guy a registered packet and waited while the receipt was signed. Guy slipped the packet into his pocket and turned to the Major.

It was uphill work from the start. The road, bordered on one side by an old stone wall, across which trailed a creeper of vine, twisted and turned.

They crossed a village street, turning for a moment into a high road. Miss Shipley was unusually silent, but she was polite enough whenever Major Filby spoke to her. Marion and Guy, behind them, were chatting gaily.

The path took them, at a steep angle, past some fields of maize alternating with vines. Then came great trees, oaks for the most part, with a few beeches. Above them, appearing intermittently as the path curved, rose the stone walls of the castle.

"A fine building," conceded Major Filby, as he toiled up the slopes.

"I beg your pardon?" came the cool voice of Rosamund behind.

"That wall, for instance," continued the

Major. "Fifty feet high, if it's an inch." Rosamund nodded.

"How much farther?" she asked again. "Another half-mile now," answered Major Pilby shortly.

"Then I am going to take a rest," said Rosamund decidedly.

"What about you, Marion?"

"Please yes," said Marion.

Marion, the Major noticed, was flushed. Was it the strain of climbing or had she had an argument with her companion?

They had turned a corner of the path, where it ran level for about twenty yards before climbing still more steeply through a copse of beeches.

"We ought to have taken a taxi," Marion added.

Something in her tone made Rosamund turn and look at her. Major Pilby also was impressed.

"Having a tiff?" he wondered.

He shook his head. It was, after all, none of his business.

Once more they started on their way. But now they were no longer alone. A large crowd was streaming up the path, and, every now and then, along the road which ran a little distance to the left swung a motor car or, worse still, a charabanc, packed to capacity. The crowd about them were for the most part peasants, with a fair sprinkling of townfolk from Anney, Albertville and lesser places.

At last they had arrived. They stood in the courtyard of the castle, held within frowning walls rising to a great keep with a roof high-pitched and keen as a knife against the blue of the sky. Beyond the keep, across the haze, shimmered the hog-backed line of the Semnoz, and, still farther, peak upon peak of dreaming hills.

With difficulty they found their seats. They were the best seats, but consisted of no more than a bench with a number stuck on with a drawing-pin. Not very comfortable, but Major Pilby was thankful to sit down. One end of the courtyard was screened from view by a flaring curtain of orange and green, which only partially concealed a wooden stage.

Even as they sat down a sudden hush fell upon the audience. Then a trumpet sounded, clear and harsh, in the summer air. The curtain was drawn aside and the stage revealed—an odd stage, backed by the old wall of the castle and with a curious cave or pit to one side of it. For a moment nothing happened. Then from far away came the sound of singing and there began to move through the audience certain men dressed as pilgrims, chanting and pausing every now and then to complain of the heat. They were going to Rome over the dreaded mountain of Jove.

The trumpet sounded again. It was the end of the act and there was an interval.

"Well, Marion? What do you think of it?" said Guy.

"It's rather attractive," said Marion cautiously.

"I think it is perfectly lovely," said Rosamund with conviction. "It is all so simple and satisfying. Don't you think so, Guy?"

"Beautifully done," he agreed. "And really, these villagers can act."

"It's very hot," said Marion suddenly. "Couldn't we get away from the crowd for a moment?"

They rose from their seats and with difficulty made their way through the benches until they stood on the edge of the crowd. There for a moment they were isolated. Below them stretched a long terrace, bounded by a stone wall on one side and the living-

rooms of the castle on the other. It faced full south in the eye of the noonday sun. Behind and beyond them was the crowd moving up and down, talking and laughing, the actors mingling with them.

"Be careful!"

It was Harden speaking. The Major turned. Marion had seated herself upon the stone parapet of the wall.

"It's a sheer drop," added the Major. "I'm quite safe," said Marion, "though it does make one feel a bit giddy."

The four of them looked over the parapet. "A hundred feet if it's an inch," pronounced Major Pilby.

He picked up a stone. "We can test it if you like. Sixteen feet the first second, isn't it? Count the seconds."

He looked at his wrist-watch and dropped the stone over.

"A hundred and four," he declared.

"I make it a hundred and eight," said Harden.

"Near enough," said the Major. He looked aside at Rosamund.

"You are shivering, Miss Shipley. Cold?" "Certainly not cold," said Rosamund with a smile. "It's just the idea."

Then the trumpet sounded again and the people began to scramble back to their seats.

"Well," said Major Pilby. "I suppose we'd better see it out."

"Certainly," said Guy. Major Pilby sighed.

All this enthusiasm was very tiresome and he had quite forgotten to smoke a cigarette.

ROSAMUND rose from the table, extinguished her cigarette in the finger-bowl and moved forward on Guy's arm. The hotel was making a special effort that evening and had organised a dance for the guests. Most of them, as usual, had dined out of doors and that had made it possible to dance in the dining-room. The proprietor, a man of taste, had hung the room with vine-leaves. A local band, consisting of a piano, violin and cello, just outside the door, was making music bravely.

This was a waltz. Guy had seen to that. It was the second—or was it the third?—waltz they had danced together that night. Rosamund did not know, she did not care very much. She was feeling uplifted and reckless. Perhaps it was the peach-colored frock—worn that evening for the first time. She sighed.

"What are you thinking about?" said Guy. He was steering her smoothly among the waiters to an old Viennese tune.

"Nothing in particular," said Rosamund with a smile. "Just how nice it is to be here—that was all."

"Happy, Rosamund?"

She liked the way he said her name—dwelling on the syllables in a fashion that suggested a heroine of romance—Rosamund, hidden away in some secret maze, with Queen Eleanor (who instantly in her mind's eye assumed the features of Marion) fumbling outside with poison and dagger.

She laughed suddenly. "Is that the answer?" asked Guy, squeezing her arm.

"I beg your pardon!" he broke off suddenly to Major Pilby, who with Marion had just bumped into them.

"Yes," said Rosamund. "I am happy."

"Shall we walk in the garden," suggested Guy suddenly. "It is so hot here."

"If you like," said Rosamund.

"By the lake. It will be cooler there."

Rosamund, on Guy's arm, left the hall-

room. At the top of the flight of stone steps leading down to the terrace she paused a moment, looking over her shoulder. The dance was in full swing and Marion in firm possession of Major Pilby. Rosamund felt suddenly glad. She would be alone with Guy—the first time in many days.

Why should she be glad? Need she answer that question? Did she dare to answer it. Guy belonged to Marion. Then why did she wish to be alone with him. She felt an odd excitement that would not be suppressed as she walked with him across the terrace to where the lake gleamed in the starlight. She felt him take her by the arm and yielded at once.

"Here, don't you think?" Guy said, pointing to a tunnel of plane trees which stretched along the waterside.

"It looks cool," assented Rosamund. Neither of them spoke again for some time and Rosamund, leaning on Guy's arm, looked at him, a little startled, wishing to break the silence, for it seemed somehow dangerous. She could not see his face very well in the darkness, on a level with her shoulder, but she could hear him breathing rather heavily, almost as though he were in pain.

"What is it?" she heard herself say. The words had slipped from her almost without her knowing it—anything to break the silence. He stopped abruptly in his walk; turned and faced her, pulling her almost roughly to him, so that he held both her hands. The starlight was upon her face: his own was in shadow.

"I think you know," he said gently. Then more warmly he added: "I'm sure you must know."

Her heart gave a wild leap and she felt the blood flooding her face—so unbecoming, but he would not notice that in the darkness.

"Rosamund," he said and his voice sank as though under a heavy load, the voice of a man so deeply moved that there was nothing she could say in answer. All she could do was to draw back, only to be all the more conscious of the arm that held her and the pressure and warmth of his hand upon her waist. That moment, indeed, was her undoing for her head went back upon his shoulder and suddenly, as a man who buried his boots, he bent and kissed her, holding her close.

Then, as suddenly, he released her.

"Forgive me," she heard him murmur. "I have lived for that—wanted it a thousand times."

She was feeling lost and confused. She did not know what to say. She did not even know what she felt at that moment. She was shaken and happy and dismayed. His eyes were very bright in the starlight.

"Guy," she said, and it was her voice that carried the burden. "What does it all mean?"

She felt his hand upon her arm.

"Come," he said, and his tone was now controlled and passionless. "It is time we went back to Marion."

MARION is late.

Guy Harden was speaking. "Still in bed, perhaps," said Rosamund absently.

This was the first time she had been alone with Guy since they had walked together under the plane-trees and she was feeling oddly nervous.

But Guy was smiling and it was a smile to banish speculation. After all, what did it matter? He had kissed her under the plane-trees. She had taken it kindly and

she was not in the least sorry for what she had done.

"How are you feeling after . . . last night?"

His friendly tone delighted her. It was just right. Casual but with an intimate fall of the voice on the last words.

"Sleepy," said Rosamund.

Again he smiled.

"Too lazy for your morning bathe, weren't you?"

"But I saw the dawn breaking over the Semnoz."

"At the wrong end of the day," Guy laughed.

"I'll swear," he said, "that we enjoyed last night more than the children."

He pointed to a group of young things of both sexes sprawling in basket chairs beneath one of the plane-trees a few yards away.

"They didn't get nearly as much kick out of it as we did," he continued, "and they seem positively moribund this morning."

He looked at his watch.

"But what about Marion?" he added.

"Perhaps I'd better go and look for her," suggested Rosamund.

Rosamund rose from her chair. As she did so, however, the hotel manager was seen coming towards them.

"One moment," said Guy. "He probably has a message."

"He looks rather upset," added Rosamund uneasily.

She became distressingly aware, as he advanced, that she had not exaggerated the manager's condition. His eyes were wide; his face was white and his bearing that of a badly frightened man.

"Mademoiselle!" he said and stopped short, spreading his hands out helplessly. "I don't know how to tell you."

"What is it?"

Guy, too, was standing.

"It is dreadful," said the manager. "Your friend, Mademoiselle Knox . . . There has been an accident."

"Accident? What do you mean?" asked Rosamund.

"Mademoiselle Knox went for a walk this morning. She was found half an hour ago. They are bringing her down."

"Down? I don't understand. Please . . ."

Guy moved round the table and put a steady hand on Rosamund's shoulder.

"Leave this to me," he said.

"Now, M. Joseph, Miss Knox has had an accident, you say?"

The manager nodded.

"But a dreadful accident, Monsieur. She must have fallen from the castle terrace."

"The castle . . . What castle?"

"The Castle of Menthon, Monsieur."

"She went up there alone?"

Guy's tone was incredulous.

"Alone, Monsieur," answered the manager.

"Is she . . . Is she badly hurt?" inquired Rosamund, sick at heart.

"There is nothing you can do, Mademoiselle," answered the manager quietly. "But calm yourself, I pray, calm yourself. She could not have suffered . . . anything."

Rosamund turned an appalled face to Guy.

"Thank you, M. Joseph," he said. "We understand."

LATE that evening Rosamund sat alone in her room. She had been moving in a world of vague shapes and sounds and colors. Nothing yet seemed definite or clear.

Soon, perhaps, her nerves, deadened by the shock, would recover. Then she would really feel and face this awful thing. For the moment, however, it might almost have happened to someone else.

Presently she would have to pack Marion's things and write to Marion's only relative—an elderly aunt. After that . . . But her brain refused to work. She sat still in the armchair beside her bed, her eyes closed, feeling strangely helpless and remote, as though this violent blow had detached her from normal life.

Presently she opened her eyes. There was something white on her dressing-table—stuck in the mirror. She rose and, approaching it, discovered a small note, folded, with her name upon it. With a start she recognised the handwriting. How and when had it got there?

She unfolded the note and read: "It is no good. I saw him kiss you last night. Everything is over now. I can't go on any longer. For me this is the end. I hope you will be happy. MARION."

ROSAMUND inspected with indifference the pawns spread before her. She could not force herself to consider them. Her mind returned helplessly to that litter of boughs, carried down the dusty road and the rug which Guy had lifted—beneath which he had not permitted her to look.

The shop-girl glanced openly at her wrist-watch. The English miss seemed to have forgotten that a decision was expected.

Just forty-eight hours had passed since Marion had fallen to her death and Rosamund had as yet said nothing of the farewell note—not even to Guy. Marion had killed herself. She had been driven to death because she had loved Guy and because her friend, Rosamund, had come between them.

"But it isn't true," Rosamund protested inwardly.

Had she not tried repeatedly to bring the two of them together?

"You did not try hard enough" — the answer came inexorably as always before.

"You did not really wish to succeed," the small voice continued, "you let him kiss you down there by the lake under the plane-trees. You might have known that this would happen."

These were the thoughts that had chimed in her brain throughout the first interminable night as she had cried for comfort—for someone to ease her pain. But there was no one at hand save Guy, and to him she would never be able to reveal that Marion had not died by accident.

With the breakfast tray next morning had come a note from Guy. It had begged her to lay firm hold of her courage. She was to make no arrangements. He would see to everything—the funeral, the judicial inquiry—all the formalities. He was going to Chambéry that day for the purpose.

The next night, after a day spent she knew not how, Guy had brought her a draught and she had passed into a dreamless slumber. Now she was choosing a black frock in which to walk behind Marion's coffin to consecrated ground, not far from the lake, a little God's Acre surrounded by vines.

"This one, perhaps?"

The shop-assistant was spreading out a gown as she spoke.

"Will it fit?" asked Rosamund indifferently.

"Madame would like to try it on?"

"Hold it up," said Rosamund.

The assistant looked surprised, but did as she was bid.

"That will do," said Rosamund. "I will take it at once."

"We can send it, Madame."

"No, at once, please," said Rosamund.

A few moments later she found herself outside. It was cool enough where she stood, for the street was arcaded in the Italian manner and the sun could not reach the pavement.

Soon she was crossing the broad road in front of the Casino. A small group of people had collected on the pavement, but Rosamund took no notice, busy with her own thoughts. Suddenly, an English voice intruded, the voice of a woman, uplifted, loud and shrill, in a mean accent. She was in altercation with a gendarme and Rosamund paused to see what was happening. The woman was in black, large and heavy, and she wore an outrageous hat trimmed with nodding flowers. Beside her was a small taxi-man and between them stood the gendarme, evidently a peacemaker. His efforts at conciliation, however, seemed likely to prove inefficient, for the woman, in addition to being quarrelsome by nature, had evidently been taking full advantage of the fact that the licensing laws in France are marvellously kind.

The gendarme, not yet dismayed, put a not unfriendly hand upon the woman's arm. His gesture was unfortunate. Taken by surprise and suspecting arrest, she dropped a capacious black bag. It fell on the pavement and yawned asunder.

There came a gasp from the crowd. Rosamund, too, was startled, for the shabby bag was full of bank-notes.

The woman fell instantly upon her knees, and began to sweep together her surprising wealth.

"It's a shame," she whimpered in her dreadful English, as she knelt on the kerb, flushed and worried. "Just because I've been paid at last everybody seems to think I'm made of money. But I'm not going to be cheated by that nasty little squirt of a man. I'll have the law on him. I will. English law. That'll teach him. You just take me to the British Consul and see what happens. I'm a British subject, I am . . . a British subject. See?"

Near at hand came the sound of escaping steam. Rosamund started. The steamer was making ready to depart.

IF I might shake you by the hand, Miss Shipley."

Rosamund looked vaguely at the spare form of Major Fliby. He had been at the funeral that afternoon and was still in the suit of woe which he had somehow contrived to raise.

Rosamund was about to go down to the terrace for dinner. She had wanted to dine in her room, but Guy had refused to allow it, insisting that she must make as little change as possible in her normal ways, and above all that she must not remain alone.

Outside the dusk was falling, though the light behind the hills was still strong. Rosamund was wearing a black evening frock. How fortunate that she had got one—the thought stabbed her as she shook hands with the Major.

"If there is anything I can do?" he muttered.

"Thank you very much, Major," she replied.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all. Must go and change now. For my word, no idea it was so late."

The Major slipped away and Rosamund moved slowly down the steps. She was early. Only two tables on the terrace were occupied: one by the assorted young of both sexes, talking and laughing as they

drank sweet cocktails; the other by the father and mother of the boy whom she and Guy had saved from drowning such a short while ago.

Silence fell as she appeared. They were all looking at her, not as English people look, covertly, but with the frank stare of the Latin, openly sympathetic.

Rosamund turned quickly from the steps to move into the shadow. That was better. They were at least not going to molest her. She drew a deep breath and at the same moment felt a light touch on her shoulder. She swung round nervously.

"Guy," she said, "how you startled me!" "I'm sorry, my dear. I thought you had seen me," he said.

He was in his dinner-jacket, she noticed, and his dark eyes were fixed on her with a look in which she read compassion and perhaps something else.

"Come," he said, and his voice fell into a strange cadence.

He led her to a table. A cocktail was ordered and brought. She drank and, with a sigh, sat back.

"Come, Rosamund, you mustn't brood." It was Guy speaking.

"Dinner," he continued firmly. "I have ordered something special for you—just a little lake trout and an omelette. And we must talk of other things."

Rosamund smiled. Something pricked her behind the eyes.

How considerate Guy was and how sensible. But Guy, of course, did not know what she knew. To him as to the others there had been merely an accident. If he knew that between them they had driven Marion to her death.

She made a great effort and began to eat.

"Tell me of your people," she said.

"No people," said Guy, "just a few servants. And the house is nothing much."

"Still," said Rosamund, "it is a piece of England."

She paused, longing suddenly for the shoulder of the down above Ravensstoke. She had come away from her home to be troubled and hurt. She was homesick for the peace of her own land.

"Guy," she said, "I don't think I can eat any more dinner."

He regarded her plate gravely.

"You have not done so badly," he said. "Let us go down to the lake. It will do you good."

"Not under the plane-trees!" said Rosamund in sudden panic.

Guy was on his feet. His face showed nothing but pity and surprise.

"Come, my dear," he said firmly.

He had her by the arm and she found herself walking beside him. He seemed somehow inexorable; she had no will to resist him. She merely shuddered once as they entered the familiar dark tunnel of leaves.

Guy paused in his walk. He still held her by the arm and pulled her round so that she faced him.

"Rosamund," he said, "there is something preying on your mind—something over and above the accident to poor Marion. I am sure of it. Speak to me as freely as you would to yourself. Why may we not walk under the plane-trees?"

Rosamund faced him a moment. She knew now that she would have to tell him. She had no longer the power to keep this thing to herself.

"Guy," she said, "there is something. Marion . . . No, I can't."

"Rosamund," he said urgently. "Rosamund . . . my dear . . . What is it?"

His voice was insistent. Again he seemed somehow inexorable.

"You must tell me what is in your mind," he continued. "I am your friend and there should be no secrets between us. Rosamund . . . my dear."

She longed now to tell him everything. She could not go on bearing this burden alone.

"Guy," she said. "It's about Marion. It was not an accident. She saw us here the other night. It preyed on her mind."

She found Guy looking at her. He did not seem to understand.

"You mean?" he said.

"Marion killed herself."

"Nonsense. You must not think such things. These morbid fancies . . ."

"They are not fancies, Guy. She left a note for me. I know that she killed herself."

There was a long pause. When she dared to look again she was shocked by the change in him. Then came the thought that, of course, for him this revelation must be even more terrible than it had been for her. Hitherto she had thought only of herself.

"At all costs," she thought, "I should have spared him."

She felt his hands upon her shoulders and her self-reproach was overwhelming when she realised that his first thought was for her.

"I understand now," he was saying. "Rosamund, my dear . . . How terribly you must have suffered."

Then again he let her go.

"But you," he continued, "are in no way to blame."

His mouth was working and his eyes haggard.

"Heaven!" he exclaimed, turning his face into the shadow. "It's almost as though I had killed her with my own hands."

Rosamund forgot her own grief.

"No, Guy," she urged. "It was just an evil chance."

"But, my dear," he protested, "you don't quite understand. I'm not merely thinking of her having seen us here. I am not sorry that I kissed you. I can never be sorry. I'm thinking of all that went before. I can be frank with you, as with myself. I was fond of Marion. She attracted me. Till you came I was with her a good deal. I don't believe that I ever actually said anything that would have led a normal woman to think that I was in love with her. I had, of course, no idea that her . . . her feeling for me was so strong. I was a blind fool, Rosamund. I ought to have realised what was happening."

He began pacing miserably backwards and forwards under the trees.

"But you did not know. How could you know?" said Rosamund.

"I ought to have known."

"I'm sorry that I told you," said Rosamund in a low voice.

Again he took her by the shoulders.

"Don't be absurd. Do you think I could have borne you to face this thing alone? I'm glad to think that you could not help telling me the truth. No more secrets, Rosamund. That would be the last straw."

He broke off and a look of misery came into his face.

"Poor wretched Marion," he murmured. Rosamund, deeply stirred, laid a hand on his arm.

"Please, Guy. Don't take all this upon

yourself. I ought never to have come to Talloires. That was the real mischief."

"No," said Guy. "I can never be sorry for that—even after what has happened."

The next instant chaos fell upon Rosamund. The quiet lake, the dark trees, the bright stars ran together. Swift amazement gave way to a moment of recoil in which there was nevertheless a submission at first abject and then triumphant. She was in his arms; her head was back almost on his shoulder. His breath was warm upon her cheek and his mouth came down and rested upon hers till she thought her bones would melt.

This was no longer submission. Her arms tightened about his neck as his own closed more firmly about her. Sorrow fell from her like a tattered cloak.

"Oh, Guy," she said, "can I make you forget?"

"Heaven forgive me," he whispered. "I had already forgotten."

ROSAMUND lay back sumptuously in the sand and looked out to sea. Bathers of all shapes and sizes crowded the yellow beach of the Lido, laughing, splashing, flirting and behaving generally like children out of school.

She had been married and alone with Guy now for fourteen days. That was only a beginning, but what a difference it had already made. A bare three weeks ago she had been a spinster, lonely and terrified, upon whom a dreadful responsibility had been laid. But she would not think of that. She would never think of that again. Guy had charmed all that away. Or rather it had somewhere been woven into her ecstasy—giving it a sharper edge. Guy, taking her in his arms, had been her refuge. He had made even the pain and the regret a part of her love.

Her thoughts went back to the five days of her engagement. So long and no longer it had taken Guy to make the arrangements for their marriage—five days of waiting in the sunshine. She had been astonished to find herself indifferent to the progress of formalities.

At last, one morning, they had gone away together—away from Major Filby and his dreams and the shrill gossip of the French wives, to Chambéry, where mysterious ceremonies had passed before a little man with a tricolor sash and a slightly larger man, badly shaved, who had claimed to be the British Consul, and where they had signed their names and pledged themselves to be man and wife for life. It had all been rather confusing and utterly delightful.

Then she had found herself in a train and it had been very hot and Guy had bought her ices and they had sped through the golden day, till they had reached Milan. There she had been very tired and Guy had placed her in a great bed and sat beside her, stroking her arm, till she fell asleep. Then, the next day, never-to-be-forgotten, they had reached Venice.

But here was Guy, coming from the water. How absurd that she had ever thought of him as insignificant. True, he was not tall, but he was good to look upon and the honorable limp—all that he had earned in the Great War—became him well. He would come gleaming up the sand, water in his hair, bend over her and call her lazybones. He would drag her to her feet and then they would go down together and enter the warm sea among the laughing crowd.

No—he had stopped to speak to someone. Rosamund shaded her eyes as she gazed

at an ungainly figure, clad in the most florid of bathing-suits. Guy was smiling; bending over the creature's hand; treating her, as he seemed to treat all women, with a quiet courtesy. And it was just as well, of course, that the woman should be florid and fat, otherwise . . .

But Guy had broken loose and was coming towards her, looking to right and left, as though he had forgotten where he had left her. Would his face always light up like that when he caught sight of her? There was too much happiness in the world. Could one go on living at such a rate?

"Come on, laxybones!"

He was bending over her.

"Get up at once and be a bathing belle." She was pulled to her feet.

"Who was the syph that delayed your coming?" asked Rosamund, falling into step beside him.

"The orange shape over there?"

Rosamund nodded.

"Quite a nice old thing and rather pathetic. I used to know her a bit in the old days. It's the widow of John Trefitt."

"Who was John Trefitt?"

"You really don't remember?"

"No."

"You must have adored him when you were seventeen. Everybody who was seventeen when you were seventeen loved him passionately."

"The actor?"

"Poor fellow. No wonder he died. He did his best, but to be adored by half the women in London must be rather exhausting."

"So that is Mrs. Trefitt?"

"Who once was slim and beautiful—like someone I know."

He looked possessively at Rosamund and she felt herself glowing deliciously.

"Now," Guy continued, "the poor old thing lives on her memories. Quite a nice old thing and there's no harm in being polite."

"Of course not, Guy. I didn't mean that at all."

"Come on, silly," he said.

Rosamund ran into the waves where they swam till she was tired and breathless. Then they returned to the sands and lay idle. One could be deliciously idle with Guy. One did not have to think about anything. When you were hungry he produced a meal. When you were tired he put you to bed.

"Darling," came his voice beside her.

"Yes," answered Rosamund without turning.

There was a moment's silence.

"Darling."

The voice was a little more insistent.

Rosamund rolled lazily over to face him.

"What is it?" she answered.

"Are you listening?"

She found that Guy was looking at her rather seriously.

"What is it, Guy?"

"I want to ask you something."

"Ask away."

"But it's serious."

He was digging a bare heel into the sand. Why did he turn his head away?

"It's about money," he added abruptly, gazing steadily out towards the sea.

"Money?"

"Money," he repeated. "Of course I am paying for all this, but frankly it is beginning to be a bit of a strain."

"My dear, I never once thought of it." Rosamund was overwhelmed with confusion.

"How incredible of me," she added. "Why, of course, we are living like princes. You must be broke."

"Utterly," said Guy.

He turned over and looked at her.

"Darling," he went on, "I simply hate bringing this up but I told you before we married that I was not rich, and Hatherly takes up every penny I can scrape together."

Rosamund's face was scarlet.

"You ought to have told me before, Guy. Why am I so stupid?"

Guy was looking at her now solemnly.

"Not stupid, my dear. You have never had to worry about money and naturally you never think about it."

"Of course," she said warmly, "we must put things on a proper footing."

Guy looked away again.

"I just hate all this," he suddenly said in so savage a tone that Rosamund jumped. "It's too degrading, at my age, to be unable to support a wife in comfort."

"Guy, don't be so perfectly ridiculous," said Rosamund.

She was now almost in tears. To think he should be reduced to this state simply owing to her criminal thoughtlessness. She had always considered herself to be a practical creature, but she had never given a thought to the business side of their partnership.

"Guy, look at me, please."

He turned his head and a slow smile came over his face at her expression.

"Rosamund, my dear, if you look at me like that I shall cease to be responsible. You look as though you had just been smacked."

"I ought to be smacked," said Rosamund.

"What about a joint account?"

He looked at her a little doubtfully.

"That would be best, perhaps. But we must have a bit of ready cash fairly soon."

"We'll have it to-day," said Rosamund eagerly. "We will go over to Venice this afternoon. Thomas Cook will put things right for us. How much do you think, Guy?"

"Honeymoons," replied Guy, "are very expensive."

"Fifty pounds?"

"Fifty pounds won't go very far—not on the Lido."

He rolled over and put his hand on her waist.

"What do you want, Guy?" she said, putting a hand out and touching the top of his head.

"Better make it a couple of hundred," he murmured in so low a voice that she hardly heard it.

She sat back a moment. Two hundred pounds. It sounded a lot of money—just for hotels and things. But, of course, honeymoons were expensive and to haggle would be preposterous.

"Of course, Guy. And please don't look like that. What does money matter?"

"It matters terribly when it isn't there," said Guy.

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ROSAMUND sat watching them. Guy was dancing with Mrs. Trefitt, conducting her round the hall of the Excelsior in a manner which gave Rosamund some slight uneasiness. It was not that she was jealous. One could not be jealous of the poor old thing with the heart of gold. But there were limits to good nature and Guy from sheer kindness of disposition was beginning to look a little ridiculous. She had seen people smiling as he passed and, indeed, a man who danced with Mrs. Trefitt must be prepared to excite comment. To the eye of devotion her head of gold was more striking than the heart.

The dance drew to a close.

Mrs. Trefitt approached the table on

Guy's arm. Her face was beaming. Her golden hair, which had the appearance of tarnished wire, was slightly disordered on the damp brow. Following her came her niece—not yet presented—from whom a professional dancer had just taken his leave with an easy, servile grace.

Guy was speaking.

"So glad you should meet my wife, Mrs. Trefitt."

They sat down.

"Well, my dear," she said. "I must say that this is nice."

She had an accent so refined that each syllable seemed to apologise for soiling her lips.

"Hot enough, isn't it?" she added. "And Guy does keep one moving, to be sure. What about champagne?"

She beckoned to a waiter, who came instantly to the table. With a magnificent gesture ordered a magnum.

"No, dear," she said, as Guy seemed about to protest. "It's no use looking fractious. You are going to take wine with me. To break the ice, you know. Not that there's ever very much of it about where I'm concerned. I always say that the proper place for ice is in a bucket."

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TO give point to her remark the waiter deposited a large champagne cooler on the table between them.

The band began to play again. Guy, fiddling with a cigarette, caught the eye of Rosamund. There was a rueful expression on his face. It said as plainly as could be: I want to dance with you, darling; but what about the niece?

He rose to his feet and bowed to the girl, who, with a cigarette in her mouth, was inspecting her tinted nails with every appearance of satisfaction.

"May I have the honor?" Rosamund heard him say.

"That's right," said Mrs. Trefitt. "You dance with Doris. Doris is first-class, so Mario says, and he ought to know. He taught me a new tango step yesterday—one-two, one-two-three. It will be a treat for both of you."

"For me, I am sure," said Guy pleasantly.

Rosamund watched them as they stepped off together. The girl still had her cigarette alight in her mouth. How beautifully Guy moved. No one who saw him dance would ever think he was lame.

"So you married him, my dear?"

Rosamund was recalled to herself with a start. She turned and glanced at Mrs. Trefitt, who had drunk one glass of champagne and was taking another.

"Apparently," said Rosamund shortly.

"Married long?" asked Mrs. Trefitt.

Rosamund resented this inquisition and tried to think of something discouraging to say. But the moist, kind eye of the inquisitor was too much for her.

"Only a fortnight," she confessed.

Mrs. Trefitt sighed.

"Well," she said, "I thought he would come to it in the end."

Rosamund stiffened.

"A nice boy," continued Mrs. Trefitt.

"I am glad you like him," said Rosamund, trying hard, for Guy's sake, to be genial.

But Mrs. Trefitt scarcely heard her. Mrs. Trefitt was deep in reminiscence.

"I met him at Monte Carlo soon after the War. We were young in those days. How well he dances. But you know all about that."

She leaned forward confidentially, her golden curls shining metallic under the lamp.

"I adore that feeling he gives you that you're the only woman in the world. I never believed it, of course. But it's very pleasant all the same."

"He certainly dances well," said Rosamund.

"Not only dancing," sighed Mrs. Trefitt. "I always found him simply divine. There, my dear, don't look so stiff and solemn. One woman to another. It's nice to see him again. I hope you can provide for him."

"Really, Mrs. Trefitt!"

"My name is Violet. It suited me once."

Mrs. Trefitt sighed deeply.

"Guy, I used to say to him, 'Never marry for money but try to love where there is a little.' But he never took the hint. Not that I bear him any ill-will. It's his voice, I suppose. And his disposition, of course. He has a lovely nature."

Rosamund looked at the raddled face across the table. She saw beneath the surface for an instant. The old woman was really moved. Guy had touched her heart. It was impossible to be angry with her.

"He has a nice voice," admitted Rosamund, with a show smile.

"It's the voice that does it," said Mrs. Trefitt. "I know how he talks to women. That voice of his has got him into trouble more than once and will again."

Mrs. Trefitt drank another glass of champagne.

"Cost me a pretty penny in my time," she added.

Rosamund stirred in her chair. I can't stand much more of this, she thought.

Mercifully, however, the stream of reminiscence suddenly ran dry. Mrs. Trefitt had sunk into a sentimental stupor and sat back watching the dancers.

The band ceased and Guy reached the table with Doris. They sat down.

"Well," said Mrs. Trefitt, abruptly waking up. "Did you enjoy the dance?"

"Yes, Auntie. Mr. Harden dances well."

Mrs. Trefitt sighed heavily.

"It's nice to meet again," she said.

"Brings things back. Do you remember our first dance together, Guy? I was wearing a lilac dress."

"Primrose," said Guy.

Mrs. Trefitt beamed.

"Why, so it was. What a memory you have, to be sure."

Rosamund looked at Guy. Her message was easy to read: How long, O Lord?

Guy rose decisively to his feet.

"Sorry," he said. "I must be going. We have a lot to do to-morrow and it is getting late."

Mrs. Trefitt laid a chubby hand upon Guy's arm.

"One more dance before you go," she said. "I insist."

"It is very late," repeated Rosamund firmly.

"Still," said Mrs. Trefitt. "Just once round the room for old time's sake."

"Of course," said Guy.

Very courteously he offered his arm.

Rosamund waited with the niece, who was lighting another cigarette.

"Auntie," she said as she blew out the match, "has had one over the eight. But she is not a bad old sort."

"I'm sure," murmured Rosamund.

"Poor old thing," said the niece. "I suppose at her age one simply can't give it up and she seems to get a real kick out of dancing with your husband."

"I'm not really her niece you know," she added abruptly. "She just picked me up about a month ago, in Mentone. Wanted company."

"Really," said Rosamund.

"I've got to be quite fond of her in a way, but I don't suppose I shall be able to stand it much longer. She does rather scare away the lads unless they happen to be more than commonly hard-up, and I've no use for that sort, myself. I need a fellow who can pay my way as well as his own."

Rosamund gazed at Doris. Doris was young and she was evidently having her fling. But how stupid it all was. Rosamund felt suddenly glad that she had never herself had a fling. How much better to be married at thirty-six—new to love and with the world still at her feet. Meanwhile Guy had returned. Rosamund was taking no further risks. She rose at once.

"Good night, my dear," said Mrs. Trefitt. "I'm so glad we met and I hope we shall see you again to-morrow."

"I hope so, too," responded Guy.

Outside the Excelsior he took Rosamund by the arm, for they had to walk a few hundred yards to their own hotel.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he said. "A ghost from my dead past."

"Well," said Rosamund, "if they are all as substantial as that—"

"Cross?" asked Guy.

"Not a bit," said Rosamund. "But don't let it happen again. You must try to be not quite so good-hearted. I'm sure you gave the poor old thing a great deal of pleasure, but was it really necessary?"

"She stood us a magnum," Guy pointed out.

"And drank most of it herself," said Rosamund.

DR. THORPE, leaving his two-seater, pushed open the gate at Ravenstoke and walked up the garden path towards the house. The warm summer had definitely passed. A chill wind of early November, bearing with it a fine rain, swept across the Downs, which were shrouded in mist. There would be a sea fog, he supposed, on the channel. The house looked neat enough, though the garden showed signs of neglect. It would never have been thus in Mrs. Shipley's time. There were wisps of hay on the path—even a crumpled newspaper. Many of the autumn flowers had died standing, their blackened leaves and withered blossoms drooping from ruined stems.

Dr. Thorpe rang the bell and waited. He was to see Rosamund—not the Rosamund he had always known, but Rosamund married, transformed.

The first shock of the news had passed. Not, of course, that he had ever really had a chance. But this marriage, so hurried and announced only after the event, seemed definitely to end a chapter in his life. It changed things—finally shut the door upon an old association.

The door opened. Laura was standing on the threshold.

"How are you, Laura?" said Dr. Thorpe as he took off his coat.

The hall was full of packing-cases.

"So you are really moving," he said.

"That's right, doctor," said Laura. "The mistress has let Ravenstoke."

"Going soon, I expect?"

"In a week, I think, sir. But I shall be staying here with the new tenant."

Dr. Thorpe entered the drawing-room.

There was a fire burning on the hearth and for a moment it appeared that the room was empty.

Then he saw two figures standing by the long window, a man and a

woman. The man had his arm round the woman's shoulders.

Then they turned and Rosamund came towards him with both hands outstretched.

"How are you, my dear?" he said.

So this was Rosamund—Rosamund transformed, ten years younger, a glow in her cheeks, a light in her eyes and a bloom on the soft spun hair. Something stabbed for a moment.

"And now, Harry," she said, "you must meet my husband. Guy, this is Dr. Thorpe—my oldest and best friend."

The man had come forward from the window. Dr. Thorpe noticed that he was limping slightly—a very ordinary sort of chap but quite an attractive face.

"How do you do, doctor?"

The doctor found himself shaking hands. The man had a pleasant voice.

"I am so glad to meet you at last," Guy added.

Undoubtedly the man had a pleasant voice.

They sat down. Laura was bringing in the tea.

"Well, my dear," said the doctor. "I needn't ask whether you have enjoyed yourself since last we met? One has only to look at you."

"You think she is looking well?" said Guy eagerly.

The doctor looked at him approvingly.

The man was showing a good spirit.

"I have known Rosamund most of her life," he answered, "and I have never seen her looking better. Marriage seems to agree with you, my dear."

"One or two lumps?" demanded Rosamund.

"One, please," said Dr. Thorpe, a trifle shortly.

It was a detail, of course, but Rosamund never used to ask him how much sugar he took in his tea. She used to know. Evidently she now had more important things to remember.

"And so you are leaving us?" he added.

Guy nodded.

"You must forgive me, doctor," he said.

"I am taking Rosamund to my own home in Norfolk."

"A strange coincidence," put in Rosamund.

"But Guy also was left alone in the world about a year ago. He inherited Hatherly, his house in Norfolk, almost at the same time as Ravenstoke came to me. So I am letting Ravenstoke, for we can't afford to run two houses at once."

The doctor looked keenly at Guy. This was not so good. The man had a house which he could not afford to run. And he had married an heiress. Was there any connection? But the thought was unworthy. The fellow seemed genuinely in love with Rosamund and why keep up two houses when one was enough?

"I want you to do me a favor, doctor," said Rosamund.

"Of course, my dear."

"Just to keep an eye on my tenants," continued Rosamund. "People of the name of Norton, a family of four—son, daughter, mother and father. I haven't met the father, but the mother is not very strong and they are moving to Sussex because of the climate. Another patient for you."

Dr. Thorpe smiled.

"In that case," he said, "I shall have ample opportunity of keeping an eye on the house."

He gazed round the room.

"Preparations already," he observed.

"Half the furniture has gone and the

other half goes the day after to-morrow. I'm storing it in Brighton."

"Rosamund is quite a woman of business," put in Guy. "Lucky for me. I never had any head for such things. She is arranging everything."

"There is nothing Rosamund doesn't know about housekeeping," said the doctor.

"In fact," said Guy with an affectionate smile at Rosamund. "I've done pretty well for myself."

He took her hand as he spoke and the doctor winced even as he approved the gesture. There was no doubt about it. The young man seemed genuinely fond of Rosamund. These, however, were early days. Time would show.

"For how long have you let Ravenstoke?" asked the doctor.

"Five years," said Rosamund.

The doctor sighed.

"A long time," he observed.

Rosamund nodded.

"The Nortons would not take a shorter lease and we thought that I am going to make my home in Norfolk..."

"Of course," said the doctor.

"I'm feeling rather nervous about it," said Guy. "Rosamund has not yet seen her new home. She may not like it as well as the old one. It's an ancient house and there are no modern conveniences. The country, too, is very different—flat and grey. But it has a charm of its own and the birds..."

"I shall love it," said Rosamund.

"And turn it all upside down," added the doctor.

"Something to do when Guy's away," said Rosamund brightly. "Guy is the local Conservative agent," she added by way of explanation.

"Politics?" said the doctor.

"Not for myself," said Guy. "My job is to push the right man into Parliament and to distribute stuff from headquarters. They call it literature."

The doctor saw Rosamund looking at him.

"I received a letter to-day from Marlon's lawyers," he said. "It seems that she left a will and that I am her executor. I am going up to London to-morrow to see what exactly it means in the way of business."

"You knew her very well, I believe," said Guy smoothly.

"Better than most," said the doctor.

There was another short silence.

"I suppose you get a bit of shooting down in Norfolk," said the doctor at last to Guy.

"Pretty rough shooting," answered Guy. "Mostly duck."

"I shall be shooting that way myself later in the year," said the doctor. "A friend of mine has a small estate not far from Yarmouth."

"Then we may see you at Hatherly," said Rosamund impulsively.

The doctor looked at Guy, but at that moment Laura appeared at the door.

"It's the telephone, ma'am," she said.

"For the doctor."

Dr. Thorpe rose heavily from his chair.

"No peace for the wicked," he murmured.

ROSAMUND stood on the platform at Dunwich. She shivered as she drew the fur collar of her coat closer about her ears. Guy was dealing with the luggage. They had been the only passengers to alight at the small station. Already the train—or what was left of it—had vanished round a curve in the line, leaving them forlorn in the darkness.

She felt a hand on her shoulder.

"The usual muddle," said Guy. "My tele-

gram has gone astray and there is nothing to meet us."

"Not even a taxi?" asked Rosamund.

Guy laughed—not quite so pleasantly as usual.

"Good Lord, no," he said. "This isn't Waterloo. We should have stayed in Norwich as I suggested and bought car."

He sounded peevish.

"Don't let's argue about it now," said Rosamund sharply. "What are we going to do?"

"Wait here. I will get hold of something. I'll ask Jonas to prod the fire in the waiting-room."

Jonas, the porter, scratched his head doubtfully, but led the way into the stuffy little room, adorned with ancient maps of the G.E.R. A small heap of slag and cinders smouldered in the grate. Jonas, prodding valiantly, was presently so far successful as to induce a thin wisp of smoke to enter the chimney.

"Mr. Harden won't be long, miss . . . ma'am. It isn't far to Hatherly, in any case—a matter of four miles, perhaps."

There came from somewhere a rattle of hooves. The door of the waiting-room swung wide. Guy held a lantern in his hand.

"Sorry, darling," he said. "It is more difficult than I thought. But I have raised Ebenezer with a one-horse trap."

"Good," said Rosamund.

"Open, I'm afraid," added Guy. "You'll have to sit under an umbrella. If only we had that car . . ."

"But we haven't," snapped Rosamund. Guy looked at her reproachfully and Rosamund felt herself blushing.

"Ready?" he asked with a faint shrug of the shoulders.

"Quite," she answered.

She passed through the door of the waiting-room. The trap turned out to be a dog-cart. Between the shafts stood a tired horse and a large man, wrapped about with mufflers, covered most of the front seat.

"1885 model," said Guy, surveying the equipage.

Rosamund climbed the step and sat down with her feet on the suitcases which lay upon the bottom of the trap. Guy squeezed in beside her and put up the umbrella.

"Won't it blow away?" she asked.

"Ebenezer won't go fast enough for that," he said.

"Will you, Ebenezer?" he shouted.

But there was no answer from the mountain of clothes in front.

"Deaf," explained Guy.

"Thank Heaven for that," said Rosamund.

The trap got into motion, creaking and swaying. It was now quite dark. Nothing was to be seen but the pool of light that kept pace with them upon the road, shed by a lantern hanging from one of the shafts. Rosamund shivered.

"Cold?" asked Guy cool and courteous.

"Not exactly," she said.

"Don't worry," said Guy more kindly. "We shall be home soon."

The word was strange in her ear. Home had meant hitherto the ordered comfort of Ravenstoke, the gracious Downs, a clean white drawing-room with its leaping fire, the querulous invalid upstairs.

Suddenly she gave a little gasp—almost a sob.

Guy had put an arm round her waist and was drawing her close.

"Lean on me," he said, and he stuffed the rug more securely round them both.

The tears smarted behind her eyes.

"Guy, darling, why am I such a fool?"

She turned her face to him and he kissed

her passionately on the mouth. The old thrill warmed her. She was again transformed. This was her husband and he was taking her home.

"Sorry I was such a beast," she said.

"You are not a beast," he protested.

"I am a beast."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am."

"Very well. So am I a beast. Two beasts. Tired and hungry. But Mrs. Howard will look after you."

"Mrs. Howard?"

"The housekeeper."

"Of course, I had forgotten."

Guy had not said much about his domestic staff, but Rosamund remembered vaguely now that there was a housekeeper. The trap turned to the left and the wind which had risen swept across them. Three times in their journey Ebenezer stopped to open gates that barred the road. The rain stung their faces. Rosamund could see nothing except that they were passing trees—elms that creaked in the rising gale; and there, ahead of them, was the long line of a house with a light shining from one of the windows. The trap stopped opposite an iron porch.

"H OME, darling," said Guy, as he swung himself down.

The front door opened letting out a flood of light which threw into high relief the figure of a woman on the threshold. A black retriever ran from the porch, nearly upset Rosamund and bounded upon Guy.

"Down, Bonzo, down. What's all this excitement? Master come home?"

Guy was fondling the dog.

"There you are at last," said a feminine voice. "I expected you hours ago, sir."

Rosamund climbed stiffly to the ground and stood a moment blinded by the light.

"Come, darling," said Guy, taking her by the arm.

Rosamund moved towards the door.

The woman, still on the threshold, moved aside. Her head turned so that Rosamund caught a glimpse of her face in profile and Rosamund received a slight shock. This must be the housekeeper—not the comfortable housekeeper of her imagination but a slim creature in the early forties.

"Welcome to your home, madam," said the woman at the door.

Rosamund looked inquiringly at Guy, whose hand had tightened ever so slightly on her arm.

"This is Mrs. Howard," he said cheerfully.

"If madam will step this way."

There was a moment's pause. Rosamund stood confronting the housekeeper uncertainly. The woman was looking at her intently, taking stock of her new mistress.

"This way, madam," said Mrs. Howard at last.

Rosamund followed obediently, trying to think of something to say. She felt somehow disconcerted. The word housekeeper had evoked something rather different from this—a stowish body in bombazine and a white apron, with keys dangling at the waist. But all that, of course, was hopelessly out of date. Was this, perhaps, what they called a "lady housekeeper," a gentleman down on her luck, who expected to be treated as one of the family?

Rosamund sighed inwardly, as she entered a cavernous hall in which, however, a bright fire was burning. Lady housekeepers were difficult.

She stole another glance and decided

that lady housekeeper was not a good description. There was also the accent. Lady housekeepers were always so terribly refined and Mrs. Howard was not conspicuous in that regard. Refinement was a merely negative thing and Mrs. Howard, decided Rosamund, was distinctly not a negative person.

"You would like some tea, I expect," suggested the housekeeper.

"Yes, please, Mrs. Howard. Here by the fire," said Rosamund quietly.

"Very good, madam."

The woman turned away.

"Tea shall be served, madam, as soon as it is ready. But the scones are still in the oven."

"Thank you, Mrs. Howard," said Guy. "Bring it as soon as you can."

He sat down beside Rosamund. She realised suddenly that he, too, was tired. She leaned forward and patted him on the knee.

"Sorry I was snappy," she said. "But this has been a beastly day and it began by being the morning after. And now my darling has to wait for his tea. It's a shame. But never mind. I'll have this place running on wheels in a week from now. Mrs. Howard shall wear black satin and meals will never be late."

Guy looked at her a moment. He seemed ill at ease—apprehensive. At last he leaned forward, throwing his cigarette, half-smoked, into the fire.

"Listen, darling," he said. "Do you mind if I say something?"

"Anything you like."

"It's only this: I want you to go slow with Mrs. Howard."

"Slow?"

"Well, you see, I'm not much of a manager and she has always run this place in her own way up to now. There may be things you won't like, but don't put the foot down too heavily. Mrs. Howard has been in the family for many years."

"She is not very old," Rosamund observed.

"Forty to fifty," said Guy shortly. "Anyhow, I should be sorry to lose her. She has been a good servant to me—almost a friend."

"If she is a good servant, my dear, there will be nothing to worry about. I am not an unreasonable person."

"Thank you, darling."

There came a sound of heavy breathing. A maid, not very prepossessing, had entered the room bearing a tray: Sheffield plate, noticed Rosamund, but with thick cups and saucers. The girl set the tray down on a small table and with a dubiously clean hand brushed a loose lock from her forehead.

"Thank you," said Rosamund.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said the girl.

Rosamund wrinkled her nose slightly as the maid withdrew.

She drank some tea and ate a scone. Guy chatted pleasantly.

"Now," said Rosamund, when tea was finished, "I should like to see our room, Guy."

Together they climbed the stairs. They were narrow and unexpectedly long for a house which had only two floors. They reached a long corridor running the whole length of the house.

Guy pushed open a door and a breath of cold air struck Rosamund in the face. The room was large. Two twin beds stood side by side and the furniture was of the plainest.

Rosamund awoke gradually and for a moment could not remember where she was. She turned over to find herself in a narrow bed in a large room. There was another bed beside her and it was empty.

She sat up. The window curtains had been drawn and outside there was bright sunshine. She looked at her watch and found that it was past nine o'clock. No wonder Guy had left her. Like her he was normally an early riser. Why had she slept so soundly and so long?

This was not a good beginning.

She slipped out of bed and made her way quickly to the bathroom. The water was luke-warm and slow in coming. She washed and dressed quickly, putting on a blue woollen frock, and went down to breakfast.

Guy, deep in the "East Anglian Gazette," jumped up as she entered the room.

"Morning, sweetheart," he said. "You were so sound asleep that it seemed a shame to wake you. You've been making up for lost time."

Rosamund poured herself out some tea as he spoke. It was obviously stale, but she was too annoyed with herself for oversleeping to order a fresh supply. Nor did she complain of the porridge, which was smoky, nor of the bacon, which was nearly cold in the chafing-dish. What did it matter? She was now at home with Guy and these trifles would soon be remedied.

Guy, returning to his paper, uttered an exclamation.

"What is it, darling?" she asked.

"There's a meeting of the committee of the Conservative Association to-day," he said. "I ought to be there. There will be no more holidays for me now that I'm on the spot. We are getting ready for a by-election. Do you mind?"

"Where is the meeting?"

"In Yarmouth."

"How are you going?"

Guy's head appeared over the edge of the newspaper.

"Bog wheel, ducky," he replied.

Rosamund hated him to call her ducky and Guy knew it.

"No other means of transport," he said.

Rosamund frowned. He was still harping on the motor car. Very well. Let him harp. She would give way to him, of course, but only when he was prepared to be nice about it.

"Back for lunch?" she asked sweetly.

Guy shook his head.

"Impossible," he said. "It's twelve miles to Yarmouth and the meeting is at eleven. I shall lunch with Jenkins."

"Jenkins?"

"Sir Christopher Jenkins, the local Hampden. But I shall be back for tea... ducky."

He bent over her as he spoke and kissed her swiftly on the cheek.

"Get Mrs. Howard to show you round," he suggested.

"Where is the village?" Rosamund asked.

Guy pointed vaguely through the window.

"You can't miss it," he said. "There is only one road to this house. The village is about four miles away, near the station."

"Yes," he added, divining her thoughts.

"I can't think what made the old boy build his mansion here."

He jerked his head at a grimy picture of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century hanging on the wall.

"Perhaps he wanted to be left alone," suggested Rosamund dryly.

The dining-room, she was thinking, could

be made quite charming. It faced north-east and the windows were wide to the sea, which glittered in the sun about half a mile away. The brown wallpaper and the heavy furniture were bad, but these could be changed.

"So long," said Guy at the door.

Rosamund, left alone, pushed away her plate, crossed the room and pulled the bell. Far away she heard a distant jingle. Time passed. She rang again and moved to the window.

The door opened and Mrs. Howard stood on the threshold.

"I am sorry, madam. Did you ring?"

Mrs. Howard was wearing a dark red dress, well cut and with short sleeves.

"I did ring, Mrs. Howard," said Rosamund. She spoke as pleasantly as she could.

"I am sorry, madam. Mr. Harden rarely used the bells. We are not accustomed to them."

"That's all right, Mrs. Howard. I want you to show me round the house. We must go over things together."

"Very good, madam."

"Perhaps you will lead the way," suggested Rosamund.

Mrs. Howard turned without a word and presently Rosamund found herself climbing the stairs behind her. The housekeeper walked lightly and held herself well—a woman of some distinction. On the landing the maid, who had brought in the tea on the previous evening, was turning out Rosamund's bedroom. At any rate she was at work, which was something. They moved down the corridor.

"These are two spare bedrooms, Mrs. Harden."

Mrs. Howard opened one door after another. The furniture in the rooms was sparse and incongruous. In each was a fine walnut wardrobe, contrasting oddly with the iron beds and soiled mattresses folded back. The rooms were deep in dust.

"They have not been used for some time," said Mrs. Howard.

"So I see," said Rosamund dryly.

Mrs. Howard threw open a door at the end of a long passage.

"This is Mr. Harden's room," she said. "He uses it to keep his guns and fishing tackle—all his odds and ends."

Rosamund paused on the threshold. She felt a little tightening round her throat. This was Guy's own room. There were red rep curtains, faded and looped carelessly back, a big writing-desk covered untidily with all kinds of papers, a rack of guns, two or three shelves of books, a couple of disjointed fishing rods, in one corner a cricket bat; a faded carpet on the floor and faded photographs of Guy at school on the walls. In one corner was a bed which apparently he sometimes used, for it was made and ready.

"Well, Mrs. Howard, have we seen everything?"

"That's about all, madam."

"The servants' rooms?"

"Upstairs, madam."

"What is that room over there?"

Rosamund pointed towards the farther end of the corridor.

"That is my room," said Mrs. Howard smoothly.

"Do you mind if I see it?"

Mrs. Howard looked at her for a moment.

"If you think it necessary," she said at last.

"I should like to know that you are properly comfortable," said Rosamund.

"I am quite comfortable, thank you, madam."

The housekeeper still stood unhelpfully in the corridor.

"Well, I should like to see it," said Rosamund pleasantly.

Mrs. Howard without a word turned and led the way. Rosamund suppressed an exclamation when she opened the door. Mrs. Howard was certainly comfortable—more comfortable than she had ever made her master, Rosamund thought. There was a good carpet on the floor; the room was clean; the dressing-table adequate and extravagantly equipped for a housekeeper. There was a bunch of chrysanthemums on a handsome chest of drawers by the window. Finally, in one corner of the room was a large double bed of carved walnut—a fine piece of work, Dutch or Italian.

Rosamund stood a moment at the door. "Has this always been your room?" she asked.

"Ever since I came here."

"When was that?"

"I was here with the family," said Mrs. Howard, "before Mr. Harden inherited the house. I have been here for over eight years."

Rosamund looked round. She noticed that there were the remains of a fire in the grate. Her eyes went again to the bed.

"The drawback to this room," Mrs. Howard was saying, "is that it faces north."

"Quite," said Rosamund. Suddenly she turned and faced the housekeeper.

"I hope I am not going to cause you any inconvenience," she began slowly, picking her words. "But if you don't mind, I think I will have that bed."

She pointed as she spoke to the big walnut bed in the corner.

Mrs. Howard stood rather still and stiff. The full lips were pressed tightly together.

"If madam insists," said Mrs. Howard.

"I'm sorry," said Rosamund, "but it appears to be the only double bed in the house."

"Of course, I quite understand. But I had almost come to regard this room as my own. After eight years . . ."

There was a short silence.

"It can make but little difference to you, Mrs. Howard. We will just change the beds round. You shall have mine. I know it's a comfortable bed, too comfortable, in fact, for I overslept myself this morning."

Mrs. Howard did not answer and the silence began to be oppressive.

"Very good, madam," said Mrs. Howard at last. "The beds shall be moved this afternoon."

"Thank you," said Rosamund quietly. "And now, I suppose, we had better take a look at the household books together."

"MURIEL."

"Coming, ma'am. Coming." Muriel straightened her back, rubbed her arms on the apron round her waist and moved towards the door. What was to happen now? What new task was to be put upon her?

"Come along, Muriel."

Mrs. Howard seemed unlike her usual self—inclined to be short and snappy. The nose, thought Muriel, was out of joint.

"I was washing up, ma'am," said Muriel.

"Leave that," said Mrs. Howard. "I want you to give me a hand with this bed."

Mrs. Howard was standing in the middle of her room. She seemed all lightened up. Muriel was sorry for Mrs. Howard. It was hard, after having had things all your own way, to be put quite suddenly into your place.

Muriel caught sight of herself in the

long glass. She was sturdily built but strong.

"Is it to make the bed, ma'am?" Muriel asked.

"No," said Mrs. Howard. "It's not to make the bed but to move it."

"Move it, ma'am?"

"It's to be moved into Mrs. Harden's room."

Muriel's eyes opened wide. Her mouth was open, too.

"Your bed, ma'am?"

"It is for the mistress, now."

Mrs. Howard held in her hand a sort of spanner. She handed it to Muriel.

"Unscrew the bolt over there," she ordered.

Muriel went down on her hands and knees and unscrewed the bolt.

"Beg pardon," said Muriel, emerging from her task, "but which bed will you be having for yourself?"

"One of the single beds for me," said Mrs. Howard.

ROSAMUND set out for the village after an early lunch. Mrs. Howard had offered her a bicycle, but she was determined to walk the four miles out and the four miles back. Four miles was nothing to Rosamund. She had stridden the Downs at Ravenstoke till the exercise had made her legs supple and her muscles firm.

Her thoughts were busy as she strode forward in her tweed coat and skirt, a stick in her hand and Bonzo at her heels.

The interview with Mrs. Howard about the household books—her talks with the housekeeper seemed always to have the character of an interview—had not been satisfactory. It seemed that there were not any books and Mrs. Howard had shown an exasperating lack of interest in the whole subject. Rosamund had feared resentment.

But Mrs. Howard had been merely bored, while her knowledge of local prices was astonishingly vague. All Rosamund could gather was that, when Mrs. Howard wanted things she simply ordered them, without being very clear as to quantity or quality.

Rosamund opened the first of the gates that straddled the road, passed through and latched it on the other side.

She strode forward swinging her stick, talking now and then to Bonzo, who, all things considered, was behaving well; for Rosamund had only met him the day before. Retrievers were intelligent and friendly. Guy set great store, apparently, by Bonzo, who accompanied his master whenever he went after duck.

She opened the second gate.

Now they had three miles to go. The road forked sharply, as in a conventional picture of lightning, and at the farther end of it was the village of Dunwich, sparsely sheltered by an inadequate barrier of sand dunes and elms.

The shops of Dunwich were all in a single street. Mr. Steadman, the grocer, was a fair, cold man wearing an apron. He regarded her in the same curiously inert fashion which she had already noted in the few inhabitants whom she had passed in the village.

"I think you supply Hatherly, don't you, Mr. Steadman?" she said. "I am Mrs. Harden."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Steadman.

He seemed to be taking stock of her by inches. This was not the manner of a happy merchant with a good customer.

Hatherly was evidently not a name to conjure with and she was not esteemed.

"In future," continued Rosamund, "I would like to have a regular weekly account."

"Certainly, ma'am."

Mr. Steadman maintained a dogged reserve.

"I understand that it is some time since you last presented a statement?"

Mr. Steadman shook his head and drew in his breath hard.

"On the contrary, ma'am. I frequently draw Mrs. Howard's attention to the matter."

"I have not seen any bills," persisted Rosamund.

Mr. Steadman looked fixedly in front of him.

"I have often wondered what becomes of them," he said.

"There is an account to be settled?"

Mr. Steadman was looking at her now. A gleam of interest had come into his eyes.

"Of long standing, ma'am."

He dived behind the counter as he spoke and reappeared with a ledger.

"I have sent the bill in four times," he added.

"I'm sorry," said Rosamund. "But I only arrived yesterday. I have scarcely had time to look into things."

"Shall I make you out another bill, ma'am?"

"Please."

"Jerry," said Mr. Steadman.

A boy appeared from the dark recesses of the shop with a pencil behind his ear.

"Make out the Hatherly account up to the end of last week."

The boy retired with the ledger.

"When do you usually send to the house?"

"I don't deliver regularly. Only when ordered."

"I think we will change that system, Mr. Steadman. In future I shall give you a regular weekly order and we will have a regular weekly book. I think that will be more satisfactory, don't you?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Steadman.

The man was human at last and, when Rosamund began to take an expert interest in the shop, he smiled suddenly, disclosing some very fine examples of Early English dentistry, and conducted her personally round the premises.

At long last the boy at the desk handed to Mr. Steadman the results of his labors, which the grocer handed in turn to Rosamund.

"Twenty-seven pounds fourteen shillings and elevenpence," she read.

She looked at Mr. Steadman, who nodded his head gravely.

"It is rather a lot," said Rosamund. "Sorry, ma'am. It covers supplies for three months and it's an honest reckoning."

She opened her bag and drew out her cheque-book.

"You will take a cheque, I suppose. It's on my bank in London. I have not had time to open an account in Dunwich."

"There is not a bank in Dunwich."

"Then I shall open an account in Yarmouth. Meanwhile you can pay this into your own."

She unscrewed her fountain-pen, filled in the cheque and handed it over the counter.

Mr. Steadman looked at it a little doubtfully.

"I'll send you the receipt by post, ma'am," he said blandly.

"Thank you, Mr. Steadman. We will go into the question of the weekly book when

I come down to order my supplies. Good afternoon, Mr. Steadman."

She walked down the village street. Two or three men standing outside the Bell eyed her curiously. Opposite the inn stood the great church, out of all relation to the size of the village. Such disproportion, however, was common in Norfolk, for the churches had been built in the days when this was the busiest county in England. The great Cistercian landowners who had filled her ports with ships that piled to Flanders with wool, had founded them. The church at Dunwich stood, four-square, built of flint, with a huge tower, tall and crenellated.

But she would look at the church another time. She had now to visit Mr. Alcock the butcher.

Half an hour later she set out for home. Mr. Alcock had not been paid for six months. There had been a bill for forty pounds.

The day was now turning to rest. The brief winter sun was going down in a red haze and a fine mist lay along the distant marshes. Flocks of screaming gulls crossed the waste. Not a soul was in sight or any sign of human life. Bonzo walked quietly at her heel, though she had not bidden him to do so.

There at last was Hatherly, lying behind its dunes, gaunt, tall and weather-beaten. Suddenly she was roused by the sound of a motor horn. Visitors, perhaps. But she was not yet home and there was still a mile to go. She stepped to the side of the road.

A handsome two-seater car—new and shining—glided level and stopped beside her. The driver was evidently about to offer her a lift.

The door of the car opened and a head was thrust out.

"Hop in darling," said Guy. "She's a beauty."

ROSAMUND looked at Guy. Soon she would have to begin. She must say what she had to say.

Guy had leaned forward and was filling his pipe. The drawing-room was certainly more cosy than it had been when she had first arrived. Ten days had passed and she was beginning to get used to things. The chairs were worn, but the new chintzes from Maples would brighten them up. The lamps were lit. Bonzo slept in front of the fire, whimpering from time to time, as is the manner of hunting dogs.

"A good dinner to-night, darling," said Guy suddenly.

"I am glad you liked it," answered Rosamund.

There was a silence.

"Guy," ventured Rosamund at last. "I don't want to bother you."

"You needn't," said Guy.

"But I must," insisted Rosamund.

She paused. Guy was looking at her now in a way that did not make things easier.

"It's about the housekeeping," said Rosamund.

"Still harping," said Guy peevishly.

"I never harp," said Rosamund indignantly. "But we've never yet had a proper talk."

"Why should we talk? The household books are now settled once a week and we owe not any man. We can look the baker in the face and be proud with the butcher. What more do you want?"

"I'm not thinking of the household books, though I find that Mrs. Howard still orders things without consulting me."

"For example,"
"Last week there were two bottles of port."

"Probably my fault."

"You really oughtn't to go to Mrs. Howard for everything now that I am here. It isn't fair. It undermines my authority."

"Undermines your authority?"

Rosamund flushed. The words, as echoed by Guy, seemed absurdly pompous. But she pressed her lips firmly together.

"Yes, Guy. You know quite well what I mean. I'm trying to get some sort of discipline into this establishment."

"And doing it very well," said Guy.

"Didn't I say it was a good dinner?"

"Do, please, be serious. It is really important for me to be sure that in coping with Mrs. Howard I can count on your support."

"My dear, what are you talking about?"

"Things can't go on indefinitely as they are. Mrs. Howard is a thoroughly bad house-keeper. Sooner or later I shall have to call her to account. I want you to realise that she is not a paragon."

Guy was silent a moment. He rose from his chair, took a turn down the room and then stood with his back to the fire looking down at Rosamund.

"No," he said. "Mrs. Howard is not a paragon, but I have asked you to be considerate."

"I have been most considerate."

"Then please go on being considerate."

What is the trouble exactly?"

"I shall have to speak to her about her appearance for one thing."

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," said Guy quietly.

"Why not?"

"She might not like it," said Guy.

"I can't have my housekeeper looking like an elderly vamp," said Rosamund warmly.

"Elderly?" said Guy with a lift of the eyebrows.

"She must be well over forty at least," said Rosamund.

"A great age," he murmured. "But what on earth does it matter?"

He grinned and added:

"Unless you think I'm likely to fall a victim. But I never look at a woman over thirty-six, as you know."

"Don't be absurd, Guy. It's the principle of the thing."

"My text," he declaimed, "is taken from the second epistle to the Galatians."

Rosamund moved impatiently.

"Will you be serious?" she said.

"Yes," he responded, "I will. I have asked you to treat Mrs. Howard with special consideration. I will now tell you the reason. Mrs. Howard is the widow of a man killed in the war. He was killed in saving my life—he touched his lame leg as he spoke. "It was Sergeant Howard who brought me back when I went out on patrol in No Man's Land on the Paschendale Ridge. He died on top of me."

Rosamund drew in her breath. All her small discomforts and grievances dwindled and shrank.

"I see," she said. "Of course, Guy. I understand."

"If you cannot speak to Mrs. Howard without provoking a quarrel you had better not speak to her at all. For let me tell you at once, Rosamund, that I will not consent to her dismissal."

There was a silence. Rosamund's thoughts were in confusion. Of course, he was right to provide for the widow of the man who had saved his life. Never-

theless, Rosamund was angry. She felt defeated. She was no longer mistress in her own domain.

"It's not as if anything were really wrong," continued Guy. "You've taken firm hold of the commissariat. You are making us all live on thirty shillings a week inclusive. What more do you want?"

Guy was smiling. He was, in fact, all smiles. She had married a chameleon. Would she ever begin to understand him?

He bent forward, pulled her to her feet and ran his hand through her hair. She responded instantly to his caress.

"Guy, will you ever be sensible?" she asked, looking at him.

"Harping again," he exclaimed, but his voice was kind. "I suppose you are now going to bring up that matter of the car. It's a good car, let me tell you, and cheap at the price."

"I know, dear, but I don't like paying for things by instalments."

HOW can I ever afford, with my wretched income to pay for things in any other way?"

"Guy, what is your income?"

"Lord! Is this a directors' meeting?"

"I don't even know where it comes from."

"I am the proud owner of a couple of mean streets in Yarmouth, and I get three hundred a year for being the mainstay and prop of the Conservative party hereabouts. Are you satisfied?"

There was another silence.

Guy released Rosamund and began to wander round the room.

"I have paid for the car," said Rosamund presently.

Guy swung round.

"Paid for it?"

"Yes, I paid for it yesterday, and I got five per cent. off for cash."

Guy was across the room in two strides.

"You have paid for the car? My precious darling. Five per cent. off for cash. My angel! How she spoils this miserable man. You must be punished for that."

He seized her in his arms and kissed her violently. Rosamund felt herself flushing. She slipped her arms about his neck.

"Guy, darling, we are never going to quarrel, are we?"

"Of course not. You are always going to be an obedient wife and spoil your husband and take your punishment like a good girl."

"And be ever so kind to Mrs. Howard," added Rosamund with a wry smile.

"You'd better go to bed now," said Guy.

"I must look over some papers this evening in my room, but I shan't be long. I'm threatened with another committee the day after to-morrow."

"I will stay down here till you're ready, Guy."

Rosamund, left alone, opened a book. But Virginia Woolf's Common Reader failed to grip. She hoped she would learn to handle Guy better. She never seemed to make any real impression upon him. Perhaps all married women had the same difficulty.

Outside the door footsteps were audible. Mrs. Howard was going upstairs. Bonzo was asleep again in front of the fire. Rosamund made a further effort to concentrate upon the Common Reader, but in half an hour found herself nodding. She rose, scattered the logs carefully on the hearth and left the room carrying the lamp.

She walked slowly upstairs. At the

end of the corridor a light beneath the door showed that Guy was still at work. Rosamund paused an instant. They had almost quarrelled that evening. She wanted to make it up. She would go in to him. Her feet made no noise on the carpet—a new acquisition, for Rosamund had insisted on the corridor being properly carpeted—and, as she drew near the door, she heard voices.

Guy was talking to someone. "Don't forget," he was saying, "that you are an old servant and that you must try to please your new mistress."

Rosamund smiled. So Guy was dealing with the situation himself. She turned away. She would leave him to it.

She went into her bedroom, which was now changed out of all recognition. The fire in the grate, though it had burned low, was still warm. The great bed stood in the shadow.

Rosamund sighed a little doubtfully, but quite contentedly, as she began to undress.

On the dressing-table stood a steaming cup of milk—her nightcap, always placed there by Mrs. Howard at ten o'clock.

Rosamund smiled. That was one thing, at any rate, which the house-keeper did not forget.

DR. THORPE left his car and walked towards the front door. Haltingly, not hard to find, had been hard to reach. It stood at the end of all things, planted in the parish—the farthest point on the solitary road. Rosamund lived in a wilderness—behind gates. Twice he had been obliged to get out of his car to open them. Childie Roland to the dark tower came. The house itself did not look particularly inviting. It quitted in the drab light. It looked dangerous, like an animal waiting to spring.

The door opened before he could reach it and Rosamund stood on the threshold. "How nice of you to come," she said. "I have been watching your car crossing the marsh. Do come in. There is a good fire in the drawing-room."

The doctor was taken aback by this rather voluble welcome. Why was Rosamund so excited? Why did the words come tumbling from her like that? This was different from the old Rosamund, reserved and cool.

Dr. Thorpe took off his heavy leather driving-coat and hung it up in the hall. It was a gloomy place but well kept, he noted—all very clean and the stair carpet quite new, with one or two good prints on the walls.

He followed Rosamund into the drawing-room. Through the windows, the curtains not yet being drawn, Dr. Thorpe could see the interminable marsh, level and dun, stretching to the thin line of elms marking what he instinctively called the mainland. The rain was falling again, driving in gusts.

He sat down, aware that Rosamund was fawning round him. There was tea by the fire and Rosamund was ringing the bell.

"I have made some hot scones for you," she said. "I know you like them."

"You spoil me, my dear," said Dr. Thorpe. The door opened and he looked up. This, presumably, was another visitor? She was in a brown silk frock. He started to rise from his chair and then fell back again.

"You rang, madam?"

"I rang for Muriel."

"It's Muriel's afternoon out, madam."

"How stupid of me, I forgot," said

Rosamund. "Would you mind bringing in the scones, please, and drawing the curtains?"

Dr. Thorpe sat back with a puzzled air. The woman in brown was some sort of servant apparently—of the kind usually described as a "help." But Rosamund was not partial to such ambiguous arrangements and this was evidently no pale and common drudge. She looked like one who devoted more time to her complexion than to her work about the house.

The curtains were drawn. A plate of steaming scones appeared and were placed in the grate. The doctor leaned back and stretched himself.

"How's the shooting?" asked Rosamund. "Not too bad," he admitted. "I was at Jenkins' place yesterday. He always has plenty of birds. We got eighty brace."

He paused and added: "But how are you, my dear?"

He leaned forward, ostensibly to help himself to strawberry jam but really to get a better view of Rosamund. He was not pleased with what he saw. There was color in the face, but alas! not due to nature. Nor was the cherry-ripe of the lips.

"Very well, indeed," said Rosamund slowly.

Dr. Thorpe put down the dish of jam and looked at her steadily.

"Tell me the truth," he said quietly.

Her head went back and he saw the drawn lines about her mouth.

"Not very well," she confessed.

"There is nothing really wrong with me," she hastened to add. "But I get sleepy here. This must be a sleepy place. I can never seem to wake up in the morning."

"Not like you, Rosamund. And Norfolk isn't supposed to be sleepy. Quite the reverse. I wake on the tick of seven. Any other symptoms?"

"No."

"Eating well?"

"So so. But Harry, my dear, this isn't a consultation. He is Ravenstoke?"

"Still standing. I think you're lucky in your tenants. So am I. The lady thinks she is delicate."

"How are all the people of the parish?"

"Do you miss them?"

"Er... no. I am not really lonely and the marsh is not as dreary as you would think. It has a charm of its own. Then we have bought a little car, you know, and I go and see the neighbors. Everyone is very friendly, especially Sir Christopher."

"Guy works for Sir Christopher, I understand?"

"He is the local Conservative agent."

Dr. Thorpe looked round the room.

"The drawing-room is charming," he said.

"I am glad you like it. The chintzes came from London only a week ago. They brighten the room, don't you think?"

"I suppose you have turned the house upside down as usual?"

Rosamund smiled back at him, but he noticed that the smile was not as merry as he would have liked.

"I have, as a matter of fact, to be rather careful," she said.

"Careful?"

"Old retainers," she explained. "And Guy as a bachelor didn't shine."

"He was run by the old retainers, you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Was that one of them I saw just now?"

"Yes."

"Not so very old," commented the doctor.

"She is a problem," said Rosamund. "I don't quite know what to do with her."

Dr. Thorpe looked again at Rosamund as she sat facing the warm fire. He noticed her hands, spread to the blaze. He had always loved her hands. He had an intolerable desire to take them into his own.

"Mrs. Howard," continued Rosamund, "is the widow of a sergeant who saved Guy's life in the War and lost his own in doing it. It's a sad story and it rather complicates matters."

"She ran the place just as she liked before you came, I suppose."

"If you can call it running."

"I see."

"But I shall get her into black satin yet," said Rosamund gazing into the fire.

There came a sound of footsteps in the hall and the door opened abruptly.

"Rosamund, where the devil are my stockings?" said a male voice.

The doctor rose from his chair. The flushed face of Guy Harden showed in the doorway. His eyes met those of the doctor.

"Visitors?" he said and came into the room.

"You remember Dr. Thorpe?" said Rosamund.

"Of course. I didn't see him for the moment."

He came forward and shook hands.

THE doctor con-

sidered him quietly. What had Rosamund seen—what did she see?—in this very ordinary little man? Was this her great romance—all centred upon this limping figure with the sparse hair and the curiously beautiful voice?

"Stockings," repeated Guy. "My shoes are full of water."

"Top left-hand drawer in your dressing-room, Guy," answered Rosamund quietly.

"Never used to be there," said Guy.

"Make a note of it, dear. You will always find them in the top left-hand drawer."

Guy laughed.

"Forgive me, doctor," he said. "I must change my things."

Silence fell when Guy had left the room. Dr. Thorpe glanced at the face of Rosamund. It was quite expressionless. Of what was she thinking? Why on earth had she married this man? First he had been peevish and then hearty—a bad combination; the sort of man who might be nasty and pretend it was a joke.

"Another scene?" suggested Rosamund, pushing over the dish.

"I will," said the doctor. "I feel bound to state that the hand that made 'em has not lost its cunning."

They talked kitchen for a while, till the door opened and Guy appeared again. He came breezily into the room.

"Here we are," he said. "All warm and dry at last."

He approached the fire.

"Yes, darling?"

"No, thank you. I'll take a spot of whisky. What about you doctor?"

"I'm committed to the teapot," said Dr. Thorpe.

"It was good of you to call. It is a bit of a pilgrimage to Hatherly."

"Not so far in a car. I am staying quite near here—with the Rushtons."

"Over for the shooting, I suppose?"

"I was just telling Rosamund. I was shooting over Sir Christopher's covert yesterday."

"I hope you've left a few birds for me," answered Guy.

There was a small silence.

Suddenly Dr. Thorpe leaned forward.

"I should have called in any case. Rosamund is a very old friend. But there is also a small matter of business."

"Business?" echoed Guy.

He turned round so sharply that the doctor jumped in his chair.

"Yes," continued the doctor, quietly.

"Marion Knox, as I think you know, made me her executor."

Rosamund's face set suddenly like a statue carved in ivory.

"Marion left you something in her will, Rosamund," continued the doctor.

"Really?"

Rosamund turned her head and looked at the doctor.

"Yes," said Thorpe, still in the same quiet tone. "Marion left you her pearls."

Why was Harden looking at him like that? There was an expression on his face that the doctor could not read. Yet it was only natural. Marion's death must have been a great jar to them both.

"I would have come to see you before," he continued. "But one way and another it took some time to obtain probate; and now, I am afraid, I have a small shock for you."

He paused. Rosamund twisted her fingers nervously.

"The pearls," continued the doctor, "had, of course, to be valued. I submitted them to an expert."

He paused and added suddenly:

"The pearls are false, my dear."

"False," began Rosamund. "But Marion was always so proud of them."

"I can bear witness to that," said Guy.

"She wore them constantly and I always understood that they were heirlooms."

"Just so," said the doctor. "But the pearls she was wearing at the time of her accident were false. Not a very good imitation, either. They did not deceive my expert for a moment."

"I don't understand," said Rosamund.

Dr. Thorpe shook her head.

"Poor Marion," he said gently. "She was never too well provided. She must either have sold the pearls or pledged them, I am afraid."

"Is there no trace of the transaction in her papers?" demanded Guy.

"Not a trace. Which makes it a little odd. Marion was rather an orderly sort of person. But there is no note of any money received and no sign of any large sum being paid into her account at the bank. I'm sorry, Rosamund."

"What does it matter?" said Rosamund warmly. "I am thinking of Marion. The poor dear must have had a pretty hard time."

Rosamund turned away, but he had seen her tears.

"Heavens!" thought the doctor. "Why did I break it to her like this? Before that fellow, too."

"She must have sold them quite recently," said Rosamund after a silence.

"How do you make that out?" asked Guy sharply.

"Marion wouldn't have left me the pearls if she had already disposed of them."

"I had thought of that," said the doctor. "Her will is dated only a year ago. The substitution would therefore have been made during the last twelve months."

Rosamund was looking at Guy.

"Do you remember," she said. "You took a photograph of Marion wearing her pearls at Talliores. I've still got the prints. To think that we chaffed her about them. And she never turned a hair."

"It was not difficult to take in an ignorant like me," said Guy. "I know nothing about jewellery. Never been able to buy the stuff."

He laughed. Rosamund winced and the doctor looked at him in some surprise.

There was a short pause and Thorpe glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Heavens, I must be going," he said. "I had no idea it was so late."

"Don't do that, Harry. Stay and dine with us," said Rosamund.

The doctor shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "But it isn't possible. The Rushtons have a dinner-party this evening. Nice people—don't you think, Harden?"

"I'm sure they are," he said smoothly. "But I don't know them very well."

"Only fifteen miles away," said the doctor. "That's being almost neighbors in these parts. You must meet them, Rosamund."

"They knew my family pretty well, I believe," said Guy. "But I'm comparatively new to Hatherly."

Thorpe looked at him keenly. The Rushtons had been distinctly non-committal about Guy. He must talk to Bridget Rush-ton and get her to call. They might not like her husband, but Rosamund would be a godsend.

The doctor shook hands with Rosamund.

"Don't worry any more about the pearls," he said. "You will get a formal letter in due course."

"Thank you, Harry."

"I wonder if you could spare me one of those photographs of Marion," he said suddenly. "I was very fond of her and I should like one for keeps."

"I'm afraid it will be quite impossible to find them now," put in Guy.

"On the contrary," said Rosamund promptly. "I know exactly where they are."

"That's what comes of being a tidy person," she added.

"One for me, doctor. You have no idea how I am being rationalised. You know the text: a place for everything and everything in its place."

Rosamund had crossed the room to the writing-desk.

"Here you are," she said.

"Thank you, my dear," said the doctor as he put the photograph into his pocket-book.

Rosamund breathed again. The roast chickens were all that could be desired and were making satisfactory progress round the table. The cheese patties had been praised and no one could possibly know that she had made them herself. The wine, left to Guy, were excellent: the conversation was hearty and continuous. Her first luncheon party at Hatherly was going well. Sir Christopher was on her right. On her left was the Vicar, a spare, red-faced man with sandy hair. Next to him was Lady Jenkins, a woman with high cheek-bones, prominent eyes and a homely manner. Then came Guy, with the Vicar's wife upon his left.

Rosamund remembered that this was her first appearance as a political hostess.

"What do you think of the election prospects, Mr. Broadbent?" she asked.

"Politest!" said the Vicar. "I am not very much interested in politics."

Rosamund had already made a mental note of the many things in which the Vicar was not very much interested. She had tried him in vain with most of the subjects normally exciting his cloth. She gathered, however, that his real parishioners were to be sought among the fowls of the air. Also he might have heard that there was once a stable in Bethlehem.

"Pickering is all right," said Lady Jenkins suddenly. "Splendid seat on a horse. Deserves a safe seat in the House. Do you ride, Mr. Harden?"

"I haven't had much opportunity lately," said Guy quickly.

"Pity," said Lady Jenkins.

"You see, Sir Christopher," said Guy with a smile. "Lady Jenkins would vote for Pickering. If I wanted to go into politics as a principal I should be driven to join the Labor Party. The Labor men usually contrive to get paid for their services. One doesn't need to be rich or to have horses and relations."

"Brains," said Sir Christopher suddenly. "That is what we really need. Our system is all wrong. We make our people pay for the privilege of walking into the right lobby at the word of command."

"Too many brains," said Lady Jenkins. "Give me a man with his head screwed on right. Doesn't matter much what is inside. Look at Thomas."

Sir Christopher surveyed with twinkling eyes the Rev. Thomas Broadbent.

"Thomas," said Lady Jenkins, "don't always remember at which end of the church to look for the font. Now if it were a bird bath . . ."

"Really, my dear," began Sir Christopher. "Lucy will bear me out," said Lady Jenkins.

Mrs. Broadbent sighed. She had once hoped that her husband would also be a fisher of men, especially as there were no trout-streams in Norfolk.

"Scandalous," said the Vicar. "You're encouraging my wife to give evidence against her husband. It isn't even legal."

He paused and added gently:

"But everyone knows who really runs the parish of Dunwich."

"And runs it very well," said Sir Christopher, smiling at Mrs. Broadbent, who, smitten into a deeper silence, looked as though she were uncertain whether to be pleased or to burst into tears.

"I believe she writes his sermons for him," said Lady Jenkins.

"Why not?" asked Sir Christopher. "Harden writes all my speeches for me. He will have to write Pickering's too, unless we can persuade him to stand somewhere for himself."

"Not in this constituency," said Lady Jenkins firmly. "Much too clever."

Sir Christopher smiled at Guy.

"Take no notice of her," he said. "Think it over—seriously. There will be a vacancy soon at Norwich."

"You mean that?" said Guy.

Sir Christopher nodded.

"Then I will make arrangements at once to receive an income of 14000 a year."

"And a horse," said Lady Jenkins. "Don't forget the horse, Mr. Harden."

Rosamund looked across the table at Guy. Snatches of his conversation came to her above the steady drone of the Vicar, who was describing with great particularity the habits of wild geese in Lincolnshire.

"Don't pay any attention to me," Lady Jenkins was saying. "All nonsense, of course. Brains count with us as much as with anyone else. Lord Birkenhead for instance. Started life as Mr. Smith. And now they keep his pipe as a relic. I've seen it myself . . . at the Cheshire Cheese."

Rosamund sighed. It was a pity she had not ordered something more original than apple-tart.

ROSAMUND stepped on to the platform of the railway-station at Yarmouth. The compartment had been warm and stuffy, for the porter at Dunwich had given her a foot-warmer. She was now better known to the local inhabitants. She had learnt that their rather stubborn refusal to take an interest in strangers was due less to unkindness of heart than to a very necessary preoccupation with their own affairs. They led harder lives than the folk in Sunsex.

First she would go to the bank. Then she must have an early lunch somewhere to kill time. The trains between Dunwich and Yarmouth were infrequent and Guy had taken the car that day, having to attend a political meeting on the extreme edge of the constituency.

Rosamund walked briskly along the interminable front, past the deserted pleasure palaces and apartments, shuttered and deserted. Soon she would turn into the town, cash her fortnightly cheque, go to ground in a tea-shop and return by the three-ten.

She glanced at a mirror that stood outside the kiosk of a tobacconist. Horror of horrors! What was this misshapen form that bulged and wavered, mocking her elegance? The mirror was of the distorting kind placed there to catch the tripper. Rosamund suddenly decided to walk no farther. She crossed the wide road and found herself presently in the main street.

Here was the Eastern Counties Bank. She pushed open the door and entered. The bank was not a large one—just three or four clerks, a grill and the wide counter. Mr. Smithson, the cashier, was in his usual place. She did not see Mr. Oldbury, the manager, who sometimes emerged from his inner fastness to shake her by the hand.

Rosamund approached the grill and tendered a cheque for £25. It was large, but there were wages to pay. Mr. Smithson, taking it, looked at her rather differently than usual. After a brief good morning he stood for a moment passing the cheque between his finger and thumb.

"If you will wait an instant, madam," he said.

Rosamund nodded. Mr. Smithson disappeared. She stood by the counter, watching the other clerks at their work. Mr. Smithson had looked worried, but these were worrying times. Perhaps the pound had fallen again. Or possibly it had risen and the bank did not want it to rise.

Someone was approaching. It was Mr. Oldbury himself. He had the brow of a philosopher. His head was a perfect dome. He was coming towards her.

"Would you mind stepping into my room a moment, Mrs. Harden," he said.

"Certainly," responded Rosamund.

A sudden feeling smote her in the stomach. She had done no wrong. She was conscious of having deserved well of the Eastern Counties Bank. But it is disconcerting to be asked by a bank manager to step into his parlor and Mr. Oldbury had spoken to her in a tone which she had never heard before.

She followed him into his room through an oak door. She had been there only once before when she had opened her account. It was a pleasant room, with a large mahogany desk and a couple of arm-chairs. Mr. Oldbury inducted her into one of them. From another door appeared a red-headed clerk bearing a ledger.

"Thank you, Mr. Withicks," said the manager.

The clerk bowed and left the room.

"About this cheque, Mrs. Harden," began

Mr. Oldbury, leaning forward across the table.

"Did I forget to endorse it properly?"

But Rosamund knew, even as she spoke, that the cheque was perfectly made out.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Harden. But I'm afraid it overdraws the account considerably."

"Overdraws the account?" echoed Rosamund.

Mr. Oldbury hid his discomfort behind an official exterior. Mrs. Harden was a pleasant, rather an attractive woman and talking to customers about their overdrafts was never an agreeable business. They always, of course, affected surprise that their accounts should fail to be in credit.

"This cheque," he said, his eye running down the ledger, "increases the overdraft on the joint account of £42/10/7."

Mrs. Harden had gone quite white. Why was she looking at him so intently?

"Increases it?" she echoed.

He nodded.

"I am afraid so."

"But I don't understand."

"So that's how the land lies," thought the manager.

This was an honest woman and Harden had been playing ducks and drakes as usual—a loose fish. Harden had been drawing cheques unknown to his wife.

"May I see the account, please?"

Rosamund's voice was quite steady.

"Certainly, Mrs. Harden," replied the manager. "I am afraid we have not made up your passbook, but if you will be good enough to glance at this ledger you will see how the account stands."

He turned the book round and was about to push it across the table, when he discovered Rosamund beside him. She leaned forward over the ledger and ran a finger down the items.

She had beautiful hands, he noticed. This was a woman of intelligence, and she had taken the shock with courage. Much too good for Harden was his private opinion.

"As you see," he said, "Guy Harden £10, Guy Harden £5, Guy Harden £25—all in the last fortnight."

"I see," said Rosamund slowly.

She had returned to her chair.

Mr. Oldbury hesitated.

"I would suggest, Mrs. Harden," he said at last, "that, as this is a joint account, the items should be jointly checked. Otherwise neither of you will ever know exactly how it stands."

Rosamund flushed.

"Yes, of course," she said. "But we always do that."

"A plucky woman . . . a loyal woman," said Mr. Oldbury to himself, "but she hasn't yet learned to lie."

Mr. Oldbury sighed. It would come in time.

"Do you wish to see the cheques?" he asked politely.

"I am not doubting the figures," said Rosamund hastily. "I must have miscalculated. I'm sorry, Mr. Oldbury. How much did you say was the overdraft?"

"With the cheque you are presenting now the joint account will be overdrawn by £42 10s. 7d., Mrs. Harden."

"I will set the matter right at once," said Rosamund, opening her bag. "Will you accept a cheque on my London account?"

"Certainly. That will be quite all right, Mrs. Harden."

She produced a cheque-book and Mr. Oldbury offered her a fountain pen.

"How shall I make it out?" she asked.

"Make it payable to Self (Joint Ac-

count) and endorse it," replied Mr. Oldbury.

"I hope," said Rosamund steadily, "that this cheque will be met. I do not usually miscalculate."

The noise of the cheque being torn from the book pointed the remark.

Mr. Oldbury smiled upon the cheque.

"Most unpleasant weather we are having, Mrs. Harden, is it not?"

"Most unpleasant," said Rosamund. "But I suppose it is usual for the time of year."

"Invariably, I am afraid," responded Mr. Oldbury. "You come from the South, don't you, Mrs. Harden?"

He had risen and was showing her to the door.

"Sunsex," said Rosamund.

He looked after her as the door closed, shaking his head.

"Ructions," he said to himself. "I wouldn't be in Harden's shoes this evening."

He closed the ledger and put it on one side.

"A nice woman," he added. "I hope she isn't too keen on that fellow."

Rosamund, sitting alone in a third-class carriage, on her way back to Dunwich, allowed herself to be really indignant. Guy had let her down scandalously. It was no good blinking the fact. Guy, where money was concerned, was utterly feckless and unreliable.

She paused suddenly, struck to the heart. Had Guy married her for her money? The thought stabbed at her with a brutal directness, it had to be faced—firmly to be mastered and destroyed.

Guy loved her sincerely. He was just careless with money—never gave it a thought.

It was obvious that she must have it out with Guy. If there was to be a row, a row there must be.

Jonas, the porter, took her ticket at Dunwich Station.

"I think Dickson the carrier is going part of the way, ma'am," he said, as Rosamund passed through the barrier.

Rosamund shook her head.

"No, thank you, Jonas. The walk will do me good."

She walked down the lonely road, turning over in her mind what she would say to Guy. It was nearly dark by the time she reached the first of the gates. Someone else had reached it already, someone who came direct from Hatherly. It was an elderly woman and she held the gate open as Rosamund passed through.

"Thank you," said Rosamund mechanically.

"Don't mention it," said the other.

She was a short, solid woman, dressed in black with untidy grey hair, and she looked at Rosamund rather oddly as she held open the gate.

Rosamund stepped forward and the gate clicked behind her.

Suddenly Rosamund paused. Where had she seen that woman before?

She looked back along the road. The woman was now a black shadow melting into the shadows and Rosamund remembered. There had been just such a shadow in the Abbot's garden at Talloires.

The woman at the gate was the woman she had seen talking with Guy on the night when they had visited the Casino at Annecy.

Why had she come to Hatherly?

Rosamund walked into the drawing-room and rang the bell. She had hoped that Guy would have returned. What she had

to say to him were best said quietly while she was still sufficiently indignant to be severe and resolute.

No one answered the bell. Rosamund rang again.

The door opened at last.

"You rang, madam?"

Mrs. Howard stood upon the threshold.

"I rang for Muriel," said Rosamund shortly.

"I am sorry, madam, Muriel is not in the house."

"Indeed, this is not her afternoon out."

"I told her she might go this afternoon."

Mrs. Howard stood by the door, very calm and cool, dressed in her brown frock—the same which she had worn on the day of Rosamund's arrival.

"Then you will bring me some tea, please?" said Rosamund.

Mrs. Howard without a word turned and left the room. Rosamund sat back. This was another problem. It simply had to be faced. Mrs. Howard, in her brown frock, had not yet begun to understand that Rosamund intended to be mistress in her own house, and Rosamund decided that she must take a firm hand. Here, again, it was now or never.

There came a rattle of teacups and Mrs. Howard again appeared. A tray was set down, not very skilfully, upon a small table.

"I met a woman on the way back from Dunwich," said Rosamund. "She appeared to be coming from the house. Have you had a visitor this afternoon?"

Mrs. Howard paused in her work of arranging the tea things.

"No, madam," she said after a moment of hesitation.

Rosamund surveyed the tea-table.

"You have forgotten the sugar," she said.

Mrs. Howard looked steadily across at Rosamund.

"One other thing," added Rosamund. "I must ask you in future not to let the servants change their afternoons without referring to me."

Mrs. Howard still looked at her. Her lips were set in a thin line.

"I will fetch the sugar, madam," she said smoothly and passed from the room.

Rosamund flushed with mortification. The snub was not to be borne.

Mrs. Howard returned with the sugar basin in her hands.

"You should have put the sugar basin on a salver," said Rosamund, falsely calm. "I think I have told you that before, Mrs. Howard."

"I am sorry, madam. I am afraid Mr. Harden attached little importance to such details."

"I prefer things to be done correctly," said Rosamund.

She paused and added:

"I am not quite sure, by the way, whether you understood what I said just now about Muriel."

"Quite," said Mrs. Howard.

There was a suspicion of a smile round the full mouth. The eyes were bright. With a great effort Rosamund controlled herself and poured herself out a cup of tea.

"Don't go yet, Mrs. Howard," she said.

The figure moving towards the door stopped and turned.

"Please bring me the household books," said Rosamund.

"Very good, madam."

Rosamund sat back drinking her tea.

Mrs. Howard again returned and again she struck her mistress as being much too calm and young for a housekeeper, with that

arresting white face so heavily powdered.

"There is only the grocer's book, madam," Mrs. Howard was saying.

Rosamund noticed that the book reposed on a kitchen tray. She said nothing but her eyes glittered dangerously as she opened the book and glanced at the figures.

"I notice," said Rosamund, "that the total is very much higher than last week."

"The items are recorded, madam."

Rosamund flicked over the page, scanning the items.

"There are quite a number of things here which you have ordered without consulting me."

Here, for example, is an entry for six bottles of whisky.

"I ordered them for Mr. Harden."

"I would like you to refer to Mr. Harden as the Master," said Rosamund.

"Very good, madam."

"And in future would you please let me know in advance of any orders you may wish to give to the tradesmen?"

"Certainly, madam. Is there anything else, madam?"

Rosamund screwed her courage to the sticking place.

"I hope you will not misunderstand me, Mrs. Howard. But I am afraid I must insist that you should be more suitably dressed when performing your duties."

Mrs. Howard looked down at her frock and then at Rosamund. A faint smile played for a moment about the full lips.

Its implication was obvious enough. Mrs. Howard's frock was in the height of fashion and obviously from a good shop.

Rosamund, on the other hand, was wearing an old suit of tweeds which went back to the years before she was married.

Rosamund was now adamant.

"I should be glad if you would kindly see about getting a black dress at once."

Mrs. Howard was no longer smiling.

"Is it Mr. Harden's wish, madam, she asked, "that I should wear a uniform?"

Rosamund steeled herself yet further.

"I do not imagine," she said, "that the Master has any views on the subject."

"D

ON'T be long, Guy."

said Rosamund. "I want to talk to you this evening."

"Indeed?" said Guy, looking at her keenly.

"I thought you had taken a vow of silence."

Rosamund did not answer him as she left the dining-room. He was seated at the end of the table with his glass of port cracking nuts.

It had grown to be a custom between them that he should be left behind for five minutes. Of late, however, the five minutes had grown to a quarter of an hour and Rosamund felt that she could not remain a quarter of an hour alone in the drawing-room turning things over yet again in her mind.

Guy was a long time coming in spite of her request not to linger. Rosamund moved to the door, which was slightly ajar. There were voices in the dining-room—Guy and Mrs. Howard.

"Very well," he was saying. "I will do my best, but please realise the position."

"It can't go on. I realise that," came the voice of the housekeeper.

Rosamund turned back towards the fireplace and presently the door opened wide.

Guy stood on the threshold. His face was a little flushed and his eyes were sunken.

"Guy," she said steadily. "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Guy crossed the room and flung himself into an armchair.

"You have said that twice before," he observed. "Have I forgotten to wipe my boots? Have I made dirty marks in the

hall? Or is the car exceeding its allowance?"

Guy was obviously in a bad mood, but it was useless to wait till he was in a better.

"No, Guy," she answered quietly. "This is really important. I saw Mr. Oldbury to-day."

"Who the deuce is Mr. Oldbury?"

"The bank manager in Yarmouth."

"So he is, to be sure."

"Mr. Oldbury asked to see me," continued Rosamund.

"It's a way he has," Guy murmured into the fire.

"I had presented a cheque and he was obliged to inform me that our joint account was already overdrawn."

"That was most considerate of him," said Guy.

"You will please to take this matter seriously," said Rosamund sharply.

Guy pushed his head into the cushion on the back of the chair and closed his eyes.

"Carry on," he said.

Rosamund felt it was going to be difficult to keep her temper.

"You seem to have no idea whatever of money," she said.

"Better than having too much perhaps."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You keep yours pretty well under control."

"On the contrary," retorted Rosamund. "You have had free access to our joint account with the result that without any warning I find myself heavily in debt."

"Sorry," said Guy. "I didn't quite realise the position—Harden of Hatherly, the remittance man. How much is he allowed for drinks?"

Suddenly he jumped up from his chair and hurried into the fireplace the cigarette which he had only just lit.

"The whole thing is intolerable," he concluded with a sudden surprising venom.

Rosamund looked at him in alarm. She had seen him sulky, wayward, rebellious, impatient. She thought she had sampled all his moods. But she had never suspected that he could also be violent, even dangerous.

"Don't be absurd, Guy. You know very well that we should never quarrel about money if you were at all reasonable. But I obviously can't continue an arrangement which exposes me to such interviews as I had with Mr. Oldbury this morning."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked Guy.

He had returned to his chair and seemed to have mastered his temper.

"Henceforth," said Rosamund, "our joint account will have to be really a joint account. We will keep it together and the cheques will be signed by both of us."

Guy had withdrawn deep into his chair, crouching a little.

"I may not know how to keep money," he said at last, "but I do know how to make it. Why not be really partners? You shall control expenditure. I will devote myself to increasing our revenue."

Rosamund stared at him in bewilderment. What strange proposal was this? She could not trust him to manage a joint account and he was now putting himself forward as a financier.

"All your money is in Government stuff," he continued, "and you were badly hit over the Conversion of War Loan. You aren't getting even three per cent. for your money—not as the gilt-edged market stands."

He sat up in his chair and turned to her suddenly, his eyes alight, so that she felt a thrill to see him so fired.

"Look here, Rosamund, I could double and treble your income for you. It's fantastic to go on as we do. Take the 3 per cent. Conversion Loan for instance. It was at 98 yesterday. And your Funding Loan is at 106½. It's hardly worth while to invest money on such terms. Sell out and see what we can do."

"Speculation," said Rosamund.

"Business," retorted Guy.

"Anyhow," said Rosamund, "this is rather off the point. Our present income is quite adequate so long as we are reasonably careful. Also it is safe—as safe as anything can be in these days."

"Sorry," said Guy. "I was under the impression that we were overdrawn."

"We have quite enough money, but not enough to squander."

"I don't squander."

"You have drawn out over £150 in the last two months. What has become of it? £150 pocket money. Few incomes could stand £75 a month for sundries."

But Guy did not seem to be listening. He had sprung again from his chair and was pacing the room restlessly.

Suddenly he pulled up short opposite Rosamund.

"You heard what Jenkins said at luncheon the other day?"

"Do please let us settle this matter first, Guy. What has anything Sir Christopher may have said got to do with the point we are discussing?"

"Everything," said Guy warmly. "Here I am in this old house, miles from anywhere, in one of the ugliest corners of England . . ."

"I thought you loved the marsh?"

"Do you think I want to pass my life in a marsh shooting duck? That's no life for a man. You heard Jenkins. He as good as said I might have a career for the asking. But it's useless to try without money. With the necessary money I might go far. I feel it in my bones. The Tories are good for the next twenty or thirty years and I am still a young man. Who knows what I might not be able to do?"

"Chancellor of the Exchequer, perhaps," thought Rosamund. "Heaven help England's finances."

"How much money do you suppose would be necessary?" she asked dryly.

"Capital," said Guy. "One needs capital. Income is nothing. Appreciation of capital . . ."

"How do you propose to appreciate my capital?"

"Sell out. Put the money in the bank. Re-invest . . . Industrials . . . mines . . . copper . . . cotton. Start at the bottom and get out at the top."

"And what do we live on in the meantime?"

"Put £1000 of the capital aside. Live on that till we have made a pile. That would be life indeed—something to do—and adventure."

He paused and looked at Rosamund. She knew that, if she turned her head and saw that eager face gazing at her from over the top of the high armchair behind which he was standing she might yield. And she did not mean to yield.

"No, Guy," she said at last. "It's a dream my dear. You would be stripped bare by the market in six months."

"You refuse to let me do this for you—for myself."

"Impossible," said Rosamund.

There was a silence. Rosamund forced herself to look at him. His expression was tense, the lips drawn. She suddenly

realised that she had never properly seen his face before. Or had it altered? It was like an actor's face. It changed with every changing mood and part.

It was now a hard, venomous face.

"I might have known it," he said. "Women are like that once they are married. All for security . . . So I am to hang on here as the local agent, running about the country at the call of Jenkins and Pickering, with the County looking down its nose at me. I am very nice, of course, but not quite. While all the time, you, Rosamund, if you liked, could help me to leave all that behind."

He paused a moment and then added savagely:

"You think, I suppose, that you are occupation enough. That is what you really believe. You will keep me here at your service—send me out for shooting and exercise, so that I may be strong and lusty. Rosamund sat back appalled. Then she rose to her feet. She had felt herself go crimson. Now she was pale.

"I am going to my room," she said, as steadily as she could, moving towards the door.

"Rosamund . . . darling . . . stop," he cried. "I don't know what I'm saying. I lost my temper. Forgive me, Rosamund. I was so hurt and miserable."

"Let me pass," she said.

"Please, Rosamund. We can't leave things as they are."

"What do you want?"

"Let me at least have your forgiveness."

The soft, pleading voice melted her resolution. She ought, as she knew, to go away—be alone and think things out. But she could not leave him.

"I cannot give you what you want, Guy," she said. "It is impossible and you know it."

Again his manner hardened.

"I see. We are to carry on as before. I am to be ruled and rationed. I may regard myself as one of the staff—to be bullied and insulted along with the rest."

"I really don't know what you mean, Guy."

"I think you do."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Howard, by any chance?"

"I am."

"I heard you talking to her just now. I suppose she was complaining to you of what I said to her this afternoon."

"I asked you to go slow with Mrs. Howard. But, evidently my wishes count for nothing."

"Really, Guy. I have been most patient with all your old servants. Anyone else would have made a clean sweep right away."

"I told you about Mrs. Howard. You knew of my obligations to her."

"To her husband, you mean."

"It's the same thing. I asked you to go slow. Instead of that you take the first opportunity that comes along to insult her."

"I have not insulted her."

"Why are English middle-class ladies always so keen on putting their servants into uniform? I suppose it's to distinguish the mistresses from the maids. I should have thought that you would have been above that sort of thing."

"Guy. You're talking nonsense."

"I won't have the widow of my old sergeant humiliated."

"Humiliated!"

"That's the word. I had to apologise for you."

Rosamund leaned back against the chair that Guy had been grasping himself a

moment or two before. She saw nothing but a mist before her eyes for the moment. Her anger was now at flood-tide—out of all control.

"You apologised for me to that woman. That is the limit. You have no social feeling . . . no common sense. Don't you see that you are making my position quite impossible. I shall not be sorry to part with Mrs. Howard. She is incompetent and extravagant—quite unsuitable in every way. But I would have kept her for your sake. Now, however, she will leave this house to-morrow."

"She will not leave this house."

"Gratitude is all very well, but I can't have my husband apologising to the servants for their mistresses. Pension the woman if you like. I'll gladly pay what is necessary. But go she must."

"She shall not go. Understand? I intend to be master here."

He had risen now and was standing opposite her, his face blazing with anger.

"And for Heaven's sake get out of my sight," he added violently.

He thrust her violently back as he spoke and she staggered into a chair. She heard him open the door and a moment later it had slammed behind him.

ROSAMUND lay in stubborn misery. She would not look again at the illuminated dial of the travelling-clock by her bedside. Last time it had marked the hour of three. The darkness was still unbroken, so the day was yet far off. She had flung the windows wide against the fever of her thoughts.

How much remained of the romantic figure with the limp and the music in his voice, who had taken her in his arms by the Lido? How, indeed, was she ever to recover him from this feckless, needy man with his mad projects and his venomous tongue? Did she perhaps require too much? Guy was not a paragon. Was it fair to visit her disappointment on the merely human person who had a right, along with everyone else, to his flaws and tempers. Had she, moreover, indeed made that terrible mistake of the fond woman? Was the reproach he had flung at her really justified? Had she unconsciously assumed that for him she was occupation enough?

Guy wanted money. But he wanted it for a good reason. He was ambitious. There were other things to admire. He was loyal. They had quarrelled at the last not about money but about Mrs. Howard.

But, there again, he had been cruel, venomous.

Rosamund looked once more at the clock. It was nearly four. Should she go and seek him? No, she could not do that. Otherwise she would never be able to withstand him again.

FOR you," said Guy. Rosamund was sitting by the fire in the drawing-room. The remains of tea, not yet cleared away, were scattered about a small gate-legged table beside her. Guy, his face flushed and wet—for there was a storm of rain outside—held in his hand a long envelope addressed to Rosamund. It was marked "Strictly Personal," sealed with a large black seal of wax. On the back of it was printed, Trist, Trist and Hanslove, Solicitors.

Rosamund took the envelope.

"Thank you," she said, sitting back in her chair.

It was polite to say "thank you" and for the last week they had been quite amazingly polite—especially Guy. Not one word had they exchanged except those which common courtesy enforced. Rosamund had moved about her household duties in a state of lethargy, varied with fits of sharp despair and a grief that almost drove her to a complete surrender. She lived over again her scene with Guy till the details were worn threadbare. She remembered, in particular, his eager face as he had talked of his career, the look of blank disappointment when she had made it quite clear that she would not put her fortune into his hands and, worst of all, the venomous look he had given her as he had hurried from the room.

For something to do and to soothe her conscience she had been to Yarmouth and had discussed with Mr. Oldbury the matter of her investments. Was it possible to place her funds to better purpose? Mr. Oldbury had been most emphatic. This was no time for speculation.

Rosamund had made another effort to put herself right with the world. She would not risk their joint fortune upon a throw of the dice; but she would at any rate do what she had meant to do from the first: make a will in Guy's favor. To do that now—while there was this strangeness between them—seemed especially appropriate. It showed that on her side, at any rate, there was no ill feeling.

The result of her conversation with Mr. Trist on that subject now lay in her lap, folded in the long envelope. It was only fitting that Guy himself should have brought it to her.

Was it her fancy or did she seem less aloof this evening? Was he, too, perhaps lonely and tired of it all?

"Had a good day?" she forced herself to say.

The last time she had asked him that question, forty-eight hours before, he had not even answered. Or rather he had muttered something which she could not catch and had abruptly left the room.

Now, however, he looked at her strangely. "Pretty busy," he answered. "Mostly with Pickering."

He was standing by the mantelpiece, looking down at the envelope in her lap. There was a little smile at the corners of his mouth. But that, she felt, was pretence. His eyes were set and hungry.

She had an intolerable impulse to speak. "Guy," she said, "I have been thinking."

It seemed a silly thing to say.

"Yes?"

His tone was soft.

"Must we go on like this? Guy . . . I can't bear it any longer."

She could not continue. The tears had started to her eyes. She turned her head but, at the same moment, felt his hands on her shoulders. She gave a loud sob.

"Sweetheart."

His breath was in her ear.

"My darling . . . It was my fault. How could I hurt you like that. Forgive me . . . Try to forget."

Never had the soft voice moved her so profoundly. She could say nothing. Nor was there any need for speech. His lips were moving upon hers and his last words were felt rather than heard.

It seemed hours later that she said:

"Guy, we must go in to dinner. What will the servants think?"

"Do we care?" murmured Guy.

"Just beginning to care," said Rosamund. "Is it to-day or to-morrow? Look at the clock."

He stepped from her like a shadow and began to light the lamp. She saw him stoop and pick up from the floor a long crumpled envelope with a black seal.

"You brought this up with you."

He smiled.

"What is it, my dear? Lawyers. What does it mean?"

"It's my last will and testament."

"Why?"

"I don't remember now. I suppose I wanted to show that I really cared for you still, in spite of everything."

"So you've left me all your worldly goods?"

"Of course."

"Just to show that Rosamund really loves her husband?"

"I suppose so."

"Can't you think of any other way?"

He looked at her quizzically.

"Guy," she protested, "we really must go down to dinner."

"Don't be so unkind."

"I want to tell you about Mr. Trist. I talked to him about investments and things."

"Mercy," said Guy.

"He says that no one can hope to make more than three per cent. nowadays without taking frightful risks."

"How can you?" he protested. "Talking business."

"It isn't business," said Rosamund. "It's you and me—our future together. I want to help you. I can't bear you to go on working for a man like Pickering. But we can't sell our precious securities. We must think of some other way."

"What's the idea?"

"Anyhow," evaded Rosamund, "here's the will. Read it, Guy."

Guy pulled out the sheets. He was silent for a moment.

"Short and sweet," he said as he folded up the paper. "I see you have left me everything."

"Surely it's the least I can do."

"It's dated to-day," he noted, glancing down at the paper. He put it down and moved away. Then, suddenly, he turned round.

"Rosamund," he said.

He came towards her and pulled her to her feet; she stood in front of him.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. "But don't let's ever think of it again."

"I haven't signed it yet," said Rosamund.

"Then sign it after dinner. We will get Mrs. Howard and Muriel to act as witnesses."

He was standing a little away from her, looking through the window. Suddenly he turned to her again.

"Talking of Mrs. Howard," he began.

Rosamund's heart sank. Was it to start all over again? She saw Guy swallow in his throat and he was looking at her oddly, almost as though he had not seen her before. There had come a fixed stare into his eyes.

Then he smiled from the lips only.

"We will give her notice," he said.

"Really, Guy?"

"She shall go at the end of the month," he answered.

"SIGN please, ma'am."

Muriel extended to Rosamund a salver on which she had put the registered packet which the postman had just delivered. There was also a form to be signed.

Rosamund sat up in bed and signed the form. Muriel departed.

The packet disclosed a small case containing a necklace of pearls. At first Rosamund imagined it was a gift from Guy—a token of their reconciliation. But a note from Dr. Thorpe fell from the case and then she remembered.

These were Marion's pearls. This was the false necklace. The doctor had sent it to her in discharge of his duties as executor.

She took the necklace between her fingers. She could still hardly bear to think of it . . . poor Marion. She had been wearing these pearls when she went up that hot and dusty road to her death.

Rosamund gazed long at this sad relic of her friend.

She fingered awhile the emerald clasp, looking at it curiously. It was not a good imitation. Yet, though she had often fingered the real one, she had never noticed the substitution.

"Which only shows," thought Rosamund, "how unobservant people can be."

ROSAMUND looked out of the window. The new silk mackintosh had arrived that morning from London and the time had come already to test its quality, for the rain was streaming down and the call on Mrs. Broadbent, the vicar's wife, could not decently be postponed. Also it seemed necessary to get some fresh air into a jaded system.

She left the house with Bonzo at her heels. Guy was away on the other side of the constituency working for Pickering. What should she talk about to Mrs. Broadbent? Mrs. Broadbent was a notoriously silent woman. Presumably that was why Mr. Broadbent had married her. He had a rooted preference for the dumb creation.

Presently Rosamund found herself in the village street. The vicarage stood just off the road, four-square, of grey stone, with an iron porch. She rang the bell and shortly a maid was informing her that Mrs. Broadbent was not at home. Rosamund handed out cards, and turned thankfully away. Conscience was satisfied.

Rosamund decided to go home. She whistled to Bonzo and set her face towards the sea. The rain streamed down. The marsh spread flat and melancholy on either side.

She pushed open the front door of the house, bidding Bonzo, as a good dog, to go round to the back. The mackintosh, she noted, was remarkable. It had kept her dry. She had only to change her stockings. And so downstairs. First some good strong tea by the fireside.

The fire was low. It had been neglected. She rang the bell. There was no answer and she rang again. There was still no answer. Was this a deliberate snub to the mistress of Hatherly? Mrs. Howard, under notice to go, had not improved. Nor, to be fair, had she changed for the worse as much as might have been expected.

Perhaps the bell was broken. Rosamund, ringing a third time, could hear no tinkle far away. She therefore walked across the room and down the passage towards the kitchen, noticing, as she approached the door, that it was not entirely shut.

Then she heard voices.

"That's the idea. Double doings and don't drown it with the hot water."

"Lemon?"

"A slice of lemon wouldn't come amiss."

Rosamund suppressed an impulse to throw wide the door. But she paused a moment trying to remember when she had heard that voice before.

"There you are, mother."

That was Mrs. Howard speaking. Rosamund now stood still as a stone. She had remembered to whom the other voice belonged. She had heard it first in the Abbot's garden at Talloires. She saw again the squat figure standing in the path. That was the woman who had talked to Guy in the shadows, whom she had lately met passing along the road from Hatherly.

"That's better," came the voice again. "You can put me up a bottle of the same in my little black bag."

"Very well, mother. But hadn't you better be going? You pretty nearly got caught last time you were here."

"Caught? Why shouldn't I be caught? I've as much right to be here as some I could mention. And suppose I did meet her on the King's highway? What of it? Anyhow you can tell whatever-he-calls-himself from me that twenty-five pounds is twenty-five pounds—no more and no less. It don't last for ever. I want some more and I want it quick."

"For heaven's sake, mother, don't make so much noise. I'll give him your message."

"You've had what you want, my girl, and plenty of it. Now it's my turn."

Rosamund still stood by the door, unable to move or collect her wits. Suddenly she was seized with a panic of being caught and dragged into a scene before she was ready. She turned and somehow found herself back in the drawing-room. There she stood a moment staring into the fire. Her brain could not at once grasp the implications of what she had heard.

Slowly, however, from the wretched tangle of her thoughts certain facts stood clear. Mrs. Howard had denied, the other day, that she had seen that woman in the kitchen. Yet the woman was her mother and had been to the house more than once. That, however, was nothing—nothing at all.

Guy had a secret. The secret was known to both these women.

"I BEG your pardon, madam, I did not know you had returned."

That was Mrs. Howard standing at the door. Rosamund stiffened her sinews. She must seem to appear natural. She could not deal with Mrs. Howard till she had seen Guy.

"I returned earlier than I expected," she forced herself to say. "What is it, Mrs. Howard?"

"I came to see to the fire."

Mrs. Howard moved forward and began to replenish the grate.

Rosamund found herself trembling violently. This woman was privy to a secret which had put Guy under her thumb. Guy had drawn £150 from the joint account in the last two months. He was not a feckless spendthrift. He was a helpless victim. He had tried to get control of her fortune. Was it for the same awful reason?

Secrets . . . Mrs. Howard knew and the dreadful old woman in black. How had they discovered the things they knew? Rummaging perhaps in that very room. She, too, would rummage. She must know at least as much as they.

Through all her pain and bewilderment penetrated her instinctive shame of the act. It was a thing enforced upon her, but it would leave behind it a scar. She was caught in a net of prying and deception. She must be satisfied. It was more than human nature could stand to burst in a wilful ignorance.

The desk was covered with papers—ac-

counts, drafts of speeches, bills, receipts. There was nothing that seemed to her of much significance. She pulled out several drawers; the papers inside were clearly of old date—creased, discolored, flaccid to the touch. She would examine them later; for perhaps the secret was equally remote. Meanwhile one drawer had caught her attention. It was the top right-hand drawer. From it dangled a bunch of keys. That was like Guy—one drawer that would lock and the key left hanging. Rosamund smiled a little grimly. Guy was hardly of the stuff at which successful criminals were made. She pulled open the drawer.

The first thing she found was a small glass bottle containing some white tablets. It was labelled Poison: Diethyl-malonylurea, 5 grains.

An old bill of the hotel at Talloires next caught her eye. Rosamund glanced at it casually and was about to put it aside when she noticed that it was made out to Miss Knox. What did this mean? Rosamund picked up the bill and turned it over. A line or two of writing on the other side attracted her notice. The writing also was Marion's.

"Very well," she read. "You shall wait for me in the garden. Rosamund will go early to bed. Sorry you find it hard to be patient—Marion."

Lower down she read as a postscript: "No, I am not sorry."

Then followed once more the name of Marion and then, yet again, it was repeated—three times in all.

This was clearly a sudden scrawl—written to Guy soon after Rosamund's arrival at Talloires. But why had Marion repeated her name? Rosamund looked at the third "Marion" and for a long time she did not move. But her hands were trembling again. The third "Marion" was immediately beside the second one, under the postscript. Both names under the postscript, she noted, were written with a different pencil from the note itself—an indelible pencil easy to distinguish. Why should Marion have written the note, signed it with one pencil and then signed her postscript twice with a different kind of pencil?

Rosamund put down the note and dipped again into the drawer.

In the drawer was a sheet of paper. It had been lying under the cheque-book. Rosamund picked it up and found that it was covered with repetitions of her own name—or rather of the signature she used for bank and business purposes—Rosamund C. Harden. Obviously being her second name. There stood the signature, endlessly repeated—Rosamund C. Harden . . . Rosamund C. Harden . . . Not all of them were alike. The first were merely approximations, but very quickly they improved, till those at the foot of the sheet might have been written by herself.

Guy had been practising her signature and he was apparently very good at that sort of practising. He had used just one sheet of paper and already he was almost perfect.

Apparently also he neglected no opportunity of keeping himself exercised in his accomplishment. Rosamund C. Harden . . . Marion . . . Marion . . . Rosamund C. Harden.

Rosamund laid the paper back in the drawer, swept into it the things she had removed and pushed it back. The drawer however, refused to shut. She pulled it out and pushed it back again. Still it would not close. Something was lodged at the back of it. She removed the drawer en-

tirely and thrusting in her hand, felt a stiff piece of paper. With difficulty she pulled the paper out an envelope, with something hard and small inside.

She opened the envelope.

At first bewildered and then with a sick feeling of comprehension she found herself staring at a green emerald clasp that lay in the palm of her hand.

"A TELEGRAM, madam."

Rosamund looked up from the fire, took the envelope from Mrs. Howard and slit it open. It was a message from Guy saying that he would not be back that night, being detained on business.

"No answer," said Rosamund and returned to the fire. "The Master," she added, "will be sleeping out to-night."

"Very good, madam."

The door closed.

Scarcely an hour had passed since she had made her discoveries. Since then all her faculties had been concentrated upon the inferences to which her mind was driven.

Somehow Guy had acquired possession of Marion's pearls. Either he had stolen them or he had persuaded her out of them. Presumably he had sold them to pay the woman who had dogged him to Talloires. He had arranged to have them copied. Had he not received a registered package that afternoon at the hotel as they were setting forth to the miracle play? He had been afraid to dispose of the emerald clasp. The clasp could be more easily identified and in his careless way he had thrust it into a drawer.

The woman whom she had seen first in the Abbot's garden at Talloires had asked for Mr. Rivers, but the description given of Mr. Rivers had fitted Guy, and Guy perhaps had many names. Guy had talked with the woman at Talloires and the woman had left Annecy a little later with a bag full of notes. Rosamund saw again the scene at Annecy—the dispute with the taxi-driver, the hot sunshine, the red faces, the handbag that had fallen and disclosed its treasure.

Rosamund, on coming down from Guy's room, had gone at once to her own bureau. She had taken from the drawer the false necklace received from Dr. Thorpe and the photograph which Guy had taken of Marion in the Abbey garden at Talloires.

It was clear from the photograph that Marion, when it was taken, had been wearing the real pearls.

Two days later Marion had killed herself.

"Dinner is served, madam."

That, again, was Mrs. Howard. She was standing by the door—slim, cool, collected, with the red lips and the inscrutable eyes.

Rosamund passed into the dining-room. Somehow she made a pretence of eating. Half an hour later she was back again at the fireside.

Outside the wind was rising and presently the rain began to drive against the panes. How often had she not listened to the wind and rain, with Guy sitting on the farther side of the hearth or, sometimes, lying back along the arm of her chair with his hand upon her shoulder.

There came a knock at the door. Mrs. Howard entered again, bearing this time a tumbler of milk. Rosamund shook her head.

"I don't want it to-night, thank you, Mrs. Howard," she said.

"Let me leave it for you, madam," urged the housekeeper. "It is a cold night, madam."

"Thank you," said Rosamund. "Put it down over there."

"Good night, madam."

"Good night."

Rosamund was alone again. The wind was rising steadily to something like a gale.

She rose from her chair and found that she could scarcely stand. The room was turning. Was this pain or merely a sickness that would pass? What, in any case, did she suspect? Within a few hours all her faith had been destroyed. She did not know what to believe. She could have believed anything at that moment.

She moved towards the door. On the side table stood the milk. She picked it up and, carrying it across the room, poured its contents into a bowl containing flowers.

Why had she done that? It frightened her to be doing anything so preposterous. Did she really think Guy was capable of trying to make her ill? Of course not. He wanted to soothe her, to keep her quiet, to weaken her resistance.

Upstairs in the bedroom the wind was louder. Rosamund turned and twisted but could get no sleep. It would have been better, perhaps, to drink the milk.

She stretched her hand out to turn on the light. A sound had come to her ears. Was it a car under the window or was it a change in the wind outside?

She listened intently and decided that it was the wind. Then she lay back again with closed eyes. But sleep would not come.

Suddenly she started up. There were footsteps outside her door. Guy, then, had returned. She slipped from the bed and again had that sick feeling at her heart. The air of the room was cold on her body through the thin nightgown as she walked with bare feet to the door. She could not bear to see Guy till the morning.

There were voices in the corridor. "Late, my dear"—it was the voice of Mrs. Howard.

"How is Number Two?"

That was Guy speaking.

"Went to bed two hours ago."

"Take the medicine?"

"Like a lamb."

"It's a bitter night."

"There's some hot grog waiting for you."

"You spoil me, my dear. But you'll catch your death in that flimsy rag."

The soft voice broke in the familiar way.

Silence followed and the closing of a door.

Rosamund stood a moment rigid in the quiet room. Then she began to shiver violently.

"I, too, shall catch my death of cold," she thought.

Falling into the great bed she cowered among the blankets.

Slowly the warmth crept back to her limbs. With it came her thoughts and a sharp agony of tears.

"YES," said Guy. "I was able to get home after all. Slept in my own room. It seemed a shame to wake you."

He bent to kiss Rosamund as she sat motionless by the teapot. She turned her head away.

"Hullo," he continued. "Cross this morning?"

Rosamund looked at him incredulously.

She had decided to leave the house that morning. She would say nothing. She would write him a final letter setting out in detail all that she had found. That was to be the end. But at the sight of him, so unaware of her pain, she lost control.

"Guy," she said sharply.

He turned and saw her standing by her chair, her face flaming with the accusations for which she could find no decent utterance. He dropped the spoon with which he was helping himself to eggs and bacon and stared back at her, startled by her looks.

She jumped up from her chair to confront him. The handbag on her knee beneath the table fell to the floor. Reflexively they both stooped for it. Rosamund saw that it had burst open.

"Leave it," she said.

But Guy, looking up at her from the floor, held something in his hand. They rose together. He put on the table the emerald clasp which had fallen from the bag.

"Where did you find that?" he asked, after a short silence.

"I found it in the drawer of your writing-table."

"Anything else?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"So you've been searching among my private papers."

"Mrs. Howard was entertaining her mother here yesterday afternoon. They were talking in the kitchen. I heard enough to know that they are blackmailing you."

"Listening at doors?"

"I didn't have to listen hard, or very long. Then I went upstairs to your room and I found that."

She pointed to the clasp.

"It is the real clasp," she continued.

"What have you done with Marion's pearls?"

"It would be more to the point to ask how I came by them," he said quietly.

Hope sprang alive in Rosamund. He was so calm, so sure of himself.

"Well?" she said.

"I did not steal them," he continued.

"I should feel happier about them if I had."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Marion gave them to me. I never let you know the truth of my relations with Marion. When you came to Talloires I was as good as engaged to her. She had been so kind to me—so understanding. Then you came. I loved you the moment I saw you."

He moved nearer and stood beside her. She would not look at him. She had begun to be afraid of his pleading.

"Marion knew that I was in a desperate position. She knew everything. She arranged that I should have the necklace copied and that I should raise money on it to satisfy these harpies. I am more ashamed of her gift than I should ever have been of stealing it from her. You were with me when I received a registered package. It contained the false necklace. Marion was wearing it when she... when she died."

"Marion did this for you and yet you made love to me."

"My feeling for you was overwhelming. I had never felt anything like it before. That night under the plane-trees I just gave way. Even so, I think that, if Marion hadn't died, I should have married her."

Rosamund stared at him in wonder. This could hardly be make-believe. He was pacing the room, his eyes wild, his voice out of control, a man distraught.

Or was he so good an actor that he could throw himself heart and soul into his part—actually feel the emotions as he invented them?

"Aren't you forgetting something?" she asked suddenly.

"Believe me, Rosamund, I am trying hard to tell you everything. I want to keep nothing back. It will be a relief after all these months of hiding and pretence."

"Then please remember Mrs. Howard. What is she to you?"

"She has been my evil genius."

Rosamund looked at him sharply.

"You shall have the whole story," he said.

"You have a right to know. I was demobilised in 1919 with nothing but my war indemnity, a couple of hundred pounds perhaps. That was all I had. It didn't take me long to get through it. I tried to get a decent job, but it was no good. Then I helped some friends to run a night-club. That's where I met the pair of them—mother and daughter. The mother was rich in those days—widow of a man who had made a pile during the war. She used to run up huge bills at the club—never looked at the figure. One day she wrote me a cheque for £50—being drunk at the time. I was desperate for cash, and I changed the amount."

"FIFTY became five hundred. But she wasn't so drunk as all that. She found me out and has held it over me ever since."

"This doesn't explain the housekeeper."

"I'm coming to that," he said quickly.

"The mother lost her money, or rather ran through it in six months. Then she expected me to support her. She held that cheque over my head and threatened to prosecute."

He hesitated a moment, then sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"I want you to know the worst," he said in a voice so low that she had to bend down to hear what he was saying. "The daughter always rather fancied me and the mother insisted among other things that I should find her a situation. I got her a job here as housekeeper to my uncle before he died. Then to my surprise I inherited this place and the woman, of course, remained."

Suddenly he fell forward on to his knees and buried his head in her lap. She shrank back against the back of the chair, her hands gripping the arms of it. She felt his lips moving against her dress.

"Can you imagine what it meant to me—meeting you? I was really in love for the first time in my life. Then came that awful tragedy. Marion died and I took the only chance of happiness that had ever come my way... honor... love... beauty. I won your love honestly because I honestly loved you. I thought life could begin again. The old woman at Talloires had sworn that, if I paid her what she asked, she would destroy the evidence she held against me. I thought it would be possible to break with the daughter and never to see either of them again. I was a fool. The blackmailing started afresh as soon as we reached England and they now had a stronger hold over me than ever—not fear of the law but the fear of losing you."

She felt his hand on her own. She must draw it away. She could not draw it away. Nor could she look him in the face.

"Can we not, even now, forget all this

misery?" he pleaded. "Let us slip away together to some new country—leave all this behind? Rosamund, my darling. Look at me. . . Rosamund."

She turned and looked at him. There were tears in his eyes. His face was drawn and haggard.

"Can we not try to be happy?" he begged. "Marion wanted us to be happy."

"Marion?"

"Don't you remember? Those were her last words—in the note which she wrote to you: I hope you will be happy."

Rosamund stared at Guy. What was this monstrous thought that seemed to be taking shape somewhere deep down in her consciousness?

"How do you know those were her last words?" she asked slowly.

"In the note," he repeated.

"But you never saw the note. I never showed it to you."

For a moment there was silence. His face had again that vigilant look of the animal surprised.

"But Rosamund, don't you remember? You told me that those were her words. You repeated them to me that night under the plane-trees."

For an instant she hesitated. Then, recovering her wits with an effort, she nodded.

"Of course," she said. "I remember now."

"Marion wanted us to be happy," he went on quickly, "even though she knew all that you have since discovered. It was her dying wish."

But Rosamund was not listening to him now. She was listening to her thoughts. She had not told Guy of the words in Marion's note—neither the words themselves nor any paraphrase. Of that she was entirely sure. How, then, did he know what Marion had written?

He had written that note himself.

Why had he written it? Was it not to prove that Marion had taken her own life? Why should he have been so anxious to prove that Marion had taken her own life? Accident or suicide—why should it have mattered to him?

Suppose, however, it had not been an accident.

It had not been an accident! Guy had killed Marion.

She must look to her defence.

"Of course," she said a second time. "I remember now."

"Then let us try again, my darling," he urged. "We will leave this place. We will go away together."

The door opened. Guy was still kneeling at her feet. Mrs. Howard stood inexorably beside them. The full lips were pressed firmly together.

"Sorry to intrude, Miss Shipley," she said, "but that is hardly I think a seemly attitude in which to find my husband."

GUY rose to his feet and Rosamund was amazed to see the change in him. He seemed like a vessel emptied. All the ardor and conviction had been drained away.

Mrs. Howard came forward into the room.

"Olive, leave this to me."

Guy was speaking.

"I've left it to you long enough. It seems to me," replied Mrs. Howard.

Turning to Rosamund, she added:

"One has to be careful with Guy. He is such an actor that he is apt to be carried away by his part. He had almost begun

to believe that story he was telling you. He should have gone on the stage. It's a pity he should waste himself on you and me."

Rosamund looked at the woman steadily. "Is this man really your husband?"

Mrs. Howard smiled.

"Guy," she said. "This is the third act. The villain is unmasked. Take your cue like a man."

She turned to Rosamund and looked her over carefully from head to foot.

"Yes, Miss Shipley. Guy Harden is my husband. I'm an old-fashioned woman and I would never consent to live with a man to whom I was not legally married. Such scruples must seem to you rather childish."

"Let me pass," said Rosamund.

Her voice was low and controlled. How long would she be able to keep it so?

"No, Miss Shipley. We can hardly leave things as they stand."

Rosamund fought for words, but no words would come. This was the final, the ultimate betrayal. There was nothing more to be said. Nothing more could ever be said. This was the end.

She turned to Guy.

"Let me go. You shall not see me any more, I promise you."

"Sorry," said Guy, "but on what terms?"

"Terms?"

"Bigamy is a penal offence."

"I am not likely to prosecute."

"Also I shall need some compensation."

"Compensation?"

"For risks incurred."

Mrs. Howard was smiling again.

"That's better. Heartless villain takes his cue. It's the only part left to you now, Guy. This is where I light a cigarette."

She walked to the mantelpiece, took a cigarette from Rosamund's silver box, lit it and flung the match into the grate.

"He married you for your money"—Mrs. Howard was speaking now. "It was arranged between us. But I did not arrange that you should be so young and handsome. I intended you to be at least fifty-five and quite definitely plain. Guy would have done his duty by you and we might still have laughed together. But I do not like to share my husband with you, Rosamund. You should have been less attractive and less in love. Guy is so impressionable. I do not like my husband to take pleasure in another woman, Rosamund."

Would this never cease? Rosamund faced them both.

"What is it you want?" she asked.

Mrs. Howard threw away her cigarette.

"What does our dear Guy usually want?" she said.

"Is it money?"

"Well, it isn't love and kisses—not for the moment. It seems you have something like £1200 a year. Guy would be satisfied perhaps with a thousand of that. That leaves you two hundred. Maiden ladies, Miss Shipley, can live quite well on two hundred a year even in these hard times. You must realise your fortune, Rosamund, as Guy himself suggested the other day. It won't be necessary for you to see anyone. Guy will arrange everything, under your instructions, with Mr. Oldbury and Mr. Trist."

"And if I refuse?"

"You will stay here till you consent."

"You cannot keep me here for ever."

"No," said Mrs. Howard. "But you would not live for ever, Rosamund."

For a moment the two women stared each other in the face. Then Rosamund turned to Guy. He, too, was looking at her, wary and implacable.

"We mean to have your money, Rosamund," he said quietly.

She would not allow them to steal her money. She would die first. But then, of course, if she died, Guy would have it all. She had left him everything in the will which she had signed only a few days ago.

She knew exactly where she had put the will. It was in the drawer of the big bureau just behind her—not six yards away. . . . There was a fire blazing in the grate.

She reached back with her hands as though for support. Her fingers closed on the handle of the drawer.

"Stop," said Guy. "What are you doing?"

She turned and pulled open the drawer. There lay the will. She picked it up and sprang towards the hearth.

Guy, however, was too quick for her. She uttered a cry of pain at the cruel twist he gave to her arm. The folded paper fell to the floor.

"Pick it up, Olive," he said. "Put it somewhere safe."

Rosamund leaned back against the sideboard. She felt she was about to faint. With an effort she pulled herself together and put the last of her strength into a cry for help.

"Muriel," she called, and again, more urgently: "Muriel!"

"I'm sorry, madam," said Mrs. Howard. "I know it isn't Muriel's morning out. But her fisherman had just come home and I felt sure you would like her to spend a couple of days in Yarmouth."

ROSAMUND lay on the bed. She had lain there since—an hour before—she had been thrust into her room by Guy and his confederate. It was twilight because they had closed and bolted the shutters. Pallid beams filtered through the heart-shaped ventilation holes. She was to stay in her room, apparently, until she was ready to write the instructions and sign the deeds which Guy had undertaken to prepare. The situation, of course, was preposterous. Your money or your life—the summons of Dick Turpin and his kind. This, however, was the twentieth century. Was it credible that such things could still be?

They had not actually threatened her with murder. But murder was implied.

"You cannot keep me here for ever," she had said.

To which Mrs. Howard had replied: "You would not live for ever, Rosamund."

Guy had killed Marion. She had seen it in his face—when she had nearly given herself away in speaking of the note.

Marion had died by accident. Rosamund shivered. Now she must die by accident—unless she gave up her money. They would have it out of her, alive or dead. Rosamund shook her head. They should not have it out of her alive. Better to die than linger her life out in cheap hotels—a maiden lady on two hundred a year. She would fight them to the last.

There came a sound of steps outside and the tinkle of china and glass on a tray. The door opened and Mrs. Howard appeared. She brought cold meat, cheese and a bottle of beer. She laid the tray on the bed.

"Guy has gone to Yarmouth," she said evenly. "He is seeing Mr. Trist. When he comes back, we shall know what you must do."

Rosamund did not answer. Why was Mrs. Howard looking at her so warily? She feared, of course, that the captive might spring and make a desperate effort to escape. That, however, was hopeless. Mrs. Howard

was on her guard and would be out of the room before Rosamund could get to her feet.

The door closed and Rosamund heard the key turn in the lock.

She rose from the bed, crossed to her writing-desk, opened it and began to write to Mr. Trist. She instructed him to cancel the will she had made—to regard it as null and void. She further asked him to call upon her at once and to insist on seeing her personally.

She would never be allowed to send the letter. Yet she must write it. For the chance might come. She signed the letter, addressed and stamped it.

Then, crossing the room, she sat down to the cold meat and cheese.

THE room with the closed shutters grew rapidly dark, and at three o'clock in the afternoon lights were necessary. No one brought a lamp, however, and Rosamund made shift with the two candles on her dressing-table. Their thin flames pointed steadily to the ceiling and the shadows they threw were motionless, fading or growing deeper as the wicks burned bright or dim.

There came a shuffling in the passage.

"Open the door, dearie," said a voice.

Rosamund slipped from the bed—to which she had again returned for warmth.

This was the old woman. This was the mother of Mrs. Howard—the true and lawful wife of Guy Harden.

"Open the door, dearie. I'm bringing you a nice cup o' tea."

"The door," said Rosamund, "is locked."

There came a sound of a key turning and the door swung open. The old woman was bearing a tray on which was a large kitchen cup and saucer. She entered and set down the tray on a little table near the bed.

"No, you don't, dearie."

Rosamund had moved towards the door. The old woman, with a surprising swiftness for one of her bulk, whisked about, extracted the key from outside, locked the door behind her and put the key in her pocket.

"Sorry," she said. "But you got to stay here for a time. So my daughter says and she 'as her reasons."

Rosamund looked at the sturdy figure. The old woman was obviously as strong as a horse. To fight for the key was hopeless. The struggle would bring the house about their ears. Diplomacy would be better. The old woman had brought her a cup of tea. Was it simple kindness or had she come with a purpose? Where, too, was her daughter?

"Won't you sit down?" suggested Rosamund.

"Mrs. Bingham is my name," said the old woman. "I'm always ready to sit . . . something chronic . . ."

The room was cold and its darkness was pointed rather than dispersed by the candlelight. Mrs. Bingham was peering at Rosamund over the cup of steaming tea.

"Drink that," she urged.

Rosamund took the tea and began to drink it. It was very sweet and hot. Mrs. Bingham stood with her head on one side watching her like a bird.

"That's right," she said, as Rosamund put down the cup. "I thought you might like a hot cup of tea."

Rosamund divined that the odd creature was not at ease. Mrs. Bingham had evidently come, not only to bring the tea, but to get in touch. She was curious—possibly suspicious.

Rosamund felt beneath the blankets for the letter which she had written to Mr.

Trist. Was there a hope that the old woman could be won or bribed to her service?

"It was kind of you to bring the tea," said Rosamund.

"Welcome," said Mrs. Bingham.

"I suppose you know why I am being kept here," Rosamund continued.

"I has my suspicions," said Mrs. Bingham.

"Tell me," added Rosamund suddenly.

"How much money have you had in the last few months?"

Mrs. Bingham shook her head sadly.

"Now that," she said, "is a painful subject. Nobody would call me a grasping woman, but there's reason in all things. It goes to my heart to see a nice-minded girl losing her character. So I said to my son-in-law: Look here, I said, I can't be a party to such wickedness—not unless I'm paid handsome for it. You're deceiving that poor gal, I said, and it's a shame, for she thinks she is lawfully wed and she doesn't know she is doing wrong, meaning it to be all quite respectable. You'll be breaking her heart, I said. But he only gave me twenty-five pound and what's twenty-five pound to compare with a broken heart?"

"Yes," said Rosamund patiently. "But what do you imagine he will do now?"

Mrs. Bingham sighed.

"He'll be taking all you've got now, dearie. Then he'll go back to my Olive. He always goes back. Not that you'd want to keep him—being a nice girl and not wishful, I'm sure, to come between husband and wife."

"Yes," said Rosamund. "He'll take my money. Then he'll go away with your daughter and we shan't ever set eyes on him again."

The old woman grasped her by the arm.

"Is that what he'll do?"

"Why should they share their money with you? Besides, they won't be able to show face again in this country. They will have to go away. They will give you the slip."

The old woman looked at Rosamund suspiciously. Abruptly her manner changed.

"Now then, my lady, what's your game? I'm not the sort to turn against my own flesh and blood and I can't believe that my Olive would desert her poor old mother."

She broke off and shivered.

"You're cold, Mrs. Bingham," said Rosamund kindly.

"It's a cold place," responded the old woman. "You wouldn't have a drop of anything up here to warm a person by any chance."

Rosamund shook her head but added quickly:

"Wait a moment. There's the medicine chest."

She crossed the room to where it stood beside the low window. For a moment she sought among various bottles and tubes till she found an old-fashioned brandy flask which had belonged to her father. Happily it was full.

"Try some of this," she suggested.

Mrs. Bingham regarded the flask with misgiving. She smelled it and nodded more cheerfully but with reservations.

"Brandy," she said. "It ain't quite what I'm accustomed to, but I'm always one for trying things."

Rosamund took the flask and poured out a generous measure into the toothglass. Mrs. Bingham drank it readily enough.

"Funny stuff," she said. "If you'd give me a drop more, I might p'raps tell you what I think of it."

Rosamund refilled the glass.

"I don't say that they might not give me the slip if they had the chance," continued Mrs. Bingham, plunging back abruptly to the previous subject. "A woman never quite knows 'ow she stands with Guy Harden. He

likes to be pleasant; but, when he's pushed, he can be bitter 'ard. He don't like to be 'ard. We don't none of us like to be 'ard. But it's a 'ard world."

"Surely, Mrs. Bingham, you must see what is going to happen. They want me to put all my money into their hands. Then they will vanish. Do you imagine that they like the way you've been sponging on them for years? They will be only too glad to get right away."

"Sponging, indeed! It's him that sponges—the world's biggest sponge is Guy Harden. He just lays down where it's wet and swells. What if I do come along now and then and squeeze out a drip for myself? There's no malice in Victoria Bingham—no offence on either side, as you might say. Besides, I can't think that my little Olive would let her old mother go unprovided."

"Very well," said Rosamund quietly. "If you are prepared to risk it, I've nothing more to say."

Mrs. Bingham turned a glassy eye upon Rosamund.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said thickly. "I'll think it over."

"Think about it like this," said Rosamund. "If you can't be sure of them, you can be sure of me. I'm not going to run away and I promise you that, if I keep my money, you shall never want for anything as long as you live."

Mrs. Bingham had poured herself out another glass of brandy.

"No allowances," she said abruptly. "I've been had that way before. Sometimes they are paid and sometimes not. Then, too, allowances dwindle."

She raised and emptied the tumbler.

"Dwindle," she repeated. "And when they dwindle it's a shindle—which is poetry."

Mrs. Bingham had subsided upon the bed. The flask was empty. She sat in a huddle of dirty skirts, gravely nodding.

"No allowances. A good fine capital sum. That would be worth talking about."

"Do as I ask," urged Rosamund, "and you shall have what you want—within reason."

But Mrs. Bingham was now beyond the power of persuasion. The frowy head was sinking to rest. Through Rosamund's mind flashed the idea of escape. The key was in the old woman's pocket. She had only to get hold of it.

"No you don't," said Mrs. Bingham, standing up suddenly.

With surprising strength she thrust Rosamund across the bed. Then, moving swiftly to the door, she unlocked it and, before Rosamund could get again to her feet, she had closed it behind her.

Rosamund heard her shuffling down the passage. She crossed to the door and tried the handle.

But even in her drunkenness Mrs. Bingham had remembered to turn the key.

THE wind from across the marsh was rising again. The rain swept in gusts upon the windows. Night had fallen and Rosamund, undressed and in bed, was trying hard to sleep.

Abruptly she sat up in bed. A sound, different from that of the wind and rain outside, had come to her ears—a shuffling of feet in the passage and the turning of a key softly in the lock.

The door was opening. Someone, with infinite precaution, was stealing upon her. A wavering light glimmered upon the

wardrobe from a gash that widened under her eyes.

"That you, dearie?"

"Thank Heaven," Rosamund thought. "It's the old woman."

Shadows from a candle ran up and down the walls. Mrs. Bingham stood beside the bed, in a nightgown of white flannel.

"What is it?" said Rosamund.

"Just a minute, while I lock the door."

Mrs. Bingham bent to her task and bestowed the key in the pocket of her gown. Then again she approached the bed.

"What is it you want?" said Rosamund, shrinking to the extreme edge of the mattress.

"All in good time," said the old woman. "I was never one to be hustled. You see I've been thinking over what you said to me this afternoon. What's more, I've been keeping my ears open downstairs. They thought I was past hearing what anybody said, but I don't fade away quite as easy as I used to do."

"Go on," pleaded Rosamund.

"All in good time, dearie. Not that I heard very much. But I can put two and two together. It's your money they want. Then it's good-bye to you and me, for I can't go chasing round the world at my time of life."

The old woman paused. She was breathing heavily.

"Don't you sign nothing, dearie. Don't you let 'im get round you with his coaxing ways. They don't mean either of us any good. So you just be very careful and don't you sign nothing."

Rosamund put her hands on the old woman's shoulders.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Bingham," she urged. "You see now that we must stand together. You are going to help me. That is so, isn't it?"

"Stand together," repeated the old woman. "Very well," said Rosamund. "Now listen carefully. I want to send a letter to my lawyer."

"Lawyer, dearie? He can't do nothing for you. You just take my advice. Don't you sign no papers and then it will be quite all right."

"YOU don't understand," Rosamund urged. "I've already signed a paper. I've left everything to . . . to your son-in-law. He has got that paper and, if anything should happen to me . . ."

"Is it a will, you mean?"

"Yes."

"And you want to change it—him being so unkind?"

"Yes."

"Now why should you want to do that?" said the old woman.

Rosamund felt beneath the pillow and drew out her letter to the lawyer.

"Send off this letter. That is all I want you to do."

"But what do you want to change your will for?" persisted the old woman. "You're not feeling poorly, are you?"

"Here is the letter," urged Rosamund. "Take it please."

"Not going to die, are you?" continued Mrs. Bingham.

There was a silence. The old woman drew a heavy breath and then suddenly clutched Rosamund fiercely by the arm.

The old woman was now trying to get out of bed.

Rosamund put a hand distastefully on her shoulder.

"You can sleep here, if you like," she suggested.

Mrs. Bingham shook her tousled head and looked knowingly at Rosamund.

"No, dearie," she said. "I can't 'ave you pinching the key and 'opping off in the middle of the night. Pretty awkward it would be for me, explaining things to my Olive. I'm going to bye-bye, good and proper, and I'll post your letter in the morning."

Mrs. Bingham had scrambled from the bed.

"Now where did I put them slippers?" she muttered.

"I don't think you had any slippers," said Rosamund.

Mrs. Bingham picked up the candlestick. "She will set fire to herself if she isn't careful," thought Rosamund.

Mrs. Bingham thrust the letter into her pocket and unlocked the door.

"First thing in the morning," she repeated solemnly.

The door closed. Rosamund waited a moment and then she jumped from the bed. The drunken creature might have forgotten to lock the door.

But no—the door was fast.

ROSAMUND woke with a start from a sleep of utter exhaustion. Grey light filtered through the cracks in the shutters.

Someone was moving about the room, but who it was she could not immediately perceive. Then came the sound of a window opening. It was the window with the low sill which gave upon the side of the house and the stone pavement before the garage. Guy was pushing back the shutters. A flood of light poured into the room and Rosamund perceived that a tray with a plate of porridge and cup of tea stood beside her bed.

Guy, from the window, was regarding her with a set, quiet face and she perceived that he had a sheet of paper in his hand. He came towards her.

"I have here," he said, "the draft of a letter to your lawyer Trist asking him to arrange for the sale of your stocks and to pay the proceeds into your London account. There is also the draft of a letter, to be written and signed by you, which he will forward to your broker. I have seen Trist. He was sorry that you did not seem disposed to take his advice about your securities, but said that he would, of course, act on receipt of your written instructions. You will please copy these letters. I would save you the trouble but I am not as expert as all that, I'm afraid."

Rosamund took the drafts, tore them across and dropped them on the floor.

"I shall write nothing and sign nothing," she said.

Guy looked at her in an odd, brooding fashion.

"Is that your final answer?" he asked.

"It is."

"You realise what it means?"

"You have already threatened to become my heir."

"One way or another I must have your money, Rosamund. Why should you drive me to extremes. It is most unkind."

"Just one thing," said Rosamund. "The will under which you hope to inherit is in favor of my husband."

"That will be all right," he responded smoothly. "You married me under my real name, Rosamund. All the papers are in order. I am not at all sure in fact whether I am not your husband. I married Olive under the name of Rivers. However, if you die, Rosamund, the point will have only an academic interest."

He spoke still in the relentless tone which he had adopted at the beginning of the conversation utterly unlike that of the man she had known. This was the other side to his nature—cold and implacable. This was Guy Harden, the gambler and the criminal. Only a touch remained of the man she had loved—a certain plaintive egotism. It was unkind of her to force him into these cruel courses. He really did think it was unkind.

Guy moved towards the door. As he reached it, however, he turned.

"By the way," he said, putting a hand into his pocket. "You gave this letter to my mother-in-law. She would doubtless have posted it herself; but, when I found her on the kitchen hearth-rug this morning, she was not very clear in her mind as to your instructions. So she gave it to me, instead."

Rosamund found herself staring at the letter which she had hoped was already on its way to Falmouth.

"Take it," said Guy. "It's recovery may help you to make up your mind."

Rosamund faced him bravely.

"My mind is made up," she said. "It makes no difference at all."

It was night again and Rosamund was in bed. To-morrow would be the third day of her imprisonment. For two days the wind had not ceased to cry round the house or the rain to lash it.

The floods were out. Many waters cannot quench love, nor can floods overwhelm it. Those were the words Guy had written on the inside of her wedding ring—a strange device.

Three times a day food had been thrust upon her and the inevitable question asked. Would she give way to them or were they to continue waiting for their chance? For they were waiting. They made no secret of their purpose. At any moment they might surprise her. Fear walked at her elbow as she crossed the room; it lay beside her in the great bed; it spoke in the noises of the house as in the silence which more commonly lay upon it unrelieved.

A heavier gust of wind struck the pane. The whole house seemed to rock. Rosamund lay wide-eyed in the darkness. Suddenly she sat up. There had come a faint tang into the air. Something somewhere was burning. She stumbled from the bed. Already she heard a crackling of timbers. With her memory quickened by the smell she saw again the stables of Farmer Ogden which had caught fire many years ago at Lavington. Her brain was alive with tall flames. She blundered frantically to the door, and beat upon it with her fists.

But this was sheer panic and illusion. There were no flames nor any sound in the house. She had smelt the smoke of the wood fire often before as she had lain in that room with Guy. It came from the fireplace down in the drawing-room when the dying logs were placed upon the hearth at the end of the day.

She crept back across the room and sank into bed again. There she lay for a moment in a weary stupor. Was she awake or asleep? Not asleep or she could not be asking the question.

Then terror sprang at her again: another strong gust had shaken the house and something had fallen upon her cheek as she lay with her face upturned to the ceiling. She moved her hand in the dark and felt

upon her pillow a thing which crumbled at her touch—plaster, from the ceiling. Even as she felt it another piece fell down, alighting on the back of her hand.

What was Guy doing up there in the attic? Sawing the timbers? Would the roof descend upon her suddenly, crushing out life?

She fumbled for the matches and lit her candle. The wind died suddenly away. All was quiet again as the flame struggled into light and life. She stared up at the ceiling. There was nothing there but a faint crack in the grey surface and the fragment on her pillow was a mere flake.

NEXT day, in the afternoon, Mrs. Howard, bringing her tea, set down the tray beside the torn drafts which Rosamund had firmly refused to copy. She picked them up from the table.

"This," she said, "is your last chance. We have waited long enough. Are you going to copy these letters or are you not?"

"You have had my answer," said Rosamund.

"I shall send Guy up to you," continued Mrs. Howard. "It will be for the last time, remember."

Turning to go, she stumbled over a fold in the carpet, passed from the room and slammed the door behind her.

Rosamund stood a moment staring at the door. Was it possible? She had not heard the key. Had Mrs. Howard, in her annoyance and flustered by her stumbling, forgotten to turn it.

Swiftly she crossed the room. Her fingers closed softly on the knob. It turned sweetly in her hand. The door was open.

Rosamund glanced at her watch. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The wind still cried about the house and the rain was still falling. It was already dark outside. Mrs. Howard had said that she would send Guy up to her. Was it possible to get away before he came? It was now or never. Quickly she took her mackintosh and hat from the wardrobe. Then she opened wide the door and listened.

A GREAT gust of wind swept down the passage as she closed the door behind her. Somewhere, perhaps, a window was open. A picture rattled against the wall as she passed.

Where was Mrs. Howard? Was she even now asking Guy to come up to her? They were in the drawing-room perhaps—laying their plans. This was her last chance. She was taking it—not in the way they intended.

She began to go softly down the stairs. They creaked a little under her tread, though she walked as close to the wall as she could. That was what burglars did—walking upstairs or downstairs. They walked as close to the wall as possible so that the boards should creak less. The flight seemed never to end. How unnaturally high was the house. The first tall storey would make two of an ordinary dwelling.

But this was no time to think about the house. Her present business was to get out of it.

Now it was not quite so dark. But the wind and the cold had increased. The hall was full of noise and rustle. To the right was the front door and in front of her was the drawing-room. A faint slip of light lay along the floor.

She turned back to the front door. A sound, different from that of the wind, had come to her ears. The door was open. It had moved. It was scraping against the stone floor. The slip of light from the drawing-room gleamed like a sword. It threatened. In front of her stood an open door. Instinctively she ran towards it.

The wind that played about her was not violent. The front door of the house faced south, away from the north-easter that beat upon it from the sea.

Rosamund slipped through the door and closed it gently behind her. She stood a moment thinking. Should she go swiftly up the road to Dunwich? Could she hope to escape on foot? Her flight would soon be discovered and Guy, following her in the car, must inevitably run her down. For, on such a night, the marsh was impracticable. There was only the long road—four miles upon a raised causeway in a howling gale.

She would take the car herself.

Her footsteps made no sound on the hard pavement fronting the garage. The wind met her as she turned the corner, smiting her and tearing the breath from her body. But she almost laughed. She had never thought to feel the wind upon her face again.

There stood the garage. Rosamund, three paces from the door, stopped abruptly.

There, again, was the sword—that was how it struck her; a slip of light along the door.

Had Guy forgotten to put out the lights of the car? She took a step forward. Something moved along the floor—a shadow. Someone was in the garage. Then above the sound of the wind came another sound. The engine of the car was softly running.

On that she turned and ran. She could not yet think what this must mean—except that it was dangerous.

Now she had reached the road. The wind, in full force, struck her back and right side and she staggered under the assault. But she did not hear the wind. Her brain heard only the soft purring of an engine. Her mind was absorbed and busy upon this new development. Guy was in the garage. The car was ready and waiting to take the road.

Had he been called to the village upon some unexpected errand? In that case she must not be found upon the highway. She must take to the marsh.

Here the road ran high, dropping away to the marsh on either side. She clambered down the bank, thinking to walk in the lee of it, where the wind would be less of an impediment.

An icy coldness gripped her by the legs. She heard the lap of water and found herself drowning to the waist. For one frantic instant she thought she would be completely submerged. She clutched desperately at the hard tufts of grass upon the bank. These were the floods. She had seen them from her window. She must get back to the road. It was her only chance.

She dug her knees into the yielding bank and fought her way from the heavy water back to the causeway where for a moment she lay, incapable of further effort.

At last she staggered to her feet. Down the road she must go. Her mind was now astonishingly clear. It worked back to every detail of her escape—the door of her room unlocked, the door of the house not even shut, the parting threat of Mrs. Howard that Guy would come to her, Mrs. Howard waiting down in the drawing-room, Guy waiting in the garage.

Conviction came to her abruptly and staggered her. They had, of course, intended her to escape. They had harried and frightened her into escaping. They had meant her to make this frantic dash for freedom. The way had been made easy and plain for her to follow. They had nothing to lose by her attempt. For either she must go to the garage and be caught, or she must take to the road.

She turned to look back towards the house. Was Guy even now creeping upon her through all that black clamor of wind and rain.

Something was moving now upon the road—a vague, long shape stealing carefully along the grey rib of the causeway.

It was the car. It was being driven without lights. Suddenly there came a blinding dazzle and, with a sudden roar of the engine, heard above the wind, the thing leaped forward. It was coming straight at her, like an animal released.

She leaped instantly aside and found herself gripping something that pierced and stung her hands—some stunted black-thorn such as grew here and there on the edge of the marsh. Something caught her a savage blow. All about her was a white radiance, but the darkness came again as she fell face down on the summit of the bank.

Dizzily she sat up. To her left spread the marsh with its lapping waters. On her right was the road. The car was moving rapidly and was already well away. It would, she remembered, have to go almost to Dunwich before it could be turned.

What was she to do? She could go no farther along the road. To take to the marsh was almost certain death.

It was scarcely a decision that she took. For suddenly she found herself running—running as fast as she could in the blinding dark. She was running back to the house—back to the safety of her room. Already she could see a light streaming from the open door. She ran towards it as instinctively as a fox runs to earth before he hounds.

Someone was standing near the foot of the stairs. It was Mrs. Howard. But Rosamund never paused to look.

A moment later she lay sobbing with exhaustion, crying with relief, upon the bed in her room—the room from which she had crept with such high hope barely twenty minutes before.

ROSAMUND, looking back on her escape, wondered at the blind panic which had brought her bolting, like a frightened animal, back to her cage. Surely she might have hidden herself safely away in the darkness until someone passed? But it was not merely her narrow escape from death which had so utterly destroyed her nerve. The shock she had received went deeper than that. The charging head lights of the car, coming at her out of the darkness, had given form to a violent and terrible purpose which hitherto had seemed unreal, fantastic, an illusion that would not endure.

He had destroyed Marion, her friend. He lived now only to destroy herself. She had been able to think of him hitherto as a weak, pitiful, human creature, rendered desperate by fear or driven by common needs. All such ideas of him had gone for ever.

On reaching her room she had removed her sodden clothes and, in great weariness

of mind and body, had passed almost at once into a deep sleep. She had awakened to find that another day had dawned and that a strange peace had fallen on the land. The wind had dropped. The rain had ceased. Shafts of sunlight lay along the air from the holes in the shutters.

She rose from the bed and dressed. She was fastening her shoes when someone came to the door. The key was turned and there came a flood of light from the passage. Guy entered the room and set down a tray upon the table. He closed the door and moved towards the window. She could see dimly his outline, but not the expression of his face. He was leaning against the shutters. She knew exactly how he stood—legs crossed, hands behind him, a smile upon his mouth. Then came his voice, equally familiar.

"So you ran back?"

Rosamund did not answer. It was strange how like he was to the man she had known. But the likeness somehow had ceased to matter. This was the creature who had destroyed Marion and who would destroy her whether she obeyed him or did not obey. Of that she was sure.

"So you ran back," he repeated. "You realise now that we mean business and that it is necessary for you to carry out our instructions."

Still she did not answer.

"I am going to open the shutters," said Guy. "The sun is shining this morning. You will see for yourself that the world's not such a bad place, after all. You shall sit in the sun, Rosamund, and copy these poor letters of mine."

He had crossed to the window, with the key of the shutters in his hand. He was about to let in the sunlight. Already he was fumbling with the catches. She feared to see him in the light of heaven—the vacant mask and the empty clothes which had stood up before her as a man.

He was sitting on the low sill. One of the shutters had swung open. The other was held fast and he thrust his body out to loosen it.

The sun streamed into the room on either side of him.

Rosamund covered her eyes. She could not bear to look upon his face. She remembered how this effigy had smirked upon her, the voice that had soiled her ears with its soft persuasions—this image of a man that had betrayed her into a false glory of love and left her desolate. She was no longer afraid of this evil thing. She hated it. It came between her and the sun. So long as he remained her pride and peace were broken.

The shutters were wide open now. He was swinging back into the room. His face was turning to the light. The sight of it would put a shiver on the heavenly blue behind. Besides, he might utter her name again, and if he uttered it again she would never endure to hear it from a clean mouth.

She moved to the window. The face was coming round. The foulness was within reach of her hand. She stooped suddenly and gripped the twisting figure by the ankles. Then she jerked herself erect, throwing them upward and outward.

There came a strangled scream, a deep thud on the stones beneath and then a silence.

Rosamund looked through the window. Twenty feet below lay a sprawling thing. From a bald patch on the skull a pool was spreading, dark and flecked with white.

ROSAMUND ran swiftly down the stairs. The front door was shut and bolted. The household day had not yet begun in Hatherly. She drew the bolts and went quickly round the corner of the house to the garage.

She would go at once for help. That would be only natural. There was no telephone at Hatherly and she alone could drive. Otherwise it would have been her duty to stand by her husband.

She smiled sternly at the thought.

The car started at a touch and she ran it out of the garage. Behind her as she did so came the sound of footsteps and then a dreadful cry. She pointed the nose of the car towards the road.

There, beside the sprawling figure under the window, stood Mrs. Howard. She had run out in her dressing-gown. Rosamund must pass her in making the road.

Mrs. Howard looked up at the coming of the car. On her face was a look of such passion and grief as Rosamund had never seen on any living face before.

"You have killed him," she screamed. Rosamund leaned from the car in passing.

"Listen," she said, with the same stern smile on her lips. "There has been an accident—you understand? I am going for the doctor. I shall also warn the police. Do what seems best to you. But remember. This was an accident—if you choose to have it so."

Mrs. Howard thrust out her hand towards the car, but Rosamund would not wait to parley. A moment later she was driving swiftly down the road that led to Dunwich.

"YES, madam. An inquest will be necessary, but the proceedings will be quite formal. We shall merely want you to confirm that your husband fell from the window while he was opening the shutters."

The police sergeant was standing aside with Rosamund. Grimshaw, the local doctor, had completed his examination.

To Rosamund these everyday figures were not yet in focus. She was not yet free of the fantastic world of wickedness and peril from which she had so suddenly emerged.

Mrs. Howard stood at the corner of the house. She was wearing the brown dress. Her manner was composed and solemn. She had played her part. Only Rosamund could guess at what lay hidden behind her formal answers.

"If it is any consolation, Mrs. Harden, he could have felt nothing. Death was quite instantaneous."

The doctor was speaking.

Rosamund, however, was not listening to the doctor. She was telling herself that nothing would induce her to remain at Hatherly. She could endure no more. The gaunt house, with Mrs. Howard standing there on the stones, began to waver.

"Please . . . I don't think . . . I can stay here . . . any longer."

She heard herself saying these words to the doctor, realised that it had been rather difficult to say them and found that she was leaning heavily against his shoulder.

"That's all right," he was saying. "I think myself it would be better for you to spend the day elsewhere."

Rosamund pulled herself together with an effort.

"Mrs. Broadbent at the Vicarage will, I am sure, be glad to look after you," con-

tinued the doctor. "I will take you there in my car."

"He cometh up and is cut down like a flower."

... In the midst of life we are in death." Someone was sobbing, but Rosamund looked round with an air of detachment. Sir Christopher Jenkins and his wife were there. So was Mr. Pickering. It was Mrs. Broadbent that cried. From the village had come Mr. Steadman the grocer, for Hatherly, under Rosamund's care, had recovered his esteem.

Dr. Thorpe, too, had come over from Lavington. He was staying with the Rushtons that night and he had offered to take her back to her own county. She would be glad, so glad, to look again upon that shoulder of the Down above Ravenstoke.

Round about the open grave stood the worn headstones at all angles, a ragged company huddling together under the walls of the church. Grey clouds were driving across a sombre sky. The Vicar's surplice fluttered in the wind.

Someone put up an umbrella and moved towards him, but he waved it aside. His face was red and solemn.

"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," he said.

Rosamund, wide-eyed, watched him as he completed the prayer.

"We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope . . ."

The earth rattled upon the coffin-lid. Jonas, sexton in his spare time, began to shovel rapidly. To him this was a job to be completed before the rain began to fall in good earnest.

Someone took Rosamund by the hand. It was the Vicar's wife, and there were tears still in her eyes.

Sir Christopher also came up to her.

"A sad occasion," he murmured.

She felt a gentle tug at her elbow.

"Come away, my dear."

It was again the Vicar's wife who tended her.

The folk in the churchyard were dispersing slowly through the lych-gate. Already, Sir Christopher was getting into his car. The chauffeur held over his arm a fine grey rug to spread over the knees of Lady Jenkins.

Rosamund walked steadily across to the Vicarage beside Mrs. Broadbent. On the other side walked Dr. Thorpe. He had said very little since they had met that day at lunch, but she could see that he was puzzled by her words and looks.

"Tea," said Mrs. Broadbent as they entered the drawing-room. "I will see about it at once."

She knew that Rosamund and Dr. Thorpe were old friends. Perhaps it would be well to leave them alone awhile. Rosamund might talk to him and it would do her good to talk.

Dr. Thorpe looked anxiously at Rosamund. It was the first time they had been alone together.

"Come to the fire, Rosamund," he said.

"You are shivering."

He drew forward a chair and dropped into one himself.

To his amazement, however, she sank down beside him on the rug and rested her head against his knees.

"It is . . . finished, Harry," she said, "but not as they believe. Some day soon I am going to tell you everything."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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